JULY 1956

COMMENTARY

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

H. Stuart Hughes — David Bernstein — Arthur J. Brodbeck
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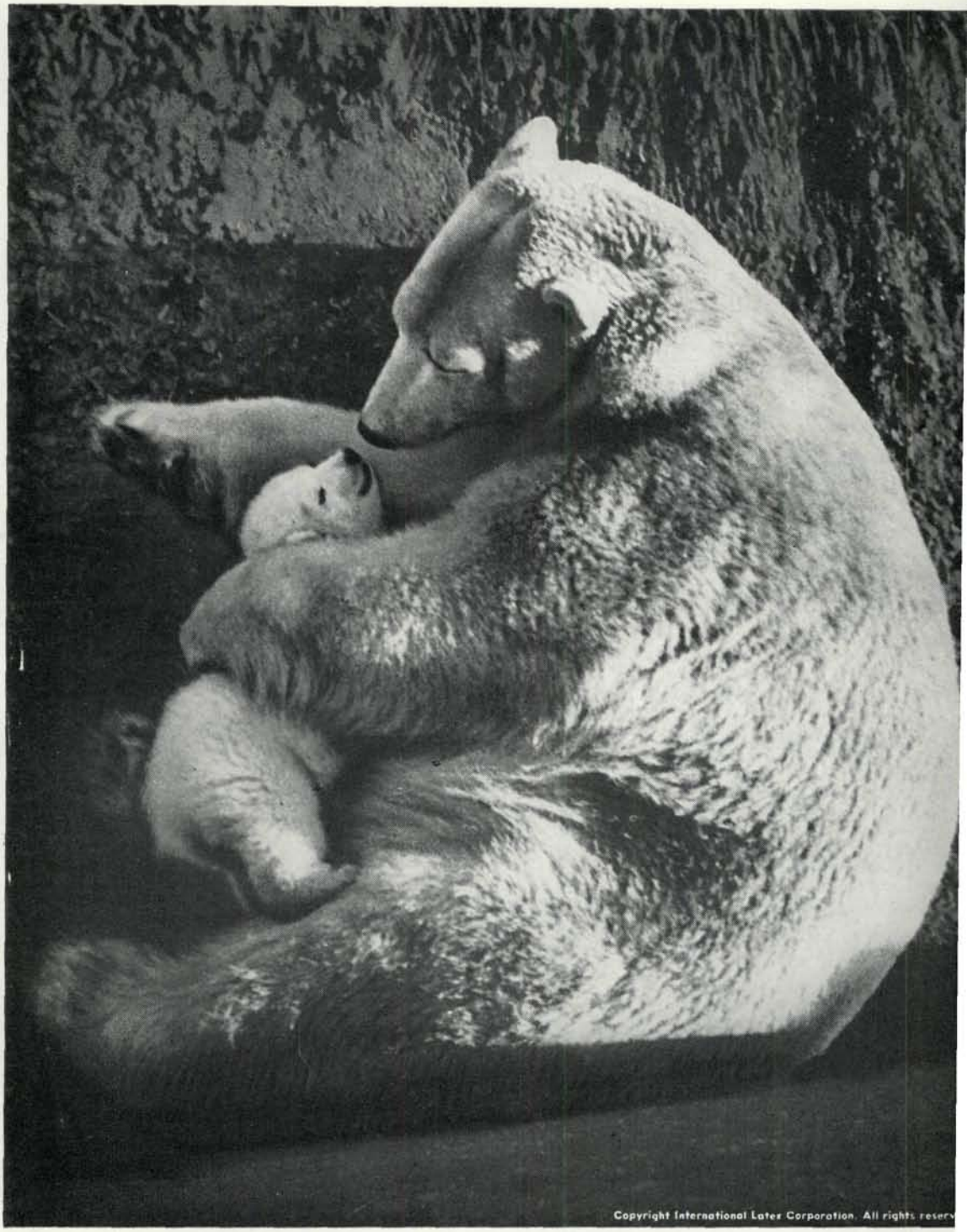

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

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What Price Israel's Defense? *Hal Lehrman*

The Soviet supply of modern arms to Egypt, which Israel must somehow match in quality if not in quantity, has enormously increased the cost of Israel's minimum armaments needs. In the fourth article of a series, this expert observer reports on the financial side of the defense of Israel.

The Lubovitcher Movement *Herbert Weiner*

In a two-part article, Rabbi Weiner describes and explains the way of life and the spiritual power of the flourishing Hasidic sect which now has its headquarters in Brooklyn.

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An analysis of the British novelist who is considered the spearhead of a new and controversial school of fiction which has launched an attack on the established institutions of British cultural life.

The Jews of South Africa *Dan Jacobson*

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The Rise of the Franco-Jewish Novel *Edouard Roditi*

In recent years, three novelists writing about the Jews of France and North Africa have provoked the interest of Parisian critics. Mr. Roditi discusses the work of Albert Memmi, Roger Ikor, and Pierre Fabert.

Horatio Alger Then and Now *Morroe Berger*

Continuing the discussion of social mobility in our Study of Man department, Mr. Berger assesses the changes in the character and social origins of the top executives in American business over the past half century.

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COMMENTARY

THE "MYSTERY" OF HITLER'S DEATH

The Facts Are Now In

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

IT IS now ten years since my book *The Last Days of Hitler* was written. In those ten years some mysteries of the last war have been resolved, others deepened. Eyewitnesses who were unattainable in 1945 have at last re-emerged from their long imprisonment in Russia. New books and articles have been written, and old judgments challenged or changed. But no new revelation has altered the story of Hitler's last ten days of life as it was first reconstructed in 1945 and published in 1947.

Such evidence as has since been revealed does not alter the story as told in the book but does, I think, shed interesting light on other matters, and, in particular, upon the Russian attitude towards the last days of Hitler. In particular, I shall deal with the evidence of those witnesses who, when I began my inquiry, had already disappeared into Russian prisons but who now, ten years later, have at last been released.

The principal witnesses whom I sought and failed to find in 1945 were five. They were Otto Günsche, Hitler's SS adjutant, and Heinz Linge, his personal servant, both of whom undoubtedly saw Hitler dead and took part in the burning of his body; Johann Rattenhuber, who commanded Hitler's detective bodyguard and who, I believed, knew the place of his burial; Hans Baur, Hitler's personal pilot, who was with him to the end; and Harry Mengershausen, an officer of the bodyguard who was reported to know about the burial of the bodies. There were of course other important witnesses whom I had missed, but it was these five whom I particularly sought.

Günsche and Linge had both been seen and identified among Russian prisoners in Berlin, and the Russians had themselves included the names of Baur and Rattenhuber among their prisoners in an official communique published on May 6, 1945. However, my queries addressed to the Russians were unavailing: they declined to answer any questions and in the end I wrote my book without the help of these missing witnesses. Nevertheless, in the following years I occasionally had news of them from more fortunate fellow-prisoners who had returned to Germany. Thus I learned that some of them were still alive in the Lubianka prison

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THAT Hitler's death became a "mystery" owing solely to Soviet efforts has never been so conclusively demonstrated or documented as in this article by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, which, slightly expanded, forms the introduction to the third British edition of his *The Last Days of Hitler*, a book published in this country in 1947. The present article is the sequel, in effect, to a previous one in these pages by the same author, called "Is Hitler Really Dead?" which appeared in February 1951. Mr. Trevor-Roper, born in 1914, lectures in history at Oxford, and is the author or editor of several books, among them *Archbishop Laud* (1940), *The Gentry* (1953), and *Hitler's Table Talk* (1953). He has in the past contributed book reviews to this magazine.

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in Moscow, or in the Arctic prisons of Vorkuta, or the great prison camp at Sverdlovsk. I sometimes even received, at second hand, snatches of their stories of the last days in Hitler's bunker. Then suddenly, in the autumn of 1955, after Dr. Adenauer's visit to Moscow, the prison gates opened, and by January 1956 all five men had returned. It is true, one of them has remained inaccessible. Günsche, still classified by the Russians as a war criminal, returned to East Germany. There the compliant Pankow government took charge of him and he has promptly disappeared again into the silence of another Communist prison in Bautzen. But the other four, having returned to Western Germany, have been able to tell their stories to the world. Linge, in Berlin, lost no time in publishing his account in the press. Baur, Rattenhuber, and Mengershausen freely answered all the questions which I put to them in private interviews at their homes.

What is the result of these revelations? The essential fact is that they everywhere confirm the story as already told by me from other sources. At no point do they conflict with it or even modify it. But do they perhaps extend or complete it? In particular, do they shed any light on those mysteries which I had been obliged to leave unsolved? To answer this question, we must first ask: what are these unsolved mysteries? They are two. First, what was done with the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun after they had been burnt in the Chancellery garden? Secondly, what happened to Martin Bormann?

Concerning the ultimate disposal of Hitler's and Eva Braun's bodies, I had, in 1945, no firsthand evidence. The best evidence was that of the guard Erich Mansfeld who, at midnight on April 30, 1945, noticed that a bomb crater near the emergency exit of the bunker had been newly worked into a rectangular shape, and deduced that the bodies had been buried there. There was further evidence that members of the detective guard had buried the bodies, and Artur Axmann, the Hitler Youth leader, stated emphatically, though without claiming to have seen it, that the burial was "in one of the many bomb craters which exist around the Reich Chancellery." On the other hand, there were also other accounts which circulated in the bunker, rendering certainty impossible, and so, in 1945, I ended by leaving the question open. But now it can be closed.

Both Linge and Rattenhuber, when they returned to Germany in October 1955, stated circumstantially that, although they had not witnessed the burial, they had been told that the bodies had been buried in the bomb crater. Rattenhuber added that he had himself been asked to find a flag in which to wrap Hitler's body for such burial, but had been unable to provide it. Three months later Mengershausen arrived in his home town of Bremen and confirmed these statements, admitting that he had actually dug the grave. The bodies, he said, were not consumed by the fire or even unrecognizable, and he buried them on three wooden boards three feet deep in the ground. He was helped by a colleague called Glanzer who, he says, was afterwards killed in the fighting in Berlin. Thus Hitler's burial place in the Chancellery is no longer a mystery. On the other hand, this does not finally settle the matter, since, as will appear, we now know that the body was afterwards exhumed and transferred to a still unknown destination.

So much for the first question: what of the second, the question of the fate of Martin Bormann? In 1945 the evidence on this question was conflicting and uncertain. Several witnesses maintained that Bormann had been killed in a tank which exploded when hit by a *Panzerfaust* on the Weidendammer Bridge during the attempted breakthrough on the night of May 1-2. On the other hand, all these witnesses have admitted that the scene was one of great confusion and none of them claims to have seen Bormann's body. One of them has even admitted that he was himself blinded by the same explosion, and it is therefore difficult to understand how he can have seen Bormann's death or anything else. Further, even in 1945 I had three witnesses who independently claimed to have accompanied Bormann in his attempted escape. One of these witnesses, Artur Axmann, claimed afterwards to have seen him dead. Whether we believe Axmann or not is entirely a matter of choice, for his word is unsupported by any other testimony. In his favor it can be said that his evidence on all other points has been vindicated. On the other hand, if he wished to protect Bormann against further search, his natural course would be to give

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false evidence of his death. This being so I came, in 1945, to the only permissible conclusion, *viz.* that Bormann had certainly survived the tank explosion but had possibly, though by no means certainly, been killed later that night. Such was the balance of evidence in 1945. How far is it altered by the new evidence of 1956?

The answer is, not at all. On the one hand, both Linge and Baur state that Bormann was killed in the tank explosion—or at least they say that they think he was killed, for, once again, they admit that the scene was confused and that they never saw his body. On the other hand, Mengershausen declares firmly that Bormann was not killed in that explosion. He says that although Bormann was riding in a tank, it was not his tank which was blown up. And further, another witness has turned up since 1945 who states that he was with Bormann after the explosion. This is a former SS Major, Joachim Tiburtius, who in 1953 made a statement to a Swiss newspaper. In the confusion after the explosion, Tiburtius says that he lost sight of Bormann, but afterwards he saw him again at the Hotel Atlas. "He had by then changed into civilian clothes. We pushed on together towards the Schiffbauerdamm and the Albrechtstrasse. Then I finally lost sight of him. But he had as good a chance to escape as I had."

Thus the evidence still obliges us to believe that Bormann survived the explosion, and it still does not give the support which Axmann's story requires before we can believe it. If we believe that Bormann is dead, it must be simply because no one has ever produced any acceptable evidence of his existence after May 1, 1945.

Such is the contribution which the newly returned prisoners have added to the story as reconstructed in 1945. Seen in its proper perspective, it does not amount to very much. The conjecture that Hitler's body was buried in the bomb crater becomes a fact; the fate of Martin Bormann remains a mystery. But if these new witnesses do not add much to my story of the last days of Hitler, there is another subject upon which they shed new and interesting light: the attitude of the Russians to the problem of Hitler's last days. Already in 1950, in the second edition of my book, I was able to give some outline of Russian policy in this respect. Now, with the aid of these new sources, I believe I can complete the story.

IN THEORY the Russians had no great problem, for it was they who, from the start, controlled all the evidence. On May 2, 1945 they over-ran the bunker in which Hitler had perished. About the same time they captured, in a beer cellar in the Schönhäusen Allee, a number of Hitler's immediate attendants who knew the facts, and at least two of whom were identified within four days. The Chancellery garden, which contained Hitler's bones, was—and still is—under their control. Moreover, even before they occupied the Reich Chancellery, they had had a formal statement of Hitler's death and perhaps an informal commentary on the circumstances of it. This statement had been given to them by General Hans Krebs.

On the night of April 30-May 1, 1945 General Krebs had been sent to the Russian headquarters with an offer of temporary local surrender by Bormann and Goebbels acting as Hitler's *de facto* successors. Now this General Krebs was not only Hitler's last Chief of General Staff and one of the witnesses of his last will and testament: he was also a former assistant military attaché in Moscow. He spoke Russian fluently, knew the leading men in the Red Army personally, and had always been accounted a warm advocate of Russo-German cooperation, as a living symbol of which he had once been publicly embraced by Stalin. Thus the emissary who presented himself either to Marshal Zhukov or to the local Russian commander, General Chuïkov, in the early hours of the morning after Hitler's death was no stranger. Further, he had to explain his commission, and why the letter of authority which he brought was signed not by Hitler but by Bormann and Goebbels.

According to a contemporary Russian report, Krebs said, "I am authorized to inform the Soviet High Command that yesterday, April 30, the Führer Adolf Hitler departed from this world at his own wish." This official Russian report is naturally bald and factual; we do not know whether, either during this visit or the second visit which he paid a few hours later, Krebs was called upon to amplify or substantiate it. All we can say is that, if so required, he could easily, as an eyewitness and a Russian-

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speaker, have done so. At any rate, the bare fact of Hitler's suicide was first reported to the Russians by Krebs within a few hours of the event. All that remained was to verify it.

There can be no doubt that in the course of the next week the Russians set about verifying the report. For on May 13, Harry Mengershausen, the guard who had buried Hitler's body, was shown an important document. Mengershausen had been captured on the night of May 1-2, but for ten days thereafter he had obstinately denied any connection with Hitler. In the face of this document, however, he now judged further denial useless, and surrendered at discretion. The document, which was dated May 9, was a full and circumstantial account of the death of Hitler and his burial by Mengershausen, and it had been compiled for the Russians by another German who had evidently taken part in the proceedings, possibly Günsche. This document was (at least) the second piece of evidence which the Russians now possessed, and its validity was shown by the fact that it had served to break down Mengershausen.

Immediately after admitting to the Russians that he had buried Hitler, Mengershausen was taken to the Chancellery garden and ordered to locate Hitler's grave. He took his escort at once to the bomb crater, only to notice that the grave had already been dug up and the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun removed. Clearly the Russians had acted on the earlier evidence which Mengershausen had thus confirmed.

In fact it is now clear that the Russians had exhumed the bodies on May 9—the very day on which they received the document describing the death and burial. For on that day two Russian officers, a man and a woman, called at the surgery of Dr. Hugo Blaschke, in the Uhlanstrasse. Dr. Blaschke was Hitler's dentist; but he was not at home to the Russians. He had fled to Munich, and his practice was now being carried on by a Jewish dentist from Silesia who had replaced him, Dr. Feodor Bruck. The Russians asked Dr. Bruck for Hitler's dental records. Bruck replied that he had no knowledge of Blaschke's work and referred them to his assistant, Käte Heusemann, whom he had inherited from Blaschke and who, by an odd coincidence, had been a refugee in the Chancellery during the siege of Berlin and had witnessed many details of Hitler's last days. Miss Heusemann told the Russians that Hitler had never come to Blaschke's surgery—Blaschke had always gone to the Chancellery, and it was in the laboratory of the Chancellery, if anywhere, that his dental records must be sought. She herself had often accompanied Blaschke on these visits and was thoroughly familiar with Hitler's teeth. They had, she said, certain peculiar characteristics: in particular, identifiable bridges on the upper and lower jaws and a "window crown," seldom used in modern dentistry, on one of the incisors.*

Thereupon Miss Heusemann was taken to the Chancellery, but no records being found there, she was taken on to the Russian headquarters at Buch. There a Russian officer showed her a cigar box. In it were an Iron Cross decoration, a Nazi party badge, and a number of dental fittings. Asked whether she recognized these fittings, she replied that they were unmistakably those of the "Führer," Adolf Hitler and—though these were less certain—of Eva Braun. On May 11 Miss Heusemann was released and returned to Dr. Bruck's surgery to tell her tale. A few days later a boy brought her a message: she was to pack her bags for an absence of some weeks. That was the last Dr. Bruck saw of her. Eight years later a woman prisoner returning from Russia told how she had left behind her in the prison of Butyrka one Käte Heusemann, who had regaled her fellow-prisoners—*ad nauseam*—with the story of Hitler's last days.

Miss Heusemann's story is independently confirmed by another witness who was similarly summoned to identify Hitler's dental system. This was a dental mechanic called Fritz Echtmann who had actually made the fittings for Hitler in 1944, as well as certain other fittings for Eva Braun. He too was summoned by the Russians and shown the same cigar box, the same con-

*The accuracy of these statements about Hitler's dentures is confirmed by X-ray photographs of Hitler's head taken in September 1944 (when Hitler was in the doctors' hands in consequence of the bomb plot of July 20, 1944) and found among the medical records of Hitler's personal physician Dr. Morell. I am grateful to D. S. Hayton Williams who has kindly interpreted these photographs for me.

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tents. He too identified them as the fittings of Hitler and Eva Braun. And he too, for his pains, was carried off to Russia—to the Lubianka prison in Moscow. Later he shared a prison cell with Harry Mengershausen and was able to exchange reminiscences with him. In 1954 he was released and gave evidence of his experiences to the District Court of Berchtesgaden, which was considering whether to declare Hitler legally dead.

Thus by May 9, the day on which Echtmann and Heusemann were arrested, it is clear that the Russians had already exhumed the bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun. It also seems likely that they had exhumed them on that same day, for it was then that the memorandum had been submitted which made it possible to locate the grave. The exhumation appears to have been carried out by a special detachment of the Russian intelligence service, the NKVD; for a member of this detachment, Captain Fyedor Pavlovich Vassilki, afterwards told the East Berlin police officer upon whom he was billeted how they had secured the bodies of both Hitler and Eva Braun. "Hitler's skull," said Vassilki, "was almost intact, as were the cranium and the upper and lower jaws." Vassilki confirmed that its identity had afterwards been "indisputably" proved by the teeth. This identification by the teeth had been followed by Mengershausen's identification of the grave on June 13. Finally, at the end of May, the Russians took a further positive step. They confronted Mengershausen with Hitler's corpse.

Mengershausen has described the incident. He was taken by car to a wood at Finow near Berlin. There he was shown three charred and blackened corpses each lying in a wooden crate. He was asked if he recognized them. To him, in spite of the ravages of fire and decay, they were unmistakable. They were the corpses of Goebbels, Frau Goebbels, and Hitler. Goebbels and Frau Goebbels were only superficially burnt. The body of Hitler was in far worse state. The feet had been entirely consumed, the skin and flesh were blackened and burnt; but the facial structure remained clearly identifiable. There was a bullet hole in one temple, but the upper and lower jaw were both intact. Having identified the corpses, Mengershausen was taken back to prison. He does not know what was afterwards done with them. Three months later he too, like Heusemann and Echtmann, was removed to Russia—for eleven years.

Thus by the beginning of June the Russians had learnt the circumstances of Hitler's death, and identified his grave and body, by a number of converging testimonies. Quite apart from the evidence of Krebs on the night of April 30-May 1, and any evidence which they may have obtained from other prisoners from the bunker, they had the document of May 9, whose validity had been shown by its success in breaking down the resistance of Mengershausen, and they had the evidence of Mengershausen both of the grave and of the corpse found therein; they had the independent evidence of Heusemann and of other prisoners about the last days in the bunker, and the separate technical evidence of Heusemann and Echtmann about Hitler's teeth. Now all this evidence pointed clearly in the same direction, and although in theory it might conceivably have been concerted, in fact there were sufficient witnesses to make a serious and sustained conspiracy impossible. Altogether, by the first week in June, the Russians had a good deal more evidence (or at least the raw material for a good deal more evidence) for the last days of Hitler than I had for my reconstruction five months later.

Why then, we may ask, did they never publish their conclusions? Was it that they did not wish to discover the facts? Their whole attitude at the time—their search for records, arrest of witnesses, repeated identifications—belies that assumption.* Was it then that they were, in intelligence matters, incompetent? Their search in Hitler's bunker itself was amazingly incomplete: they left Hitler's diary—a stout bound volume 14 inches by 7—lying in his chair for four months, to be discovered by a British visitor. But no one can regard the Russians as unintelligent or unsystematic in their in-

*The Russians identified the body of Goebbels at least three times. Once on May 2, when it was identified for them by Hans Fritzsche; once about May 20, when it was identified by Wilhelm Eckhold, Goebbels' personal security officer; and once at the end of May, as described above, by Mengershausen.

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terrogation of prisoners, and I do not think that we should flatter ourselves by supposing them less efficient than we are. If we wish to answer this question we must abstain from such assumptions and look closely at the actual facts in the case.

For there can be no doubt that in the first week of June the Russians in Berlin did admit Hitler's death. On June 5, when the Allied commanders-in-chief met in Berlin to set up the machinery of quadripartite government, "responsible Russian officers" told officers of General Eisenhower's staff that Hitler's body had been recovered and identified with "fair certainty." The body, they said, was one of four found in the bunker. It was badly charred—a fact which they then ascribed (wrongly, as we now know) to the flame-throwers with which the Russian troops had cleared the place. The bodies, they said, had been examined by Russian doctors, and this examination had yielded "almost certain identification." If the Russians did not make an official announcement of Hitler's death, that (said the Russian officers) was merely because they were reluctant to commit themselves so long as "any shred of doubt" remained. But they made it clear that, as far as the evidence went, it seemed conclusive.

Four days later, on June 9, Marshal Zhukov made a public statement to the press. He described the last days in the Chancellery. He related—it was the first time it had been published—the marriage of Hitler and Eva Braun, whom he described, incorrectly, as a film actress. He based his knowledge of these facts, he said, "on the diaries of Hitler's aides, which had fallen into Russian hands." But on the crucial question of the death of Hitler, he faltered. He said nothing of Russian investigations, nothing of German revelations, nothing of the burning or the burial, the exhumation, the dentists or the teeth. "The circumstances are very mysterious," he said. "We have not identified the body of Hitler. I can say nothing definite about his fate. He could have flown away from Berlin at the very last moment. The state of the runway would have allowed him to do so." Then the Russian military commandant of Berlin, Colonel General Berzarin, spoke. He said that Hitler might well be alive. "We have found several bodies that might be Hitler's, but we cannot state that he is dead. My opinion is that Hitler has gone into hiding and is somewhere in Europe, possibly with General Franco." Therewith the subject was closed. From that moment Russian headquarters in Berlin never again mentioned the subject or circumstances of Hitler's death. Total silence enveloped the ostentatiously unsolved mystery, and this apparent repudiation of past admissions led, more than any other cause, to the growing belief that Hitler was alive after all.

This gradual reversal of belief was clearly shown in the attitude of General Eisenhower. Up to June 9, Eisenhower had publicly assumed Hitler to be dead. But on June 10, the day after Zhukov's public statement, Eisenhower and Zhukov met at Frankfurt. Five days later, in Paris, Eisenhower bore witness to the change of doctrine which had followed this meeting. Previously, he said, he had accepted the fact of Hitler's death, but more recently he had met high Russian leaders who had great doubts. These doubts were so strong that a week later, when the British published the story of Hermann Karnau, a member of Hitler's detective guard who had witnessed the burning of the bodies, he was generally disbelieved. In September the Russians carried their disbelief further: they accused the British of harboring both Hitler and Eva Braun in their zone of Germany, presumably for eventual use against their Russian allies, and it was this accusation which led directly to my appointment to establish the facts. On October 6 General Eisenhower paid a visit to Holland, and was quoted as telling Dutch journalists at Utrecht that although he had at first believed Hitler to be dead, now "there was reason to believe that he was alive." It happened that I was at General Eisenhower's headquarters at Frankfurt at the time, and was able to point out that however defective the positive evidence of death might be, there was no reason to believe that Hitler was alive. On his return to Frankfurt General Eisenhower thereupon modified his statement. He himself, he said, found it hard to believe that Hitler was alive, "but his Russian friends assured him that they had been unable to unearth any tangible evidence of his death."

Not only did the Russians insist that

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they had unearthed nothing themselves: they declined to show any interest in evidence unearthed by their allies. When they failed to find Dr. Blaschke in Berlin, they never asked us to find him in Munich. They ignored Hermann Karnau and his story. On November 1, 1945, when I made my report in Berlin, the Russians received it with complete lack of interest. It was not even mentioned in the Russian press. My request that certain Russian prisoners might be interrogated was ignored. Eighteen months later, when my book was published, their attitude remained the same. Though it was translated into most European and some Asiatic languages, *The Last Days of Hitler* never penetrated behind the Iron Curtain. The apparent exceptions to this rule are in fact confirmations of it. The Czech edition was published before the Communist *coup d'état* of February 1948, the Yugoslav edition after the Titoist emancipation of June 1948; the Polish edition was stifled in the publisher's office, the Bulgarian edition destroyed by the police on its appearance. For years after June 9, 1945, the official Russian doctrine remained unchanged by the evidence. It was never allowed that Hitler might be dead. It was assumed, and sometimes openly stated, that he was alive.

How can we account for this extraordinary reversal? Certainty indeed is impossible to attain; but there are suggestive straws of evidence. To detect them we must look not at Berlin, or any such subordinate office, but at the center of Russian orthodoxy, Moscow.

For during all this time, even when the Russians in Berlin had come nearest to announcing Hitler's death, Stalin in Moscow was firmly declaring that he was alive. Early in the morning of May 2, before the Russians had even captured the Reich Chancellery, the official Russian news agency, Tass, had declared the German broadcast statement of Hitler's death to be "a fresh fascist trick." "By spreading statements about Hitler's death," it added, "the German fascists evidently hope to prepare the possibility for Hitler to disappear from the stage and go underground."

On May 26, while the Russians in Berlin were still collecting and digesting the evidence, Stalin, in the Kremlin, told Harry L. Hopkins that he believed "that Bormann, Goebbels, Hitler and probably Krebs had escaped and were in hiding."

This statement can hardly have been based on evidence from Berlin, where the body of Goebbels had long ago been found and identified, as the Russians in Berlin admitted, "without any doubt." It therefore seems to represent a personal prejudice of Stalin, who either believed it because he wanted to believe it, or stated it because he wanted it to be believed. Again, on June 6, when Zhukov's staff officers were assuring Eisenhower's staff officers that Hitler's body had been discovered, exhumed, and scientically identified, Stalin in Moscow was repeating to Hopkins not merely that he had no evidence of Hitler's death but that "he was sure that Hitler was alive." Three days later Zhukov publicly changed his view. Stalin kept to his. On July 16, he came himself to Berlin for the Potsdam Conference. There, next day, he surprised Secretary of State Byrnes by saying that he believed Hitler to be alive, probably in Spain or Argentina. Admiral Leahy, the representative of President Truman, also noted the remark. "Concerning Hitler," he records, "Stalin repeated what he had told Hopkins at Moscow. He believed that the Führer had escaped and was in hiding somewhere. He said careful search by Soviet investigators had not found any trace of Hitler's remains or any other positive evidence of his death." Ten days later he repeated that his opinion was unchanged.

Faced with this evidence, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Zhukov in Berlin had been corrected from Moscow: that he had been ordered, some time between June 5 and 9, to abandon his belief, based on the evidence, that Hitler was dead and to substitute for it the view of Stalin, derived from some other motive, that he was alive, "in hiding . . . possibly with General Franco." Some plausibility is given to this conclusion by the fact that at precisely this time Andrei Vyshinsky, the first Soviet vice-commissar for foreign affairs, arrived in Berlin from Moscow, evidently in order to put Zhukov firmly in his place. On June 5, in Berlin, Eisenhower had observed that "Zhukov had seemed unwilling to reply to any of his questions without first consulting Vyshinsky." Two days later, Hop-

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kins, who had just been told by Stalin in Moscow that "Zhukov would have very little power concerning political affairs in Berlin," noticed that Vyshinsky was "in Zhukov's car all during our conversation." On June 9, when Zhukov made his announcement that Hitler might be alive after all, Vyshinsky was standing beside him; and next day, when Zhukov visited Frankfurt and told Eisenhower of the change of doctrine, Vyshinsky came with him. At Frankfurt Zhukov, in Vyshinsky's presence, made a speech dwelling on the soldier's duty to obey the politicians—a doctrine which he seems subsequently to have revised. There seems no doubt that at this time, as Hopkins told Eisenhower, "the Russian government intended to control General Zhukov completely." A few months later, Zhukov—whom his German enemies had recognized as the ablest of Russian generals—was removed from Germany into virtual exile, first as commander-in-chief of Russian home forces, then, more ignominiously, as military governor of Odessa: an exile from which he only emerged—and he emerged with some *éclat*—on the death of Stalin.

WHY did Stalin thus correct Zhukov, and replace the "almost certain" and at least legitimate conclusion that Hitler was dead by categorical statements that he was alive? Why did he require a veil of silence or denial to be drawn over the patient researches of Russian officers in Berlin, their interrogations, exhumations, identifications? Why did he refuse to accept from his Western allies evidence which would perhaps have clinched the matter if there was any genuine doubt?* Was it that he regarded the belief in Hitler's death or survival as a "political" question: that he judged it politically necessary, whatever the evidence, to maintain publicly that Hitler, so far from suffering a *Heldentod* in his ruined capital, had slunk away into hiding? Did he perhaps fear that an admission of Hitler's death might lead, if Nazism were to revive, to an identification of holy places, of pilgrimages, shrines, and relics, which in turn would sustain the spirit of later anti-Russian, anti-Bolshevik crusaders? Did he fear the political power of the successful Russian generals and so resolve to take this "political" issue out of their control? His treatment of Zhukov, like his assumption of the title of Generalissimo, suggests that he did distrust them; and the events after his death, when the Red Army leaders in general and Zhukov in particular took their revenge on his successor and his "Georgian" party in Russia, suggest there was a real opposition between them.

Conceivably—when we remember the narrow and recondite fronts upon which intra-Bolshevik struggles are fought—the question of Hitler's death, and the official doctrine about it, may have been the symbol of some deeper tension in Russian politics. Or again, was Stalin perhaps preparing a useful stick with which to beat his *bête noire*, General Franco? Or is all this too elaborate an analysis? May it not be that Stalin was simply wrong, and that his ill-considered dogmatism, like a papal indiscretion, became, by the mere machinery of ideological power, a necessary truth? We cannot exclude this possibility.

By 1945 Stalin was already, in his own eyes, the greatest statesman, the greatest strategist, the greatest philosopher in the world, the Father and Teacher of Mankind; and thanks to a vast hierarchy of obedient yes-men beneath him, his lightest observations could become infallible truths before which inconvenient evidence must bow and retire. It is quite possible that Stalin declared Hitler alive without any ulterior purpose, merely out of the abundant self-assurance of the great, and that the mere bureaucracy of ideological tyranny then converted this casual utterance into a dogma. At all events, the dogma prevailed. The Russians in Berlin knew the evidence against it. For them it was a dogma difficult to support and yet impolitic to deny. In such circumstances their best policy was silence. I now see how tiresome it must have been for them when, in response to that silence, their Western allies officiously offered to help them by producing what of all things they least wanted—more evidence.

However, the dogma did not last forever. In 1950, when the second English edition of my book was published, its sway was

*For instance, the Western allies obtained copious medical records from Hitler's doctors, including X-ray photographs of his head, which would have been conclusive for the identification of the skull.

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still unbroken, at least in public. But meanwhile, in Russia, the ground was being silently prepared for a change. In 1949 a new "documentary" color film was being prepared called "The Fall of Berlin." In June 1950 it was released in the Russian sector of Berlin. It was produced by M. Chiaureli, and its chief characteristic was an unremitting, fulsome, indeed nauseating worship of Stalin, who was then still alive and enjoying the last stages of his apotheosis on earth. But in one respect the film deviated from the previous Stalinist orthodoxy. Hitler was now represented not as fleeing to Spain or Argentina, but as perishing, by his own hand, in the Chancellery bunker, substantially as narrated in my book.

WHAT had happened to cause this sudden, unheralded, unexplained *volte-face* in Russia? Examination of the prisoners newly returned from Russia gives some clue towards the solution of this problem. For after the *volte-face* of June 9 the whole stage, the cast, and the stage properties were all removed from Germany to Russia. By the end of August they had all arrived—including, it seems, the central figure in the drama, the charred and moldering remains of the "Führer."* The witnesses, who had formerly been prisoners of the Red Army, were now classed as political prisoners, and as such were concentrated in the Lubianka prison in Moscow, but they were not allowed to communicate with each other. There were Baur and Rattenhuber, Mengershausen, Echtmann, Linge, Günsche, and others. They were known as "the Reich Chancellery Group." And now, when the stage had thus been reset, they were all separately and systematically reexamined. They were made to write down the full history of their experiences in the last, catastrophic days of Nazi Berlin.

Wearily they repeated the facts which they had already stated in Germany. For long they were not believed. The Russians accused Baur, since he had been Hitler's pilot, of having flown the "Führer," or having arranged his flight, out of Berlin to safety. Was he not now in Spain or the Argentine? They accused Rattenhuber, since he had been responsible for Hitler's security, of having prepared his secret escape by U-Boat to the Argentine. Always it was Spain or the Argentine, just as Stalin had insisted in May 1945. "Come," the interrogator once said to Rattenhuber, after he had told the old facts for the umpteenth time, "enough of these fairy tales. Tell us the truth." Ultimately, after almost a year of interrogation, Baur at least had the impression that the incredulity of his captors was beginning to melt. Then, in the summer of 1946, a new scene was enacted in this grim, insistent, slow, nagging Russian comedy.

The "Reich Chancellery Group" were suddenly assembled and taken out of their prison. Without explanation they were put on a train and then into an airplane. They landed, and found that they were in Berlin. They were taken to the Chancellery; and there they were made to re-enact, on its original site, the whole scene of Hitler's death, burial, and burning. This macabre incident seems finally to have satisfied the Russians. At one moment, while in Berlin, they even promised to show Baur and others the mortal relics of the "Führer"; but this promise was never carried out.

Then, having satisfied themselves of the conclusions, the Russians set to work to dissipate the evidence. They took the witnesses back to Russia and dispersed them to different prisons, some to the Arctic, some to the Urals; they laid waste the Chancellery, blew up the bunker with high explosive; and as for Hitler's body, which he himself had taken such pains to hide from them lest they should insult it, they now, having identified it, sought to hide it from the Germans lest they should revere it.

Three years later a German prisoner, brought from the Urals to the Lubianka prison and asked if he could recognize a photograph of the charred bodies of Hitler and Eva Braun, felt unable to give a posi-

*It is not clear precisely when the bodies were taken to Russia. The Russians apparently gave Baur the impression that they were available in Berlin in the summer of 1946 and were only removed to Russia then; but this impression may have been false, or the bodies may have been temporarily brought to Berlin together with the "Reich Chancellery Group." Vassilki seems to have implied that they were moved in the summer of 1945, and this seems a reasonable supposition. It is likely that the dead evidence and the living evidence were all transported together.

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tive answer. To give a positive answer, he said, he would need to see the bodies themselves. "Then you don't believe that the bodies are in Moscow?" asked his interrogator. The prisoner admitted that he did not. "Hitler's body," he was then told, "is in better keeping with us than under the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. The dead can be more dangerous than the living. If Frederick the Great had not been buried in state in Potsdam the Germans would not have started so many wars in the last two centuries. The Germans like martyrs!" But this martyr they were not to have. Though further knowledge has altered its circumstantial background, my original remark remains accidentally true: "Like Alaric, buried secretly under the river bed of Busento, the modern destroyer of mankind is now immune from discovery."

Thus after long incredulity and in spite of official prejudices the Russians at last accepted the truth about the last days of Hitler substantially as it is recorded in my book. Their methods and their sources were different; their investigation was entirely—indeed gratuitously—independent; and they arrived more reluctantly at their conclusions. But their conclusions are the same as mine. Such agreement, in such circumstances, seems to me the strongest support that I could hope for, if indeed I felt the need of any support for conclusions already reached by rational methods. Before long such evidence will surely convince even the German law courts which still, in February 1956, hesitated to pronounce Hitler dead.*

I have said that the Russian version is "substantially" the same as mine, for in one small detail I must admit that we differ. Both in their early admissions and in their later film they stated or implied that Hitler had killed himself by taking poison. On June 5, 1945 Zhukov's staff officers stated that Russian doctors had established, by an examination of Hitler's body, that he had died of poison. In their film Hitler is shown swallowing a poison capsule. On the other hand, I have stated that he shot himself through the mouth. Since the Russians had possession of Hitler's body and I had not, they were obviously in a more favorable position than I was to determine the cause of his death. On the other hand, none of their pronouncements have been authoritative, reasoned, or even circumstantial. Their early statements, before June 9, 1945, were unofficial and secondhand: in some respects they were certainly inaccurate—at least in the form in which they were reported; and their film was unashamed propaganda full of tendentious inaccuracies: it cannot be taken as scientific documentation. In these circumstances perhaps it is best to go behind their loose statements and re-examine the available evidence.

The first witness who was available in 1945 was Erich Kempka, Hitler's chauffeur. He had escaped from Berlin and had been captured by the Americans. Under interrogation he stated that immediately after Hitler's death, Günsche, who had inspected the body, had told him that Hitler had shot himself through the mouth. This of course is only secondhand evidence; but Kempka added that after helping to carry Eva Braun's body out to the burning, he himself had gone into the "death room" and seen, lying on the floor, two revolvers, one a Walther 7.65, the other a Walther 6.35. Seven months later this evidence was confirmed and completed by the Hitler Youth leader, Artur Axmann, who had been at large in the Bavarian Alps and who is thus independent of Kempka. Axmann stated that he had been one of those who entered the "death room" immediately after Hitler's suicide. "As we entered, we saw the Führer sitting on a small divan, Eva Braun at his side, with her head resting on his shoulder. The Führer was only slightly slumped forward and everyone recognized that he was dead. His jaw hung somewhat loosely down and a pistol lay on the floor. Blood was dripping from both temples, and his mouth was bloody and smeared, but there was not much blood spattered around.

*A legal declaration of Hitler's death was sought, in 1952, in order to establish the Austrian government's legal title to a confiscated painting by Vermeer, "The Artist in his Studio," which Hitler had acquired from Count Jaromir Czernin-Morzin in 1940. After a dispute as to competence between the courts *(Amtsgerichte)* of Berchtesgaden and Berlin-Schöneberg had been settled in favor of the former in July 1955, the victorious court of Berchtesgaden, in October 1955, postponed a final death certificate until all German prisoners should have returned from Russia.

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. . . I believe that Hitler took poison first and then shot himself through the mouth, and that the concussion of such a blast resulted in the blood on the Führer's temples."

Such was the evidence available to me in 1946. Now it is supplemented by the evidence of Linge and Mengershausen, who, having spent the intervening decade in Russian prisons, have had no opportunity of collusion with either Kempka or Axmann. Linge is a firsthand witness: he too went into the "death room" immediately after Hitler's suicide, and it was he who carried the body out into the garden. According to his account, when he went into the room, "there, almost upright in a sitting position on a couch, was the body of Adolf Hitler. A small hole, the size of a German silver mark, showed on his right temple and a trickle of blood ran slowly down over his cheek." After this statement, which exactly confirms the entirely independent account of Axmann, Linge goes on to confirm the details given by Kempka: "One pistol, a Walther 7.65, lay on the floor where it had dropped from his right hand. A yard or so away lay another gun of 6.35 caliber."

To this must be added the evidence of Mengershausen, who states that when he was shown the remains of Hitler's body about a month later, the head had a bullet hole in the temple. Mengershausen adds that he believes, from the state of the head when he inspected it, that Hitler had shot himself through the head, not through the mouth as I had written. The hole in the temple seemed to him to be the hole of an ingoing, not an outgoing, bullet. Had Hitler shot himself through the mouth, Mengershausen says, the air pressure would surely have broken the jaws, which, however, were intact. I am not competent to judge this matter, and the experts whom I consult give me such different answers that I am content to leave the matter in suspense. But the evidence seems clear that although Hitler may conceivably, as Axmann surmised, have taken poison as well, he certainly killed himself with a revolver shot.*

INDEED, this is what I should have expected from his character. Hitler liked to remember, and to show, that he was a soldier. He liked to set to his generals, whom he distrusted, an example of the correct behavior of a true German soldier. Already two years before, he had stated very clearly what that duty might be. It was in February 1943, when the news reached him that Field Marshal Paulus had surrendered at Stalingrad. On hearing this news Hitler was beside himself with rage, and treated his General Staff to a tirade on the subject. Why, he asked, had he made Paulus, at this last minute, a Field Marshal? Why, except to show that the "Führer" was honoring him at his death? For of course he had expected Paulus and his commanders to commit suicide. They should have "closed ranks, formed a hedgehog, and shot themselves with their last bullet." Why should they not have shot themselves? It is, he declared ominously, "the road that every man has to take some time." Even in peacetime, "in Germany about 18,000 or 20,000 people a year chose to commit suicide, even without being in such a position." How could there be any excuse for a defeated war leader? "When the nerves break down, there is nothing left but to admit that one can't handle the situation and to shoot one's self." In April 1945 Hitler recognized that he had met his Stalingrad. I do not think he would have failed to follow his own prescription to the letter. He would have chosen the formal death of the soldier, with a revolver.

Why then did the Russians expurgate the revolver from their version of Hitler's death? There is a perfectly rational explanation which, though conjectural, may well be true. The Russians may well have concealed the manner of Hitler's suicide for precisely the same reason for which Hitler chose it: because it was a "soldier's death." I myself suspect that this was their reason. After all, it is in line with their general practice. Previous tyrannies of the spirit have sought to crush defeated but dangerous philosophies by emphatic, public executions: the gibbet, the block, the bloody quarters

*Such a theory would account for any traces of poison which the Russians may have found in his body. But I am skeptical. Even to the Russians the bullet hole in Hitler's head must have been more obvious than any traces of poison in his body. Since they were silent about the bullet hole, why should we believe the exclusive statement about the poison?

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exhibited *in terrorem populi*. But such spectacular liquidations, however effective at the time, have a habit of breeding later myths: there are relics of the dead, pilgrimages to the place of execution. The Russian Bolsheviks have therefore preferred in general a less emphatic method: their ideological enemies have slid into oblivion in nameless graves at uncertain dates, and no relics of them are available for later veneration. I have already suggested that it was for this reason, and in accordance with this philosophy, that they concealed the circumstances of Hitler's death, hid his bones, and destroyed the scene of his suicide and his "Nordic" funeral. It may well be that when such total concealment was no longer possible and they decided to admit the facts, there was one fact which they thought it expedient to alter. The soldier's death might seem to the Germans heroic. Suicide by poison might well seem to the Russians a more expedient version.

IF THIS is so, it raises an interesting general question. For my book was also written, in the first place, for exactly the same reason which made the Russians frown upon it: to prevent (as far as such means can prevent) the rebirth of the Hitler myth. It would thus seem that we and the Russians, in this matter, seek exactly the same end by diametrically opposite means: they by suppressing the evidence, we by publishing it. Which of these two methods is the more effective is arguable. I will only say that I personally believe in my own. For when has the suppression of the truth prevented the rise of a myth, if a myth was wanted? When has the absence of genuine relics prevented the discovery of false relics, if they were needed? When has uncertainty about a true shrine prevented pilgrimages to a false one?

And besides, there seems to me in the Russian argument, if I have correctly described it, a somewhat sinister implication. If they fear the truth, does it not seem that they believe in its power: that they think that Hitler's reign really was inspiring, that his end really was glorious, and that secrecy is necessary to prevent the spread of such a view? It is a view which I do not share. It seems to me, having perhaps too naive a faith in human nature and human reason, that Hitler's reign was so evil, his character so detestable, that no one can be seduced into admiring him by reading the true history either of his life or of his melodramatic and carefully stage-managed end.

For that those last days of Hitler were a carefully produced theatrical piece is, I think, clear. It was not merely because he wished to escape a public trial, or hide his body from the Russians, that Hitler chose his form of death. His whole previous history had been consciously theatrical and perhaps even operatic; and it would have been contrary to all his thinking if he had ended such a career with an insipid or bungled finale. Long before, in the days of his triumph, he had often declared that the only satisfactory alternative to apotheosis was a spectacular annihilation: like Samson at Gaza, he would drag down with him the temples of his enemies. He had even indicated—long before he even conceived of failure—the ideal method of death. "In short," he remarked in February 1942, "if one hadn't a family to bequeath one's house to, the best thing would be to be burnt in it with all its contents—a magnificent funeral pyre!"

Little did he think, in those months of triumph, that he would so soon be following, even to the letter, his own prescription. Fortunately, when the time came, he had with him the essential man, the impresario of the Nazi movement, Joseph Goebbels, who for twenty years had devised the *décor*, the accompaniment, and the advertisement of this dreadful Wagnerian melodrama. On March 27, 1945, Goebbels' assistant, Rudolf Semler, recorded in his diary the preparations for this last act. "Goebbels," he wrote, "has persuaded Hitler not to leave Berlin. He has reminded him of his oath taken on January 30, 1933. That evening Hitler had said to Goebbels in the Reich Chancellery, 'We shall never leave this building again of our own free will. No power in the world can ever force us to abandon our position.' Now all preparations are being made for the real 'Twilight of the Gods' scene." Does such a well-staged melodrama excite respect or inspire emulation? The reader must judge. Posterity will show.

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ARAB NATIONALISM AND ISRAEL

The Need to Come to Terms

WALTER ZANDER

IN THE forty years since the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, the Middle East has been in an almost perpetual state of crisis. Far from involving purely local issues, this crisis is part of a general revolutionary change, during the same period, that has affected the basic relations between Europe and the peoples of Asia and Africa. And it is perhaps natural that such a change should manifest itself with particular intensity in the border regions of these continents, where so many civilizations met, fought, and influenced each other in the past.

At the end of the First World War, the West stood at the summit of its power, its dominion extending apparently unchallenged over the greater part of the globe. Today the case is much changed. Now the West is in retreat almost everywhere before resurgent colonial peoples.

The rise of the Asian and African peoples is probably the dominating event of our time, and is likely to have even greater repercussions in history than the October Revolution—which, after all, produced no basic change in Russian foreign policy. Although the center of Western power has shifted to the United States, and Russian power now stretches from the Oder to the Pacific, the issue between Russia and the Western world remains essentially what it was when the Czars were trying to extend their power through the Balkans and reach the Mediterranean.

The awakening of the colonial peoples, however, has created a truly new situation. Whereas the struggle in the past between Russia and the West was largely an internal conflict within Europe and within Christendom, the West has now to face up seriously to the peoples of a world outside: a situation that has not confronted it since the Crusades, when Arab power reached over North Africa into Sicily and Spain. (Some observers maintain that the present tug-of-war in the Middle East is actually a continuation, in modern terms, of the medieval wars between Christendom and Islam.)

It is in this context that the Arab-Israeli conflict must be viewed. Its earlier stages were dominated by the West, but now the rising power of nations that were formerly, or are still today, in tutelage to the West is not only an important factor in the background, but also one of the forces shaping the course of the Arab-Israeli struggle.

DURING and immediately after the First World War, British imperial interests happened to coincide with the ancient Jewish longing for restoration in the Holy Land. India was, at that time, still the center of Britain's Asian empire. The wartime Turko-German alliance had brought the strategic importance of Egypt and the Suez Canal to the forefront, and in order to safeguard the approach to both, the British wished to extend their control into Mesopotamia and Syria. No one, perhaps, put the case for this more convincingly than an English publicist, Herbert Sidebotham, who in a series of articles published subsequently as a book, *England and Palestine* (1918), suggested

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IN ADVOCATING a re-orientation of Israel's foreign policy towards Asian and African nationalism, WALTER ZANDER speaks for an important body of Jewish opinion that sees no other way out of the Arab-Israeli impasse. Born in Germany (in 1898) and now a resident of London, Mr. Zander is an authority on Zionism and the Middle East. Since 1944 he has been secretary of the Friends of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem in Great Britain.

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that Egypt be protected by a new buffer state in Palestine under the British Crown. He saw that such a state would be immensely strengthened by colonization and realized that its only possible colonizers could be Jews. "Only they can build up in the Mediterranean a new dominion associated with this country from the outset in Imperial work, at once a protection against the alien East and a mediator between it and us, a civilization distinct from ours, yet imbued with our political ideas, at the same stage of political development."

Similar thoughts had been put forward by Englishmen decades before. Laurence Oliphant, in his book *The Land of Gilead* (1880), had pointed out that the Berlin Conference in 1876 had in effect brought about a European alliance to stop Russian expansion towards the Balkans, and that Russia, deflected from that region, might turn due south and attempt the conquest of Asiatic Turkey, in which case she would certainly not stop short of Palestine. Oliphant proposed to strengthen Turkey against these dangers by a Jewish colony, especially in the provinces east of the River Jordan, and he felt certain of Jewish sympathy and help for such a project. Still earlier, Sir Edward Cazalet and Lord Shaftesbury had expressed similar ideas, the latter motivated by an appreciation of the increased importance Syria and Palestine had acquired for Britain's imperial interests by the opening of the Suez Canal.

Strategic interests, of course, were only one among the manifold considerations which ultimately led to British recognition of the Jewish national movement. There was sincere sympathy with Jewish homelessness, the wish to help an ancient race rebuild its own national life; there was the voice of conscience in view of the wrongs Jews had suffered at Christian hands; and there were even religious expectations that Israel's restoration would contribute to the salvation of mankind. All these motives worked together.

Jews on their side promised gratitude and support for the help given to them. At a great meeting in London in July 1920, the Zionist leaders, in the presence of Lord Balfour, Lord Cecil, and other British statesmen, pledged "Loyalty for Loyalty and Fulfilment for Fulfilment."

VERY few realized at the time that the days of Western supremacy were numbered. But a movement for independence—visible only to the penetrating eye—was then already beginning to sweep through Asia and Africa. Within a generation India was to be free and sovereign. Demanded without violence and surrendered without coercion, Indian independence formed a turning point in the relations between Europe and Asia, and gave an irresistible impetus to anti-colonial movements everywhere. All over Asia new states free from Western domination sprang up, and the anti-colonial movement began to spread through Africa as well.

Arab nationalism is part of this great inter-continental movement, and it, too, was born in response to Western influences. It was on the model of European nationalism that in 1847, in Beirut, a society, now commonly considered the germ of the Arab national movement, was founded under the patronage of American missionaries by Arab intellectuals to foster interest in Arab literature and history. But just as Italian nationalism was in that same period fired by opposition to Austria, and German nationalism by resentment against France, so Arab nationalism was mainly inspired in the beginning by opposition to Turkish rule.

When Turkish domination in the Middle East was replaced after 1918 by Western spheres of influence, Arab nationalism found new targets. In the 1920's it was incited against the West by Russian and, in the 1930's, by Nazi propaganda, as well as being further inflamed by the Zionist issue. The fall of France in the Second World War, and the subsequent reduction of British strength in Asia, gave it additional strength both as a positive and a negative force. An entirely new era in the development of Arab nationalism began, however, with the Arab-Jewish war.

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The defeat and the humiliation which that war brought the Arabs can be seen as playing a part in their history similar to that played in Russian history by the Japanese victory over the Czar's army and navy in 1904. In both cases the defeat was administered by an adversary who had until then not been taken seriously, and in both cases the consequences for the defeated country were revolutionary. And among the Arabs as among the Russians, the intellectuals were the first to respond. With Israel providing it with an immediate issue on which to concentrate its energies, the Arab national movement acquired a sense of unity for the first time.

But Arab nationalism is founded on much more than enmity to Israel, and harbors complex and often contradictory forces.

Its Pan-Islamic religious element, represented both by the revolutionary Moslem Brotherhood and by conservative groups for whom the Crusades and the centuries-old struggle with Christianity are a living reality, is united in looking to a religious revival to bring about the political union of all Islamic peoples. Fascism, too, which greatly impressed the Arab mind in the thirties, still has some influence, although in more advanced Lebanon, and among many Arab students abroad, the ideals of an enlightened Western socialism are popular. More important, however, is Communism, for which social conditions throughout the Middle East provide an almost ideal breeding ground. And joined to Communism is the fact itself of the Soviet Union, which not only everywhere claims to be champion of the cause of backward peoples and associates herself with the aspirations of oppressed classes, if only in opposition to the West with its "colonial and imperialist policies," but has by her own example shown that a backward and largely illiterate country could transform itself within a single generation into a global and industrial power.

THE part played by Communist and Soviet influence in Arab nationalism should not be exaggerated, however. It is true that no national movement in Asia and Africa can hope to succeed in the long run unless it brings about far-reaching social reforms, and that if these are not achieved sooner or later, Communism may well become an unavoidable reality. Nonetheless the main and fundamental goal of Asian and African nationalism is still national—perhaps even continental—independence, and this still precedes all other questions. As President Sukarno of Indonesia said recently in Washington, "Nationalism may be an out-of-date doctrine for many in this world; for us of Asia and Africa it is the mainspring of our efforts."

What Arab nationalism today aims at first and foremost is self-assertion and the elimination of the last vestiges of foreign rule and influence. This is why Pan-Arabism is stronger than Pan-Islamism. And this, too, is why the actual political leadership in most Arab countries has now passed into the hands of military leaders, whether they are allied with conservative forces as in Iraq, or with revolutionary ones as in Egypt.

As was pointed out in these pages by Walter Z. Laqueur ("The Moscow-Cairo Axis," May 1956), Arab nationalism is quite different from the nationalism of Pakistan, India, or Burma: countries that, once their independence was achieved, applied themselves immediately to domestic reform. Arab nationalism pursues political and military ends in the main, and still faces outward. Part of this difference may be explained by the character and history of the peoples concerned—Gandhi and Nasser represent very different kinds of men—but it has to be remembered, above all, that India, Pakistan, and Burma were granted their independence peacefully, whereas the Arabs have had to fight for sovereignty—in the Suez, in North Africa, in Jordan, and elsewhere. For them the atmosphere of the "resistance" and its aftermath is still alive, and although the ultimate fate of the Arab peoples will depend on their ability to solve their social problems, this last is still considered by many Arabs to be a matter exclusively of the future which can be faced only after full independence and union have been won.

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The decisive fact remains that Arab nationalism is no longer an isolated phenomenon, but part of a great revolutionary movement embracing the continents of Asia and Africa whose members draw strength and inspiration from their solidarity. This very solidarity can have an enlightening influence on some elements of Arab nationalism.* It does, at any rate, inspire its adherents with the conviction that they are engaged in an enterprise of historic significance.

ISRAEL appears to the Arabs to be linked at bottom with the West. The existence of the Jewish National Home, protected in its beginnings by British might and later supported by the United States, is regarded by them as forming part of a general settlement that the West imposed on the peoples of the Eastern Mediterranean without their consent, and even against their will. In Arab eyes, this makes Israel a vestige of that "hateful system of colonialism which it is the duty of every Arab patriot to shake off," from the West Coast of Africa to the borders of Iran.

This view is shared by many peoples in both Asia and Africa, non-Arab as well as Arab. Gandhi had written: "The Jews erred grievously in seeking to impose themselves on Palestine with the aid of America and Britain." In 1947, when the United Nations decided on partition and the establishment of the Jewish state, all peoples who ever had been directly or indirectly subjected to colonialism voted against the proposal; and in 1955, when representatives of most of the Asian and African peoples gathered in Bandung to solidarize themselves with the anti-colonial struggle, Israel was not invited. Her representatives were likewise excluded from a recent conference of Afro-Asian students.

*It is noteworthy that Arab students in Great Britain have rejected the help that British fascists and anti-Semites have been persistently offering them in their anti-Israeli propaganda. They consider such allies incompatible with the revolutionary and progressive character of their movement, and fear that help from such a quarter might even destroy the springs of its strength.

To readjust their policy to the new situation in Asia and Africa has now become a major task, both for Israel and the Western powers. Western policy towards the Middle East was hitherto embodied in the Tripartite Declaration of 1950 guaranteeing the Arab-Israeli status quo. At the time it was issued the Declaration seemed to dominate the scene—to the same extent that Western strength did. But conditions in the Middle East today are very different from those prevailing in 1950, and the fate of the Declaration has become a symbol of the shrinking influence of Britain, France, and the United States in that area. The many doubts expressed and changes made in its interpretation in the years since its issuance reflect this shifting of power.

The Declaration had two aims: first, to keep the supply of arms to Arabs and Israelis low; and second, to avert a new outbreak of hostilities, should one threaten, by immediate joint action of the Western powers "both within and without the United Nations."

At that time, the achievement of these aims was within reach of the three governments concerned. The authority and special position of the Western countries in the Middle East were then still generally recognized, and strong forces were available on the spot to deal immediately with any emergency. Today this situation no longer obtains. The rationing of arms introduced by the West has been rendered ineffective by the Soviet bloc's offer of a virtually free supply to the Arab side. Thus the West's monopoly in arms supply, which was the very foundation of its control of the Middle East, no longer exists. As matters now stand, rejection of Israel's plea for arms can no longer be based on a Tripartite Declaration which is incapable of preventing the Arab side from arming itself to the teeth with Soviet weapons.

As regards the prevention of hostilities, the Declaration distinguished between action within and without the United Nations. For the former, easily applicable rules of procedure were laid down in the Charter. Nor were there any difficulties to be fore-

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seen in taking diplomatic and economic action, as distinct from military, in case of need. Nonetheless, the real problem all the time was that of unilateral military intervention by the Western powers. And there is where the whole problem has come to a head.

Obviously, the question of such intervention was left open in order to adjust action to changing circumstances—and these have changed indeed! British soldiers no longer guard Suez. Farouk has been replaced by a revolutionary government. Abdullah is dead and the British position in Jordan shaken. Abadan has been evacuated. Cyprus is the scene of bitter strife. France has suffered grievous injury in Indo-China and is deeply engaged in North Africa. The Korean War —not yet begun when the Declaration was issued—has led to an international stalemate. Nationalist forces are in the ascendant in Africa and Asia, and the Arab and Asian countries have won much new influence in the United Nations. Unilateral military intervention by the West against the Arab states would under these new conditions be hedged round by many problems—quite apart from the question of where the armed forces necessary for immediate action could be obtained.

Would Iraq remain inactive in case of Western intervention, or would she join with the other Arabs, and thus bring down the Baghdad Pact? What would be the effect of intervention on Pakistan and North Africa? Moreover, Russia has formally announced that the dispatch of troops to the Middle East would concern her interests and security and, if undertaken without the consent of the Security Council, would be a "gross violation of the United Nations Charter." The Security Council could not sanction unilateral military intervention against a Russian veto.

All these questions must have been carefully considered in the deliberations between the Western governments that have been going on since Eden's visit to Eisenhower earlier this year, and it is most significant that, presumably as a result of these deliberations, the United States decided to bring the issue before the Security Council again and thus shift the locus of initiative from the Western powers to the United Nations—a step that tacitly acknowledges the changed conditions which prevent both the West and the Soviets from undertaking unilateral military action in the Middle East, and which throws the issue of power once more in the balance.

On the Jewish side, great efforts are being made to find a new political orientation for Israel in the Middle East. It has recently been suggested in the United States that Israel should proclaim herself a "bulwark of anti-Communism" in order to identify her cause with American anti-Communism, and thus secure a greater measure of American sympathy and support. One of the weaknesses of this proposal is that it approaches the problem from too exclusively an American point of view, and Israel's policy must be shaped in Jerusalem, not New York. Even more important, it is wrong to assume that the world is divided between two power blocs alone. The American proposal overlooks the importance of the independence movements in Asia and Africa. Although these have frequently been exploited as well as supported by the Soviet Union, they obey their own laws and are essentially free agents.

The roots of the yearning for liberation among the colonial peoples are older than the Russian Revolution. Arab nationalism can be traced back to the 19th century, and the Indian movement for independence (if we discount the Mutiny of 1857-58) at least to the beginning of this century. Were all consequences of the Russian Revolution undone, it would still not be possible to restore Western domination over Africa and Asia: the national movements of the Asian and Arab peoples would survive the fall of Communism as they survived that of Nazi Germany, which likewise tried to exploit them for her own purposes.

It may be expected that once national independence has been fully established,

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passions will quiet down, but until then the national issue will certainly remain the most urgent concern of the peoples of the Middle East. Compared with this, Russian Communism is for them remote and of secondary importance. Thus anti-Communism has a different meaning in the Orient than in the West, where national aspirations have been fulfilled for generations. In the West it means the preservation of an established, cherished, independent way of life; in the East anti-Communism is suspected first and foremost of being a device to obstruct national liberation and, possibly, to restore Western privileges.

An Israel that was a "bulwark against Communism" would, to her neighbors, and indeed to many others, mean an Israel bent on the restoration of that Western supremacy which protected her in the past and may protect her again in the future. This would earn her the hostility of all those everywhere who fight the colonial system.

At the same time the fact that the Soviet Union encourages their national movements does not make the colonial peoples any the more eager to identify themselves with her. Of the many newly established "native" states from Indonesia to Morocco, hardly a one has entered the Soviet camp so far. Instead, they have joined the neutralist bloc, refusing to pledge allegiance to either side in the cold war. Meanwhile the West has carefully avoided any step that might have irrevocable consequences, and Israel herself has certainly been right not to rush in where the West itself fears to tread.

THE prospects of peace between Israel and the Arabs are remote at present. The Arab peoples do not accept Israel's existence in their midst; they see in her an alien body that has been forced upon them much like the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem was at the time of the Crusades. Just as they were able to destroy that Christian enclave after a century of bitter struggle, they hope ultimately to eliminate the State, if not the people, of Israel. It was of symbolic significance that King Hussein of Jordan and President Kuwatli of Syria met recently at the tomb of Saladin the Great, "who defended the Holy Land and purged it of intruders," to promise solemnly to "defend" Palestine and the Arab dominions.

Arab unwillingness to recognize Israel does not spring solely from a psychological refusal to accept military defeat, or from feelings of grievance at a moral wrong done the Arabs. It is linked with the conviction that the wrong was inflicted upon them *with* the help of the colonial powers, and that therefore to recognize Israel would be tantamount to accepting the results of colonial policy. This is why recognition is the decisive issue in obstructing Arab-Israeli peace negotiations. But only if Arab recognition of Israel is obtained, and only if a basis for Arab-Israeli co-existence is found on the level of human relationships, can the other problems outstanding between them be solved.

At the moment, reasonable hope exists that at least the state of truce will continue. Israel will no doubt do her utmost in the meantime to strengthen her defenses—more than once small nations have prevailed against overwhelming odds. But defense alone is not enough: a political solution must be sought, and the breathing space granted by the truce may afford a favorable opportunity to reflect on Israel's position in a changing world.

The first job will be to re-think her relations with the West. There can, of course, be no question of changing sides and going over to the Soviet camp. Israel's links of friendship with the West are established beyond doubt, and some of the highest values of Western civilization are integral to Israeli life. Nevertheless, Israel may have to dissociate herself from aspects of Western policy which have an imperial or colonial character and are therefore bound to rouse the hostility of her neighbors. Since the Western powers themselves are anxious for improved relations between Israel and her neighbors, they may be expected to understand the necessity of Israel's remaining neutral and unpartisan in such matters as the Franco-Algerian conflict and the

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British difficulties on the Persian Gulf.

Another job will be to break down the belief in the minds of the Arabs, and indeed of all Asian and African peoples, that Israel is an outpost of Western policy and power. In his opening speech at the World Zionist Congress held in Jerusalem in May, Dr. Nahum Goldmann complained that "Zionism has been defamed, distorted, and misrepresented." This is certainly true, but Zionism's alliance over many years with Western imperial policy has greatly contributed to this. Seen in the right historical perspective, however, Israel's association with Western material interests is but a passing episode. Her ties with the Holy Land date back beyond the very beginnings of the Western states and are rooted in immemorial history. And the Jewish national movement itself is every bit as genuine and legitimate as that of the Arabs.

IN THE same speech, Dr. Goldmann added that "Israel can understand some of the motives of Arab behavior." Nothing is more necessary than such understanding. Failure to understand the Arab and lack of regard for his feelings, as manifested by the greater part of the Jewish people, have been among the main factors in bringing about the present situation. Two generations ago Ahad Ha'am, in his famous essay, "The Truth from Palestine," warned against this, and in the course of thirty years repeated the warning again and again. Surveying his life's work in 1920, he declared that "from the beginning of the Palestinian colonization we have always considered the Arab people as non-existent."

With the first disturbances between Arabs and Jews in 1920 and 1921, and then the riots of 1929, and again in the revolt in 1936-39, we tried, and continue to try, to persuade ourselves and the rest of the world that Arab resistance to Zionist colonization was artificially stimulated and not sincere. As late as the summer of 1947, a few months before the outbreak of the Arab-Jewish war, the leaders of the rightist Irgun Zvai Leumi explained in all seriousness to the UN Commission that "there was no such a phenomenon as independent Arab opposition and that all Arab opposition was instigated by the British themselves." This opinion was more or less shared by a majority of Jews. "Arab absentee landlords," "Moslem religious fanatics," "fascist and Nazi agents," "British imperialists and anti-Semites," and lastly "Russian Communists"—all have been blamed in turn. That Arab opposition to Jewish mass immigration to a country they considered their own was natural—and what people would have reacted differently in such conditions?—was fervently denied, so fervently that to insist on the simple fact among Jews took on almost the character of a revolutionary thesis.

The refusal to recognize the authenticity of Arab resistance and its naturalness was not only a political mistake of the first magnitude, but a wrong done to Arab self-esteem. It constitutes the one fundamental failure in the building of the Jewish National Home; it mars an otherwise glorious record of devotion, courage, and sacrifice.

Though nationalism is today the overriding issue in the Middle East, it may be useful to look beyond the present crisis to a time when national ambitions have been fulfilled and passions calmed. At present the minds of the Oriental peoples are filled with the desire for liberation from Western influence, and even where that has been achieved the after-effects of the struggle for it still linger on. Full independence will have been achieved only when the problem itself of independence no longer monopolizes attention. Only then will real independence begin, and at that time, with both imperialism and nationalism overcome, new relations with the West may develop in which the heritage of Western influence will be freshly and more positively assessed by the onetime colonial peoples. Here, Israeli and Western interests will again join, not to seek the restoration of Western supremacy, but to try to create conditions for co-existence with the Orient that will assure equal benefits to all concerned. The future of Israel may well depend on the success of this enterprise.

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LIBERALS AND THE SUPREME COURT

Making Peace with the "Nine Old Men"

ALAN F. WESTIN

ONE consistent thread in the pattern of American liberalism since the founding of the republic has been—at least until recently—hostility to the Supreme Court. In 1810, Jeffersonians protested against the Justices for being "sappers and miners" of republican government. Good Jacksonians in the 1830's held a similar view. In the 1850's, abolitionists and anti-slavery elements denounced the Supreme Court's Dred Scott decision for entering the Constitution into a "covenant with hell." In the 1896 presidential election, Democrats and Populists alike campaigned against the Supreme Court's pro-property and anti-labor rulings, and applauded their jointly nominated candidate, William Jennings Bryan, as he thundered against "government by injunction" as well as the "cross of gold." In 1912, the reformer found his voice in Theodore Roosevelt who, in the name of "direct democracy," called for a system of popular referenda to allow the overturning of Court decisions.

And in the 1930's few things seemed so clear to the liberal as the fact that five elderly "anachronisms" were threatening the entire New Deal program. As one liberal spokesman wrote during Franklin Roosevelt's "Court-packing" fight in 1937, "Democracy must curb the Supreme Court or the Supreme Court, instrument of our great concentrations of economic power, will destroy democracy." "Judicial supremacy," the same liberal declared, "is the most important problem of our time" (Isidor Feinstein, *The Court Disposes*).

But in 1956 the liberal's attitude toward the Supreme Court is more difficult to summarize. "It seems to me," an unprejudiced observer might say, "that the cry against 'judicial supremacy' has all but died away, although I understand that the Court has neither lost nor surrendered its power. Instead of deploring that power, liberals seem to be debating with one another over the most appropriate somersaults that a troupe of captive judicial lions should perform—although I am not entirely sure whether it is only the lions who have been tamed. I'd like to hear someone explain what liberalism sees as the proper role for the Supreme Court—and not so much by citing what the Justices should *not,* as what they *should,* do." Two recent books, Professor Fred Rodell's *Nine Men: A Political History of the Supreme Court from 1790 to 1955* and the late Justice Robert H. Jackson's *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government* might be offered as attempts to satisfy this demand.

AMERICAN liberalism has leveled two classic charges against the Supreme Court. First, the Court "legalized" politics, imprisoning social and political issues in the Procrustean bed of the law. And second, the

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AMERICAN liberalism—as ALAN F. WESTIN here shows—has done a complete about face in its attitude toward the Supreme Court's power of judicial review. Taking off from two recent books on the subject—Fred Rodell's *Nine Men* (Random House, 338 pp., $5.00) and the late Justice Robert Jackson's *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government* (Harvard University Press, 92 pp., $2.00)—Mr. Westin examines some of the implications of this shift. A regular contributor to these pages, Mr. Westin is now Senior Fellow in Law at Yale Law School and is completing a book on American relations with the Vatican, after which he plans to begin work on a biography of the late Supreme Court Justice John M. Harlan. His last previous appearance in COMMENTARY was with "Libertarian Principles and Subversive Realities" (January 1955).

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Court, an unrepresentative institution without responsibility to the popular will, exercised a veto over the decisions of Congress, the President, and the state governments.

Some liberals approached the problem as one of structural reform, suggesting that the Court's power to overturn acts of Federal or state legislatures should be taken from it, or that Congress should be allowed to repass laws by a two-thirds vote, or that Supreme Court Justices should be elected for fixed terms. Other liberals saw the difficulty as one of Constitutional ideology; the solution was to substitute a liberal construction of the Constitution for the property-oriented and anti-libertarian one of the Court of that time, and to see to it that judges were appointed to the bench who would support the liberal interpretation.

In his "Court-packing" fight in 1937, Franklin Roosevelt struck out vigorously in the direction of structural reform. He urged that the President be authorized to appoint a new Justice whenever an incumbent Justice, having reached the age of seventy when he might retire at full salary, chose not to leave the Court. It was only because the Supreme Court accepted "ideological" in place of "structural" reform that this proposal was defeated: in 1937, Mr. Justice Roberts made his famous "switch in time which saved nine," joining the four inveterate dissenters of that day to create a new majority which voted to uphold first the National Labor Relations Act, and then a whole series of "controversial" New Deal measures. By 1938, structural reform of the Court was a dead issue politically and, for the most part, intellectually among liberals. By 1941, six Roosevelt Justices were on the Court; the Constitutional re-interpretation wrung from the reluctant hands of the "nine old men" was now safe in the loving grasp of a New Deal majority.

At this point, having overturned the judicial philosophies of the McReynolds's and the Van Devanters, liberals found themselves faced with the problem of moving from negative agreement toward elaboration of a Constitutional ideology of their own. The basic concept they arrived at, which partly rejected judicial supremacy and partly retained it, was the New Deal distinction between the Constitutional values of "human rights" and of "property rights," or—as sometimes put—between "civil liberties" or "individual freedom," on the one hand, and "economic arrangements" or "social legislation," on the other.

One of the most persuasive statements of this position came in 1941 from a prominent New Deal lawyer who had battled the Supreme Court as General Counsel for the Internal Revenue Bureau, as Assistant Attorney General, as Solicitor General, and finally as Attorney General of the United States. In *The Struggle for Judicial Supremacy* (Knopf, 1941), Robert H. Jackson recounted the historical development of Supreme Court power, the Constitutional conflict provoked by the "Old Deal" Justices, and the recent victory of the reform forces. In one of the last chapters of his book, on the "New Position" of the Supreme Court (to which he was appointed shortly afterward), Jackson set forth the distinction between human rights and property rights. The Supreme Court, he wrote, had a special duty to protect the rights guaranteed to individuals in the Constitution; propertied groups could defend their own rights, he felt, but "whatever of value [individual] rights have is because of a Court with power to enforce them." Jackson applauded the recent rulings of the Court (1938-1940) by which such measures as "handbill ordinances, anti-picketing laws, or bans on public meetings" had been declared unconstitutional. Here, he said, government officials had attempted to suppress "the free dissemination of ideas, upon which the system of responsible democratic government rests."

These actions should not be equated with the vetoes which earlier Court majorities had placed upon "social legislation." The Court's presumption of the binding validity of legislative acts in "social legislation" cases, Jackson explained, was to be "frankly reversed" when legislation was found to inter-

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fere with "free speech and free assembly."

> Legislation whose basis in economic wisdom is uncertain can be redressed by the processes of the ballot box or the pressures of opinion. But when the channels of opinion and of peaceful persuasion are corrupted or clogged, these political correctives can no longer be relied on, and the democratic system is threatened at its most vital point.

By intervening in such situations, Jackson concluded, the Court "restores the processes of democratic government; it does not disrupt them."

In conformity with the "New Deal position," the Supreme Court during the war years deferred to the legislative will in cases involving "economics," but, with only a few exceptions, measured that will against a higher standard in "civil liberties" cases (which mostly involved state governments in this period).

But in the postwar years this "New Deal position" was weakened and finally forced into the minority. Partly, this was the result of personnel changes: two of the staunchest "libertarian activists," Murphy and Rutledge, died, and Fair Deal Justices were appointed who did not adhere to the notion of judicial supremacy in civil liberties matters. In other part, it was the result of the greater frequency of a different kind of civil liberties case: now it was no longer "nonconformists" or union pickets who were being prosecuted, but people charged with subversion in the cause of a cold war opponent. Faced by this sort of case, even some of the New Deal Justices began on occasion to "defect" from the New Deal position. By 1950, that position was being defended in principle by Justices Black and Douglas alone, although they would be joined in particular cases by the other New Deal survivors, Frankfurter, Reed, and Jackson, when the Court had before it governmental limitations of civil liberty which seemed particularly oppressive.

PROFESSOR Rodell, of Yale Law School, a liberal rationalist and majoritarian par excellence, offers a book in support of Black and Douglas and in defense of the New Deal position. In the first chapter of *Nine Men* he attacks the prevalent "myths" and "falderol" about the Supreme Court, rejecting the ideas of judicial impartiality and judicial restraint with the argument that the Supreme Court is by nature "powerful, irresponsible, human." In the following chapters, he narrates the history of the Court from the beginnings of judicial review under John Marshall through the days of reactionary judicial supremacy following the Civil War and extending down to the 1930's; through the defeat of the Old Guard and the honeymoon years of the New Deal majority, down to the development of "discordance" among the New Deal appointees; the transition to a Fair Deal majority; and, finally, to the first years of the "Warren Court."

When Professor Rodell comes to consider what the role of the Supreme Court should be today—after making it clear that he is still far from reconciled to the Supreme Court at all—he reiterates the New Deal distinction between "money matters" and "civil liberties." "The defeat of the democratic will," he says, is justifiable only if it results in the protection of civil liberties.

> In short, if there is any place in a near-democracy for the proper use of ultimate political power by an autocratic group like the nine Justices, that place is in protecting the few against the legalized tyrannies, major or minor, of the many.

This position is supported by the author's basic premises about the nature of judicial review. The Supreme Court, he feels, does not operate as an institutional entity, nor are there codes of Constitutional doctrine which really control its members. There are only nine individuals, each with certain political inclinations, and each with the opportunity to use his power to further those inclinations. To protect civil liberties from being infringed by government, and to leave unmolested government measures affecting money matters, is to use this power for liberal ends. This is no less justifiable than the old conservative solicitude for property

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rights and relative disregard of civil liberties.

In his Foreword, Professor Rodell writes: "Better a plain-speaking conservative than a weak and weaseling liberal." In accordance with this sentiment, he treats that "great Chief Justice," John Marshall, with especial favor, applauding his bold use of the judicial power to advance his conservative ideas. Marshall's method, he affirms, can be criticized only in the light of "the mincing and squeamish view of a 'proper' judicial attitude that prevails in these milk-toast times."

The true villain of Professor Rodell's book emerges as the "nice-nelly notion of judicial self-restraint." The ultimate refutation of this notion lies, for the author, in the fact that he does not see it even as a possible alternative, but only a "silly, circular self-deception."

> So long as the passivists, the judicial-self-denial boys, the alleged advocates of non-interference in legislative or executive decisions, refuse to go so far as to say that the Court has no *power* to interfere, refuse to urge abdication by the Justices of the role that Marshall won for them, the Court will continue to interfere, and continue to govern, merely by the imminent omnipresence of that power.

The real choice, then, is simply one between a liberal and a conservative use of judicial power. The fact of that power itself remains.

IT WOULD be hard to find a book that, though professing the same regard for civil liberties and majority rule, presents a view so contrary to Professor Rodell's as Robert Jackson's posthumous volume. Published after the author's fatal heart attack in October of 1954, *The Supreme Court in the American System of Government* is composed of the three Godkin Lectures he was to deliver at Harvard. What it represents is a modification of the New Deal formula of judicial review by a man who came to feel that the terms "human rights" and "property rights" did not provide a sound working principle for the Court.

Long before Jackson wrote the Godkin Lectures, his change of view had become apparent. As we saw in his earlier book, and as his early opinions as a Justice confirmed, Jackson had been a leading exponent of the New Deal position. When Justice Felix Frankfurter challenged the principle and urged that the Supreme Court exercise deference to legislative will in human rights as well as property rights cases, Jackson had objected vigorously. In the famous Flag Salute cases of 1943, for example, Justice Frankfurter had argued that the state should be permitted to compel salutes from school children if the state thought it necessary to instill patriotism; Jackson wrote the majority opinion rejecting the idea of across-the-board self-restraint. The "very purpose" of the Bill of Rights, Jackson said, was to withdraw certain subjects from the reach of majorities and to establish them as rights to be preserved by the courts.

Beginning about 1946, however, Jackson began to feel increasingly uncomfortable in the New Deal position. In his speeches and opinions he began to challenge the idea of a constitutional difference between human and property rights for purposes of judicial review, or of "preferred" civil liberties which should receive special treatment. Jackson did not "demote" civil liberties to the same level as money matters, nor did he accept the non-intervention approach of Frankfurter. During the late 1940's and early 1950's, he adopted what might be called a line of "pragmatic selectivity" in civil liberties cases. Where he felt that agencies of the majority will had gone too far in limiting the citizen's freedom, as in the Taft-Hartley requirement that union leaders swear that they did not believe in forcible overthrow of the government, he would vote to declare such legislation unconstitutional; he did the same in cases involving fair procedure by the government, particularly in police search and seizure cases. Where he felt that government limitations on individual freedom represented a reasonable choice of policy between conflicting civil liberties, or a reasonable adjustment of the competing demands of liberty and order, as with the regulation of doorbell evangelism or the Smith Act, Jackson voted to uphold this

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kind of legislation as Constitutional.

Having developed this selective interventionism in the years since 1946 (one can find earlier foreshadowings of it), Jackson's Godkin Lectures became, in part at least, a defense of his new position and an attack upon the Black-Douglas philosophy.

> A cult of libertarian judicial activists now assails the Court almost as bitterly for renouncing power as the earlier "liberals" once did for assuming too much power . . . I may be biased against this attitude because it is so contrary to the doctrines of the critics of the Court, of whom I was one, at the time of the Roosevelt proposal to reorganize the judiciary. But it seems to me a doctrine wholly incompatible with faith in democracy, and in so far as it encourages a belief that the judges may be left to correct the result of public indifference to issues of liberty in choosing Presidents, Senators, and Representatives it is a vicious teaching.

JACKSON'S own view of the proper role for the Supreme Court is presented in a chapter of the present book called "The Supreme Court as a Political Institution." (Two other chapters deal with the Court as a "Unit of Government" and as a "Law Court.") Here he argues that the Court's role is essentially that of a preserver of balances: "In a society in which rapid changes tend to upset all equilibrium, the Court, without exceeding its own limited powers, must strive to maintain the great system of balances upon which our free government is based."

First among the four "chief" balances is that between President and Congress; Jackson holds that the Court is really unable to arbitrate the power relation between these two branches of the national government. The second "chief" balance is that between the nation and the states; here he deplores the Supreme Court's tendency to favor the national power and its lack of sufficient awareness of the other values, notably that of federalism, which may be involved. He gives two examples. One is the Supreme Court's tendency to set aside state court procedure in criminal law—which he feels to be an unjustified substitution of the Justices's own ideas of decency for those of the state judges. The other is the use of old civil rights statutes to justify the Department of Justice's supervision of state police, which ignored the dangers of a national police force with political power. The third balance to be kept was that between state and state; here Jackson discusses the Court's difficulty in finding a body of law to apply to controversies between different states.

But "the most delicate, difficult and shifting of all balances" is that between government and the individual. Here Jackson's concern with judicial rather than political ideology is shown at its clearest. "Liberty," he writes, "is not the mere absence of restraint, it is not a spontaneous product of majority rule, it is not achieved merely by lifting underprivileged classes to power, nor is it the inevitable by-product of technological expansion. It is achieved only by a rule of law."

In this context, Jackson feels that the real issue in cases involving individual liberty—but rarely faced in the Supreme Court's opinions—"simmers down to one of the extent to which majority rule will be set aside." Declaring a law unconstitutional "is a restraint upon the power of the majority to govern." Refusing to limit the majority at all "leaves the individual in the minority unprotected." The decision of the "Constitution-makers" on this dilemma was for "limited majority rule" with the Supreme Court as the instrument for the application of limits. But the Court must understand, while it protects the minority, that if it goes too far in limiting the will of the majority it will meet, as it had in the Roosevelt period, "a drive against its power or its personnel."

"My philosophy," Jackson writes, in drawing his discussion to a close, "has been and continues to be that [the Court] . . . cannot and should not try to seize the initiative in shaping the policy of the law, either by constitutional interpretation or by statutory construction." Instead, the

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Court should practice *selective* intervention on behalf of minority rights and try to keep the balance between the equally important values of liberty and authority. In doing so, the Court can be guided, and comforted, by the fact that "the attitude of a society and of its organized political forces, rather than its legal machinery, is the controlling force in the character of free institutions."

Rodell and Jackson have served in this discussion to represent the two main theories of judicial review held by American liberals today. Actually, both authors exhibit special characteristics which somewhat distort the liberal position for which they are cited. Professor Rodell has a penchant for breezy overstatement and for personalization of judicial review which is not essential to libertarian activism. A more representative statement of that position can be found in the writings of Professor John P. Frank, for example his essay "Review and Basic Liberties" in Edmond Cahn's collection, *Supreme Court and Supreme Law* (Indiana University Press, 1954). And the over-all drift toward conservatism of Robert Jackson during his later years, as well as the unpredictable nature of his opinions, gave his championship of the principle of selective intervention a distinctly idiosyncratic cast. A more typical spokesman would be Professor Paul Freund, of Harvard Law School, in his book *On Understanding the Supreme Court* (Little, Brown, 1949), or Professor C. Herman Pritchett of the University of Chicago's department of government, in *Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court* (University of Chicago Press, 1954).

There was a third liberal position during the first years of the New Deal Court, that of general self-restraint championed by Justice Frankfurter and defended by liberal spokesmen such as Professor Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University in his book *Majority Rule and Minority Rights* (Oxford University Press, 1943). This conception, with its belief that institutions expressing the majority will can learn best by being upheld by the Supreme Court even in their excesses, has all but faded from the scene. The cold war pressures against civil freedoms and the heavy-handed behavior of many of the agencies of majority rule have caused most of the supporters of the self-restraint position to edge quietly over into the camp of selective intervention, as the votes of Justice Frankfurter in recent years would suggest.

THE significant thing about these contemporary liberal attitudes toward the Supreme Court, for all their differences, is the extent to which they agree in now looking benignly on the institution of judicial review, a re-orientation illustrated by Dean Eugene V. Rostow's argument in the *Harvard Law Review* of 1952 for "The Democratic Character of Judicial Review." Viewed as a whole, American liberals have undergone a remarkable change of attitude with respect to the Supreme Court. Two basic reasons help to explain this development.

First, the liberal no longer worries that judicial review will favor "property rights" over "human rights." With the growth of labor's economic and political power, the liberal feels sure that the Court will remain "neutral" in labor-management issues, or if a particular Court majority should take a reactionary line, labor, with its liberal allies, would be able to compel it to reverse itself, as in 1937. He feels the same confidence that the progressive social legislation of the New Deal-Fair Deal era will not be overturned, largely because the nation is in a period of consolidation, not innovation. With even the Republican administration accepting basic social legislation, liberals do not expect the Court suddenly to turn around and find the TVA or social security laws unconstitutional. In short, the liberal, like the banker of the 1890's, considers the Supreme Court "safe."

The second reason for the liberal's present satisfaction with the Supreme Court lies in the fact that the defense of civil liberties and civil rights is one of his

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paramount concerns today—and the Court can be a very useful instrument for protecting them. To be sure, free speech and desegregation were not unimportant to the liberal community in 1920 or 1937, but such issues were not so immediate and primary then as they are now. In the area of civil liberties, for example, most liberals look to the Supreme Court to defend at least a minimum of free expression and fair procedure, even if it means some judicial "meddling" with the Federal Executive loyalty program, state sedition laws, or Congress's Communist Control Act of 1954.

On the civil rights side, liberals gave overwhelming approval to the recent rulings against segregation, and they expect the Court to continue its policy just as fast as prudence allows. If the liberal were still opposed to judicial supremacy as a matter of principle, he would find no clearer cause for protest than in the decisions in the segregation cases. Considered dispassionately, the rulings were a frank use of the judicial power to strike down the "majority will" laws of the Southern states, and without the slightest "majority will" sanction from Congress. The fact that the decisions served a noble and just cause, that desegregation was long overdue, and that the Supreme Court disclaimed doing anything more than correcting an earlier Court's misreading of a Constitutional amendment are true, but it is also true that the use of the judicial power here cannot be distinguished from its use on behalf of property rights by the Fields and Van Devanters. Another fact revealed by liberalism's reaction to the segregation cases is that, while the "selective-interventionists" rule in the civil liberties area, in the civil rights area the "libertarian activists" reign supreme.

By and large, then, American liberalism has made its peace with the Supreme Court. Today it is the Eastlands and the Talmadges who attack judicial supremacy as the "most important problem of our times"; it is the conservatives and businessmen who are unhappy with the Court's rulings upholding national regulatory power under the commerce and tax clauses; and it is Senator McCarthy who protests at Supreme Court interference with the powers of Congress or the states. Liberals in the 1930's ardently debunked the myth of the leonine, dispassionate Justices, but today they are on the side of the lions.

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CONFESSIONS OF ZILPAH

(An Early Christian Who Considers Body and Soul Irreconcilable)

LEO HABER

And [Rachel] gave him Bilhah, her handmaid, for [the third] wife, and Jacob went in unto her. . . . When Leah now saw that she had left off bearing, she took Zilpah, her maid, and gave her to Jacob for wife. And Zilpah, Leah's maid, bore Jacob a son. . . (Genesis 30: 4, 9, 10).

I HEARD a music in my veins that time
when the third wife came to say
she was not well, and he sought pell-mell
that day for another concubine.
They are a fine, but peculiar breed of man,—
this odd, bold Hebrew family. Young Reuben, his son,
is almost old enough to fan the woman flames
and feed the woman fire; yet he aspires
to other things and spends his days in devotions.
An odd creed!
And Jacob, himself, has curious notions.
He too spends his days in furious work and prayer,
but his nights in bed.
He said once: "It's all God's device,
all God's life, sacred, divine,"
as he made his way from wife to concubine.
How nice!
A mixture, a brew in equal parts
of mind and matter, of heart and head,
of high and low, of bed and altar.
But so many divine rules to follow each day.
Are they *all* priests of this God of theirs,
or fools?

They would have me too obey the least
of their God's ordinances.
A maid has rules enough from her mistress,
not to be burdened by God all day.
Even the kitchen must be a shrine, a holy sight!
It's quite a price to pay in order
to hear a music in my veins by night.

LEO HABER made his debut in print in our April issue with a poem, "The Khazar Poet." He teaches Latin, Hebrew, and English in Lawrence High School, Long Island.

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JOURNEY TO THE FALASHAS

Ethiopia's Black Jews

SIMON D. MESSING

HALF a century ago, Professor Jacques Faitlovitch, a young Jewish scholar from Paris, startled Jewish communities throughout Europe by presenting them with letters from the priests of the Falasha Jews of Ethiopia. Until then, except for a few scholars, no one in the Western world had been aware of the tens of thousands of Black Jews of Ethiopia, who claimed a history of more than two thousand years in their country.

Very little research has been undertaken since Dr. Faitlovitch's original investigations, and therefore the early history of the Falashas is still clothed in darkness. They know no Hebrew, reading the Bible in Geez, a Semitic language spoken in northern Ethiopia until the 13th century C.E. They had not heard of the Talmud or of the Babylonian captivity until Dr. Faitlovitch told his Falasha students about them. How they came to profess Judaism in the first place, no one knows. The most plausible theory holds that Jews from across the Red Sea had a colony in the ancient Ethiopian kingdom of Aksum, just before that kingdom was converted to Coptic Christianity in the 4th century C.E. "Falasha" means "exile," and it may be that some Ethiopianized descendants of the Jewish colony refused to accept Christianity and were exiled to the western escarpment of Ethiopia's highland plateau.

According to the Coptic Ethiopian chronicles, an Agau-speaking Falasha queen named Judith ruled an independent state in the area a thousand years ago. Later, the chronicles record, Coptic armies broke up this domain and the Falasha remnant retreated to the mountainous highlands north and west of Lake Tana, in the northwestern corner of Ethiopia where the Blue Nile originates. There they settled and successfully resisted conversion, until in the 1860's Protestant missionaries from the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews sought them out and won over thousands in the province of Dembea, just above Lake Tana. It was to stem this tide that Dr. Faitlovitch, after his first visit to the Falashas in 1904, traveled to all the major Jewish communities in the Western world to seek help for his Hebrew and religious school to be established in Addis Ababa.

IT IS not surprising that as a student of anthropology specializing in the Biblical lands of the Middle East and Africa, I should have become interested in Ethiopia. When the time came to do field work for my doctorate, my professors at the University of Pennsylvania recommended a visit to the Coptic Christian Amharas of Ethiopia. I knew the Falashas lived in the same general area and functioned as an essential caste in the life of the Amharas, and I intended to acquaint myself with both groups. For twelve hours daily, in the sweltering summer of 1953, I studied the Amharic language, both written and oral, and I read every book on Ethiopia I could lay hands on.

Dr. Faitlovitch, then in retirement in Israel, wrote me that he was becoming greatly concerned about the increasing assimilation of the Falashas to the Coptic Christians. I looked forward to meeting some of the graduates of his school—especially those few whom he had taken for further education to Germany and France. They would be middle-aged by now, and some of them, I had learned, were occupying high positions in the Ethiopian government. Dr. Faitlovitch had hoped that they would become Orthodox Jews by Western

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SIMON D. MESSING visited the Falashas, the "Black Jews of Ethiopia" (readers will recall the article of that name by Wolf Leslau which appeared in March 1949), while on an anthropological field trip, sponsored in part by the Ford Foundation, several years ago. Born in 1922, and educated at the University of Pennsylvania, Mr. Messing is currently a Research Associate at Dropsie College. He has contributed articles to the *Middle East Journal* and the *Journal of American Folklore*. This is his first appearance in COMMENTARY.

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standards and serve as teachers and religious leaders in their home villages. But the Ethiopian government had been only too happy to employ them, when it returned after the Italian occupation, in the newly established ministries in Addis Ababa. The Graziani massacre during the Italo-Ethiopian war had left extremely few educated persons alive.

BECAUSE cross-county travel on muleback is well-nigh impossible during the rainy season in Ethiopia, I planned to arrive after its end. One can fly to Addis Ababa from Cairo, a matter of ten hours, or travel on the single-track railway from the Red Sea, a trip of two days. I left Cairo by plane.

In Addis Ababa, on the way to my hotel, I saw men and women on the streets with surprisingly Mediterranean features. They wore the *shamma,* a loose, toga-like garment that is draped differently for different occasions. I saw two Ethiopian policemen walking hand in hand. A barefoot, bearded Coptic priest, wearing a white turban, deftly pulled out from under his *shamma* a large brass cross for a young Ethiopian in Western dress to kiss, which he did several times with quick and hearty devotion while my taxi waited for a traffic light to change.

The first night at my hotel I was stricken with dysentery, probably because I had ignored the warning not to drink unboiled water. But I was cheered by a visit from the president of the newly founded College of Addis Ababa, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was a French-Canadian Jesuit, like many others on the faculty of this non-sectarian college. The college librarian had organized an Ethnology Society, and the president told me that they would be glad to have me come along on field trips. He hoped that I would help to make the Society's work more scientific.

This kind gentleman was to prove extremely helpful. A visa to Ethiopia entitles one only to visit the capital. Travel in the provinces requires a permit from the Ministry of the Interior. This is issued only upon a request to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs made through some other ministry. In my case, I was introduced by the college president to the Vice Minister of Education (Emperor Haile Selassie himself is Minister of Education), who talked to me in French about my plans for work, and instructed his department to issue me a "Letter of Purpose" in Amharic.

IN THE six weeks before my permit was issued, I worked with the students of the Ethnology Society. We went on several field trips, one of which took us over 120 kilometers of pebbly dirt road to the holiest of Ethiopian Coptic monasteries, Debra Libanos, where we watched mass being celebrated at dawn.

One morning back at the hotel, a new guest appeared for breakfast, a trim-bearded European wearing a black skullcap. He began speaking animated Hebrew to a swarthy tablemate. The European was Rav Shmuel. He had been sent by the Jewish Agency of Israel to found a Hebrew school for the Falashas in Asmara, Eritrea (the latter territory had been federated with Ethiopia in 1952), and was passing through Addis Ababa on a semi-official visit. His companion was a Jew from Aden who had lived in Tel Aviv, where he had failed in his attempt to set up a sort of Barnum & Bailey circus. Now he had joined a relative in Addis Ababa, likewise a native of Aden, who exported Ethiopian coffee and sun-dried cattle hides.

Rav Shmuel told me that he had not tried to obtain a permit to enter the province of Begemdir, where the Falashas lived; instead, his assistant, a Falasha who was a former student of Dr. Faitlovitch and had studied in Frankfurt-on-the-Main in the 1920's, had gone on a visit to his relatives in the mud-hut villages of the hilly plateau with the intention of bringing back with him a half-dozen Falasha priests for a two months' initial course in Jewish history, Rabbinic law, and the Hebrew alphabet at Rav Shmuel's school. He also intended to bring back a dozen boys and a few girls, over the age of twelve, and a woman to take care of them. The young students would pursue a more extended course of study than the priests, who would be returning home relatively soon. Rav Shmuel's assistant was the only student of Dr. Faitlovitch's who had been willing to give up his job with the Ethiopian government for this "reclamation" work.

Through the Adenite, I was promised an early introduction to a Falasha official in the Ethiopian government's Ministry of Finance, who would send a letter to the Falashas in Gondar, the capital of the province of Begemdir, announcing my arrival.

My permit to travel outside Addis Ababa came through from the Ministry of the Interior. As I was on the point of leaving

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for Gondar, I heard that the American ambassador was about to pay an official visit to the same place. A Lutheran minister in Minnesota for twenty-two years, he wanted to observe the Coptic Christmas celebration in Gondar, where, he had been told, the old customs were still kept. He was delighted to have me come with him, since he was traveling alone.

We flew straight north to Gondar on a cargo plane, sitting in bucket seats. One young passenger in Western dress was carrying a copy of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* stuffed full of letters in airmail envelopes. He seemed to know who I was and identified himself as a Falasha student on a vacation trip home to Gondar. He told me that among his letters was the one from the Falasha official in the Ministry of Finance announcing my impending visit to the Falasha communities.

Gondar has a population of about 20,000, among whom are ten Europeans. Three-hundred-year-old castles built in the style of the Portuguese (who once had a foothold here) loomed over its mud huts. We visited schools, a hospital, monasteries. The British headmistress of the girls' elementary school showed us a huge clay pot made by a Falasha woman. She told us that the Falashas in the back country supplied their fellow Ethiopians with pottery, plow points, and wooden saddles. Non-agricultural manual labor, even if skilled, is despised by the northern Ethiopian, and smithcraft is thought to be closely connected with black magic (as it was believed to be in various parts of the Middle East and Europe when metal-working was introduced). As a result, the Falashas have a virtual monopoly on certain handicrafts in their area.

A FEW days after the Ambassador had returned to Addis Ababa, I visited my first Falasha village, Wolleqa, in the company of a middle-aged German Jew who was one of the two European doctors at the Ethiopian government hospital in Gondar. Very few Falashas live in Gondar. They prefer their hill villages, where they can be by themselves; they consider the town Falashas unobservant and polluted and do not allow them to enter their *mesgid* (synagogue) or to eat with them. But in Wolleqa, which is not in the hills, the old *attenqunye,* or "touch-me-not" laws, were no longer observed. We drove over a rocky road, laid down by the Italians, in the doctor's new Volkswagen, accompanied by his wife and my Falasha friend of the plane, who served as guide.

We left at the hottest time of day, and it was a relief at last to see Wolleqa's old *mesgid.* On a slight rise across the recently harvested fields, a hundred yards off the road, stood a round stone hut with a corrugated iron roof. Surrounding it were a half-dozen thatched mud huts, all that were left of the populous village Dr. Faitlovitch had described a half century ago. Most of the inhabitants had moved away to the hill country when the Italians began building the road. They had felt too exposed.

The first person to come out of one of the huts as we left the car and started across the fields was a fifteen-year-old boy. He was a fifth-grade student, the only Wolleqa Falasha attending the school in Gondar, and was now at home on vacation. Our guide introduced us in Amharic, and we were warmly received. The boy's father left off his weaving, his mother her pottery-making, and his elder brother came from the smithy where he had been fashioning a plow point. They regarded us with deep interest. The father, a bearded elder, drew himself to full height, pulled his toga down from his nose, and in formal tones invoked the traditional blessing in Geez for the occasion: "Thanks be to *Egziabher Amlak* [Owner of the World—God] who has brought our brothers from across the big water." He showed us the harvest from his rented land. (It is extremely rare for Falashas to own land; they rent it from the Coptic parish church, the feudal landlord, or, in some cases, a land-owning peasant family.) The mounds of grain, not yet threshed, were covered with thornbushes for protection against baboons and birds.

The whole village soon gathered around us. "The Falashas don't look any different from other Ethiopians in this area!" the doctor's wife exclaimed. They wrapped the *shamma* like the others, the men wore the same tight white jodhpurs underneath, and the women the same long, coarse cotton dresses. Except for an occasional pair of sandals, none wore shoes. But on closer inspection, I noticed that the Falashas did not wear the *matab,* the plain blue neck cord which identifies the Coptic Christian. And the women, in addition to the leather amulets common to all Ethiopians, had long necklaces made of bright bits of metal.

At the bottom of the hill, on the side away

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from the road, I noticed a very small hut surrounded by a circle of low rocks. An elder told me that this was the hut which the women of the village used at childbirth and during menstrual periods. In some of the more tradition-bound villages, every family has one of its own, and in some villages it is even customary to put up a simple lean-to and burn it down after each use. Among the town Falashas, such huts have fallen into disuse. The circle of rocks indicated the point beyond which no man could go. The woman's children may visit her and other women may come to bring food. The huts are near running water so that the women can wash themselves and their clothing before returning to their homes.

We were invited into our host's hut for black coffee, which had just been roasted, pounded, and boiled for us. We had to stoop a bit to enter, but the concave ceiling reached a height of about fifteen feet at the center. The parents' bed consisted of a wooden framework interlaced with sun-dried strips of oxhide, and a clean straw mat on top of it. Sheepskins served as covers. The children slept on shelves of hard clay next to the walls; these were used as benches during the day. As honored guests we were offered sheepskins to cushion the bench, but I had already learned that these skins were a favorite abode of fleas, and that the better part of comfort was to do without them.

While the coffee was being brewed in the crude stone fireplace in the center of the hut, we were offered *talla*, a slightly fermented barley beer. Although it is insulting to refuse a drink, I preferred to wait for the coffee—and thus avoid exposure to the amoebic dysentery I knew was rampant in this area. The water for this "beer" had very likely been taken from the sluggish river only that day.

Our host told us that the *Orit* (the Geez version of the Torah) was their law. There were no *kahnat* (priests) here, but a *kahen* came from one of the distant villages once a month, or when someone died, or for a circumcision. This particular family was willing to eat at the same table with a Coptic Christian, but would not eat meat killed by Christians because in the process of slaughtering the Christians invoke the formula, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." To find wives, the young men go to distant Falasha villages. In Wolleqa, the Falashas still do not intermarry, although in Gondar some of them have taken Muslim or Coptic wives.

My first encounter with the hill Falashas came in Gondar on the day of Timqat, the Ethiopian Coptic Epiphany, while I was watching the rites outside a church. As the procession returned from ceremonies at the water's edge, led by priests bearing silk-wrapped tablets on their heads, I noticed two dignified figures standing to one side, apart from each other as well as from the crowd. One was the bearded, turbaned *Qadi*, chief of the Ethiopian Muslims of Gondar. The other, to whom I was introduced by one of my Gondar Falasha acquaintances, was the chief priest of the largest Falasha village in the back country. Like the *Qadi*, he had come to pay the respects of his people on this holiest of Christian days. He invited me to visit his village soon.

The Anglo-Indian headmaster of one of the Gondar elementary schools assigned one of his pupils to guide me to the Christian and Falasha villages in the nearby hill country. A twenty-year-old Amhara Copt, Ayannew had had seven grades of elementary school which included four years of English. But he had "flunked out" in his eighth grade and therefore could not go on to Addis Ababa to continue his education. He was pleased at this opportunity to ride about the country on a mule and improve his English at the same time. He was delighted also by my promise to provide him, in addition to his fee, with sandals and a hat, two important items of prestige that would impress both his girl friends and the bearded elders.

He turned out to be a frank and unusually well-informed companion and guide, while still sharing the traditional viewpoint and values of the Coptic Amharas. His father was a local *wogäsha*, a native "surgeon" and herbologist, and Ayannew was therefore known far and wide. The Falasha village within easiest mule-back distance was one of the hamlets of Abba Antonyos, where the Christian villages were located on one hill and the Falasha on another, leaving the valley free for cultivation of cereal crops and for pasture. All the land was owned by the local Coptic church.

Ayannew, who had never been in a Falasha hamlet, warned me to address its inhabitants only as "Israelists" because they might feel insulted if called Falashas or *kayla* (ironsmiths). He described them as being fierce and dangerous, and said that they were a people cursed by God for having rejected Jesus and the Virgin Mary. But, he conceded, they made the best pottery and plows. He could not understand

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how a people cursed by God could be so talented.

First we visited the Christian huts, then went across the valley and climbed the hill to the Falashas. We stopped at the outer fence of the hamlet and, in keeping with local etiquette, called for the menfolk. When the men are away in the fields and only women are present, it is considered discourteous to enter an Ethiopian hamlet. Even though no messenger had gone ahead to announce our approach, the elder was apparently expecting us, and he received us hospitably—the Falasha grapevine had been at work. This time we were served roasted barley and freshly made coffee, black, and with salt, not sugar, dissolved in it, Ethiopian fashion.

Just outside the door of the hut where we sat, a huge clay pot was being built up, coil by coil, by an elderly woman. Although the wheel is not used in Ethiopian pottery-making, her finished product looked beautifully symmetrical. To shape it, she used a wet corn cob, and then smoothed down the wet, copper-colored surface with a piece of bamboo. After several days in the hot sun, the pots are piled one on top of another, dried cow dung is heaped around them, and they are fired.

Far enough from the huts to guard against the danger of flying sparks, a five-man team of Falasha ironsmiths was at work fashioning plow points. Just as at Wolleqa, the older men did the weaving, sitting on the ground with their legs in holes dug beneath their hand looms. Strings attached to their toes did the work of a treadle, opening a passage for the throwing of the shuttle.

Ayannew kept staring at the women's freshly shaven heads. His own Amhara women wore their hair either in a huge bushy crop anointed with butter, or had it plaited front to back in some ten to thirty braids. But Falasha law requires all women to shave their heads.

Descending into the valley on our departure, we encountered a Christian peasant whom we had met earlier in the day. He was leaving his plow overnight very near the Falasha fields, far from his own hill. Ayannew wondered aloud at this, but the peasant assured him that the Christians and the Falashas were all friends hereabouts and none would harm the other.

In a more distant mountainous area, called Tayber, lived one of the last surviving Falasha monks. The Falashas have had monks and nuns for many centuries, probably in imitation of their Christian neighbors. Even more than the Falasha priests, the monks have insisted on strict observance of the old ways, and they strongly opposed Dr. Faitlovitch when he tried to introduce European Rabbinic Judaism in place of their Mosaic Judaism. They particularly objected to his condemnation of their animal sacrifices. The people considered the monks holier than the priests, for the celibates lived in a quarter apart from the general community and practiced *attenqunye* toward non-monastic Falashas as well as toward non-Falashas. Now there were only a half-dozen Falasha monks surviving in Ethiopia, all over eighty, and no new generation was rising to take their place. While still held in awe, they were no longer obeyed with the old fidelity.

A young Falasha priest guided me on the journey to the old monk. My conversation with this venerable man had to be conducted across a chest-high wooden barrier—even priests were not permitted beyond it. (Here the *mesgid* was partitioned by a six-foot wall so that the old monk could pray on holy days without physical contact with the other worshippers.) The elders and priests of this *mesgid,* who joined us, bowed deeply and shouted the usual greeting *"Selaam,"* in Geez. They told the monk who I was and that I wanted to speak with him. The old man, who could no longer stand erect, hobbled closer and spoke out in the ancient Falasha language, Quarinya. The older priests translated this into Amharic, telling me that he was inquiring after the health of my father and other ancestors, in accordance with ancient formula. Answering my questions, he said that he was eighty-five years old and had been a monk for sixty-six years. He volunteered the statement that he had always been celibate.

After we left, the elders told me that I had received an unusually cordial reception from him. Once, at the time of the liberation of Ethiopia from the Italians, a Jewish officer in the British army had committed the unforgivable sin of riding into Tayber on a mule on Saturday, and the monk had refused to believe that he was an "Israelist."

After my excursion to Tayber, I felt that the time had come to visit a region where the Falashas lived by themselves. The largest Falasha concentration seemed to be in a district called Wezaba, a chain of hamlets stretching across hill and dale which took two hours to traverse on muleback.

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Again an accidental meeting eased my way. I had been waiting in Gondar one day with Ayannew for the mule driver, who was late in bringing up our animals for a trip to a Coptic country wedding, when I noticed nearby a dignified figure silently studying me. His *shamma* covered him from nose to hips, which indicated an attitude of reserve; from his tropical helmet, old and worn though it was, one could see that he enjoyed some kind of elevated status. I guessed, incorrectly, that he was a judge of the provincial court. After a bit, he approached hesitantly and greeted me in Amharic, introducing himself as the village teacher of Wezaba come to town to receive his monthly wages.

Since the Falashas of Wezaba enjoy communal autonomy, I was puzzled that he should be employed by the Ethiopian educational authorities to teach in a distant village area which was not part of a school district. He told me that he had succeeded in having a salary for himself included in the budget for the Muslim section of Gondar. He taught Amharic writing and arithmetic to the first grade at a salary less than half of what he would have received as a teacher in Gondar. But he preferred to live among his own people.

After telling me all this, he fell back into his former reserve; it was my impression that he did not wish my guide to hear anything more. Only later did he reveal to me, for example, that he spoke fluent Hebrew, which he had learned three decades before during a six years' residence in Palestine. When the day came to ride over the mountains to Wezaba, I found that he had arranged an escort of five Falasha peasants for me, despite the fact that this was the beginning of the second plowing season and every man was needed in the fields.

The teacher had been working as a clerk in the provincial administration of Ras Kassa when the Italians invaded Ethiopia in 1935-36. Tribal wars had broken out everywhere and some of the oldest Falasha villages were attacked. He had set out for these villages in the company of Ethiopia's foremost scholar (a Falasha who had been one of Dr. Faitlovitch's earliest students) in an attempt to persuade the Falashas to migrate to the Wezaba region, where the two men had already rented land. There the Falasha's would be concentrated, and safer than in their old scattered villages. They let themselves be persuaded and made the trek to Wezaba, where in time they somehow managed to collect two hundred rifles and a store of ammunition, and were thus able to survive the uprisings that broke out again toward the end of the Italian occupation, in 1940-41.

Crossing one rocky river bed after another, we at last reached the hilly Wezaba country, which had been all thorny bush until the Falashas cleared it with fire: now they use contour plowing to cultivate the hilly land. There were several brooks in the area—a feature very important to the Falashas, who are in the habit of washing daily. The paths around the hills were so steep that often a single misstep on the part of my mule could have sent me hurtling five hundred feet straight down.

As we approached the first settlement, we were joined by small groups of young Falashas armed with rifles. This was a great honor, since the Falashas as a rule carry their rifles only on special occasions like holy days, when they even bring the weapons into the *mesgid*. Being the skillful smiths they are, they had devised simple tools and molds to repair and recast every part of a rifle except the barrel, and they used cow's marrow as lubrication.

Ambo-Ber was the name of a central group of hamlets. To the north stretched the hills on which Woynige and "little Wezaba" sprawled; to the south was Seramle, where the local school was located. From Seramle the path led down to the plain of Dembea, where the Protestant missionaries had converted thousands of Falashas between 1860 and 1904. A malaria epidemic had wiped out whole villages in that area a month before I arrived. Though the epidemic never reached the Wezaba upland, some of the young Falashas who had gone to the lowland markets to sell plow points, *shammas*, and grain, and to buy salt, coffee, and raw cotton, had returned to their homes sick.

The main Wezaba synagogue was in Ambo-Ber, although each hamlet had one of its own. This central *mesgid*, a big round stone hut with a well-made thatched roof, stood isolated on the flat top of a low hill, where it could be seen from all sides. As I approached I could see a reception committee forming in front of it, with the priests—whom I identified by their white headgear and their chintz sun umbrellas—at the head. Then more men with rifles gathered around. Children formed a line on one side of the group, and on the other, slightly

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to the rear, the women crowded together. I dismounted to walk the rest of the way up the hill, feeling that this would be a sign of respect.

Suddenly, the women set up a shrill shout, sounding like *"Illillill,"* which I had previously heard only at Coptic festivals and on the approach of the Emperor. I shook hands with the priests, one of whom I recognized as the Falasha chief priest who had been present outside the church on the Coptic holy day in Gondar. The village teacher, who had lost his reserve, took me aside and, speaking in fluent Hebrew, advised me to tell Ayannew to sit under a tree. The menfolk wanted to speak to me in the *mesgid,* and as a Christian, Ayannew could not be admitted. The women could not enter either, unless very old.

Inside, they fired questions at me for three hours. How many years had it been since the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem? How long was it since the creation of the world? When I told them that this was 5714 according to the Jewish calendar, they gleefully joked about the error of the Coptic priests, who calculated that the world was eight thousand years old. How many Jews were there in the world? How many in America?

The mention of millions brought exclamations of *"Aiyye."* How many years since the new State of Israel had been created? Did "Jerusalem" have room for all the millions of Jews living elsewhere? Did Western Jews have priests? How did they choose their priests? (Falasha priests are elected, on the basis of learning, character, and family, but usually it is the son of a priest who is chosen.) How many Hebrew schools were there in America? Did I know Dvora? (I learned later that they were referring to the only Western Jewish woman who had ever visited the Falashas, Deborah Lifchitz of the University of Paris, who came to this province with a French research expedition in 1932 and who later perished in a Nazi concentration camp.) All my replies were immediately written down.

I was sitting on a typical Ethiopian chair made of strips of oxhide interlaced over a wooden frame. The others sat on the straw-covered ground. It surprised me that I was not asked to take my shoes off, as I had been in the Falasha *mesgid* in Sequelt, but I was told that these people had learned from the students of Dr. Faitlovitch that it was not necessary to request visitors to remove their shoes in the *mesgid.*

I began to realize at this point that whenever Falashas wanted to make some changes in a ritual they conveniently reminded themselves of what Dr. Faitlovitch had said or seemed to have said about it forty or fifty years before. Until a few years ago, for example, the paschal lamb had always been sacrificed during Passover. The Falashas abandoned this practice when they learned of the new State of Israel, after several years of debate during which Dr. Faitlovitch's past protests were frequently cited. Then the priests added a new law declaring that henceforth no meat at all was to be eaten during the Passover week, because "our Israelite forefathers had no meat in the desert."

This largest of Falasha communities was eager to accept change, but only through the established channels of priests, elders, and, lately, the village teacher. Discriminating changes approved by the accepted authorities not only did not weaken the community but made it stronger and better able to cope with new situations. On the other hand, there were many stories of serious dissension in the monk-ridden villages, where all change was resisted.

THE Falasha assistant of Rav Shmuel had already been here and had taken six twelve-year-old boys and several priests to Asmara. The rest of the quota had been filled by students selected from other areas. The priests were to return to the villages in time for Passover; the boys were to remain and continue their studies. "Whatever Rav Shmuel may teach us we shall do," declared the priests.

It seemed that nearly everyone had wanted to go to Asmara, especially the boys between twelve and twenty, but because his facilities and funds were limited, Rav Shmuel could take only a few. Some were so eager for an education that they had left on their own with the intention of walking the four hundred miles to their goal, despite the high mountain range they would have to cross on the way. The village teacher was worried lest these boys fall prey to Mr. Payne, an Anglican missionary whose station at Dabat was on the road to Asmara and who offered free food and free education. Earlier that day the priests had been joking about Mr. Payne, saying that his home office (the London Society for the Conversion of the Jews) would soon close his mission, since he had not won any new Falasha converts for a long time.

There were, in fact, two Christian missionaries operating in the area. Forbidden to make

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converts of Copts, they had been sent several years before to resume the effort to convert the Falashas. The first to arrive was Payne, a slight and bespectacled Englishman. He was having very little success. His wife was a granddaughter of the well-known Martin Flad, who had been one of the successful Protestant missionaries in the area prior to the advent of Dr. Faitlovitch. Payne had finally converted one Falasha priest and had managed to round up a few boys, whom he was educating. But when the ex-priest tried to proselytize a Falasha village he was threatened with bodily harm. To make matters worse for Payne, nine of his Falasha boys then deserted him for the pleasanter accommodations and better educational opportunities of his competitor, one Mr. Bianas.

Bianas, chief of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission to the Falashas established at Debra Tabor east of Lake Tana, was a "working missionary." That is, he was less bent on quick results (i.e., immediate conversions) than on gradual and thorough spiritual transformation. Bianas was Norwegian, stocky and friendly, and had the further advantage over Payne of observing the Sabbath on Saturday, as did the Falashas. His mission offered free schooling up to the eighth grade, free medical care, and instruction in carpentry. But all Bianas got for his pains was a few of Payne's pupils who had tired of the eternal preaching. This did not make for friendly relations between the two missionaries, much to the amusement of the Falasha villagers, who knew of every development inside the mission compounds.

When the Falashas heard that I would soon be visiting Asmara, the families of the students began to write letters to them for me to deliver. The teacher begged me to ask Rav Shmuel to do something for the many disappointed boys who had been unable to go. Perhaps a larger school could be founded in Gondar which the Falasha peasants would be glad to supply with free food, native furniture, and cooks.

THAT evening I was the guest of the saddlemaker of "little Wezaba." Ayannew whispered to me that this saddlemaker was a "known man" even in Gondar, and that he could "talk well in court," which is the highest praise one Ethiopian can give another. As a sign of extraordinary hospitality, my host washed my feet. Then he sat down and announced formally, "Now let us make conversation."

Dusk was approaching, and through the open door I could see a lone woman in the empty, harvested cornfield making a fire and huddling close to it. Her menstrual week had just ended, my host told me, and having bathed and washed her clothing, she was now drying herself before returning to her husband. In the hut, other women, their heads freshly shaven, were cooking *shiro* (lentil pudding) in clay pots. One young mother of sixteen was nursing her two-year-old daughter at the far side of the hut, never taking her big, curious eyes off the white brother from across the sea.

The saddlemaker was more learned than some of the priests. I asked for his version of the Falasha calendar, on which I had been gathering data, and we talked about this. In return, he wanted me to help broaden his geography. When was America first settled by human beings? After a few cups of barley beer his questions became more personal. How is it that you don't smoke? Don't all foreigners smoke? The Italians smoked, and Dr. Faitlovitch had puffed endlessly. (Smoking is forbidden to the Ethiopian Christians, and the Falashas do not use tobacco either, though they have no prohibition against it.) How old are you? Why aren't you married? At what age do young men get married in America?

The next day the teacher showed me his school, a rectangular hut badly in need of a new thatched roof. But he did have a slate blackboard! There were sixty boys, from eight to twenty, and twenty girls (a very high percentage, the usual ratio of girls to boys in Ethiopian schools being one to ten) attending the first grade. On his own time he taught a few to read Hebrew, using three Hebrew textbooks that had been brought a few years before by an Israeli representative of the Brit Ivrit Olamit (World Congress for Hebrew).

On leaving Wezaba, I promised the villagers to bring replies from their sons and brothers in Asmara when I returned to spend Passover with them. In all, they had entrusted to me twenty-three private letters and six official ones. Of the former, two had been written by women to their sons. One said, "Why, my son, have you gone away and left me?" But the fathers urged their sons to study hard, and the brothers begged, "Pray for me, that I, too, shall receive an education"; "I am hungry for learning as for bread, and thirsty as for water"; "I am nineteen and my parents are talking of a wife for me, but I would rather die than not

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get an education." The teacher wrote his twelve-year-old son, "Don't waste your time walking in the town. Your mother longs for you. But don't think of us. Study hard. Obey your teachers and learn Hebrew well. But don't forget your Amharic." To Rav Shmuel he wrote in Hebrew, "Two thousand years have gone, but now you have returned. Our hearts are glad that you have come to teach us. We want to learn *Ivrit,* the language of our ancient forefathers."

Before leaving for Asmara, I paid another visit to Abba Antonyos. In the afternoon, a beak-nosed, bearded figure rushed up to me all out of breath. He had a letter for Rav Shmuel and was afraid that I might leave before he could give it to me. He was one of five Yemenite Jewish shoemakers living in Gondar. Four of them had still been young men when they came to Gondar, during the Italian occupation. The Italians had needed shoemakers badly, and the Yemenites had prospered, bought houses, and married Falasha girls. They all had large families now, but since extremely few Ethiopians in Gondar wear shoes, they had become very poor.

The shoemaker told me that he had received a letter from relatives in Israel who had emigrated there from Yemen on the "magic carpet," and that he and the other Yemenites were most eager to go to Israel; would I please ask Rav Shmuel to help them? His Falasha mother-in-law, who lived in Abba Antonyos, saw him show me the letter from Israel. She promptly began to upbraid him in Amharic, accusing him of wanting to abandon his wife and children and go off to Israel alone. But it was clear that her rage was artificial and intended to be "preventive." He pacified her by kissing her on the cheek. I learned that all of the Falashas hoped some day to return to sacred "Jerusalem," which they thought of as their ancestral home. But there was no immediate plan.

ASMARA presented a complete contrast to all the other places I had seen in Ethiopia: neat little villas surrounded by bougainvillea; spotless asphalted streets which were swept every day; schoolboys in starched Fauntleroy suits; modern European drugstores.

As I entered Rav Shmuel's rented house, a tall Falasha wearing European dress and a small goatee greeted me. He was the German-educated student of Dr. Faitlovitch, Rav Shmuel's assistant. In a moment we were talking about his student days in Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

Rav Shmuel compared notes with me. He had gathered information about Falasha religious laws from the priests, and was preparing a report to the Chief Rabbinate of Israel on questions of Halachah. He had already concluded that he could recognize a Falasha marriage as valid, but not the easy divorce. He admired the maintenance of ancient Jewish menstrual laws for the women and the observance of the Sabbath and major Jewish holy days (though the dates did not always coincide with Rabbinic ones). Although the Falasha priests were elected and not necessarily the sons of priests, he felt that it was all right for them to be called up as *kohanim* during the reading of the Torah on *Shabbat.*

Several days later, I talked with a most unusual personality, a Falasha scholar who combined a mastery of Geez literature with a well-rounded European education. He was the oldest surviving student of Dr. Faitlovitch. He had served the Ethiopian government in diplomatic and ministerial posts, and had worked hard for the federation of Eritrea with Ethiopia, which had finally been accomplished by the United Nations in 1952. Pensioned off as an ex-minister, he was now writing a history of Ethiopia. We discussed many aspects of modern Ethiopia and the problems of the Falashas. He thought a mass emigration of the Falashas to Israel would not be in their own interest without prior modern education. If the Jews of the world really wanted to do something constructive to help the Falashas, he felt, they should build schools in Ethiopia, equip them, and staff them with teachers.

In Asmara I attended a Bar Mitzvah celebration of Adenite Jews. To my amazement, a half dozen men performed the same rhythmic to-and-fro dance that I had seen in the Coptic Ethiopian monastery of Debra Libanos (and that I was soon to see among the Falashas). The Adenites were chanting the hymns composed by Sholom Shabazi in Yemen about three hundred years ago.

While in Asmara I also went to see the famous "Incode" kosher meat-packing plant, built in the last few years for the slaughtering and canning of Ethiopian beef bought for Israel. Some of the cattle came from as far away as Gondar, and twice during the dry season herds of hundreds of animals made the long trek to Asmara.

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BACK in Gondar, a large carton of matzoh, sent by my sister from America, was waiting for me. I planned to share it, and also the bottles of Israeli wine I had obtained in Asmara, with the Falashas of Wezaba on Passover, which was about to begin. The teacher, whom I had told of the matzoh, had sent an extra donkey to carry the package. A mare, she was accompanied by a foal almost as big as herself—because "they would feel lonely apart from each other." And so we were a small caravan starting out before sunrise. But to save the Falashas embarrassment during the Passover celebrations, I was riding without Ayannew.

As we climbed eastward under a clear blue sky, a flock of puffy white clouds began to move across the horizon from the direction of the Indian Ocean. This meant that it would rain that afternoon, that the season of "little rains" had begun. The peasants were taking their plows out to the fields. The sun-baked, rock-hard ground would soften, and the plow point would be able to make some headway. Wearing stiff capes made of yellow papyrus reeds, the farmers would scatter seed for their second annual crop.

The Falashas, when I arrived, were thrilled with the American matzoh and the wine. They called the former, *"Iyarussalyem qitta"* (unleavened bread from Jerusalem), and the teacher undertook its distribution. Two packages were set aside for the visitors who would come during the week from the outlying districts. They would eat some matzoh here, and then take samples home.

My hosts were also pleased with the photos I had taken of them and had developed in Asmara, and I gave them a print of each. We sat down for the last pre-Passover dinner (which happened to fall that year on a Friday night); this was to be the last meat we would eat for a week. The women brought clay pans full of pungent, steaming, peppered meat stew. The last *injära* (leavened, limp bread) was dipped by hand into the sauce, and lifted out with a morsel of meat. (The Falashas never eat the raw beef which is a feature of all Coptic feasts, and consequently suffer much less from tapeworm.)

Dusk approached quickly, and all food and utensils were removed. My tent was pitched. The priests and menfolk entered the *mesgid*. I had brought candles, and all were pleased to have the extra light to add to the single oil can they normally used. The chief priest had brought his personal copy of the *Orit*, made of parchment and sewn into the shape of a book.

In Ethiopia, because of its nearness to the equator, sunset comes at about 6 P.M. all the year round. It was seven when the service began: chanting to the sound of the drums and the tinkling of the *sistrum*. Again and again the priests formed two rows of chanters, joined by a few elders with good voices, and gracefully and slowly danced toward each other and then away. Among the musical instruments was one I had not seen before: a round, flat iron disk suspended from a string held by a single finger. It was struck with an iron spike to keep time to the beat of the drum, the chants, and the steps, and it gave off a gong-like sound. I learned that it had been invented by the Falashas in the course of their work as ironsmiths.

Soon all the dancers formed a circle, shoulder to shoulder, this time moving in the same direction with faces turned inward. I joined them, and they smiled and nodded to me. Coming out of a slight crouch, the dancers made short bows with their shoulders, then settled back, directed their eyes to the ceiling, and resumed their chanting, their ecstatic faces appealing to heaven. The little bow was timed to the drumbeat, *sistrum*, and gong. The sidestep was a slow shuffle resembling an American Indian dance. The drums were four feet long, wooden frames over which oxhide had been stretched, and wider at one end than the other. They were suspended from a rope slung across the shoulder, and since they were very heavy, the priests would take turns, solicitously shifting them from one person to another, always without missing a beat.

By eight-thirty the services were over, and we adjourned to the open meadow under a clear sky and a full moon. Scattered lights, coming from hearths inside the huts on the surrounding hills, were visible—for while the Falashas do not make fire on the Sabbath, they kindle a big fire late Friday afternoon that lasts long into the night. Around the huts, donkeys and mules were tethered inside hedges of thornbush to protect them from prowling hyenas.

While the women in the hamlets below the *mesgid* were bringing the unleavened bread, each of the men received a piece of matzoh and a little wine. They had long ago lost the

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art of wine-making and, because of the reference to "drinking the blood of Jesus" in the Christian Eucharist, they suspected that the wine used by the Christian Copts in Communion might be blood. Apart from the village teacher, who had been abroad, none had ever tasted grape wine before. They permitted themselves to drink it now because the teacher, who knew Hebrew, had identified the seal and label as "Iyarussalyem" wine and because I, whom they trusted, had brought it. Murmurs of *"Iyarussalyem woyn"* passed through the ranks. Some asked for an extra piece of matzoh to bring to their wives.

The priests then asked me to show them how Passover was celebrated in my country. I recited the blessing over the matzoh in Hebrew and chanted from memory portions of the Haggadah, beginning with "Slaves we were to Pharaoh in Egypt." The teacher gave them a running translation from Hebrew into Amharic, and for his benefit I had to be careful to use the Sephardic pronunciation, to which he was accustomed. The priests blessed me when I concluded, saying, "Today light has begun, now that we have eaten *massa*. May the Lord return you safely to your father and mother."

The empty wine bottle went from hand to hand, and the moonlight was so bright that one *däbtära* (learned scribe) was able to make out the identity of the two men depicted on the label carrying heavy fruit hung from a pole on their shoulders. "That is Joshua and Caleb, carrying the fruit to *Musse* [Moses]!" he exclaimed. There was great excitement and much pushing as everyone tried to look at the marvelous illustration of what they had heard recited in the *Orit*. The bottle and the cover of a package of matzoh were later placed on permanent exhibit in the *mesgid*.

Conversation continued in subdued tones. Some of the men who had not seen each other for a long time had much news to relate. There was a hush over the landscape. Tired from the long mule ride, I was glad to call it a day. As I crawled into my tent, a mouse scurried past me. My air mattress was completely flat. The nasty thing had eaten two holes into the rubber.

IT WAS still dark at 5 A.M., when the chanting of the morning service awakened me. There were eight men participating this time, and soon the eighty-two-year-old mother of the chief priest joined in. Because of her son and her age, she was the only woman admitted to the *mesgid*, but she had to remain at the west door near the wall. She was praying silently, her half-blind eyes almost closed, her hands raised in supplication, palms up. But she performed more than thirty prostrations along with the priests, repeating the words, "Hear me, hear me."

There was much responsive recitation and singing. Sometimes one priest motioned to another to take over. They all knew the words of the singing, which lasted for hours, by heart. All leaned on their *maqomyas*, bamboo crutches, since no one is allowed to sit during worship. Now the chief priest took the *Orit* from the niche in the wall in which he had placed it the night before and unwrapped its flowery silk scarf. The women outside set up their shrill shout of joy, *"Illillill."* The priest read the portion of the Exodus to the assembled congregation. By seven-thirty the sun was already high, and the day was growing warm when the priests bowed three times to the east, saying, *"Abraham Amlak, Isshaq Amlak, Yaqob Amlak* [God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob]." This signified the end of the service.

Afterward the men sat on the floor of the *mesgid* while the women brought water to wash their hands, and layers of *qitta* to eat. These were cut and broken in such a way that the center square, the piece of honor, could be blessed by the priest. I distributed raisins (obtained from an Arab shop in Gondar), and the women brought me a big pot of milk. They stood around studying me, and I studied them. One had a beaded ribbon across her forehead, which I discovered was a special amulet that she wore because several of her babies had been still-born. One of the girls was the thirteen-year-old boyish-looking daughter of a priest. She was soon to be married.

The *mesgid* lay near the path from Gondar, and a Coptic priest, passing by, peered in and looked at me with surprise. He exchanged a few words with a Falasha priest, then walked away. The village teacher was pleased by this incident. It is good, he said, for the peasants to see that Europeans are not afraid to visit the Falashas. (White persons are called Europeans in Africa.) This would help reduce the superstitions about the Falashas, he felt—especially the belief that they could turn themselves into hyenas.

At 10 A.M., boys ranging in age from seven to fifteen formed two teams on the meadow to

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play the Ethiopian game of *kwas*. This is similar to soccer except that the goalee may only stop the ball with his hips. The teacher explained that in the past playing would have been forbidden on the Sabbath. I walked with him across the flat hilltop, amid grazing cows, patient bulls, sheep, goats, and donkeys. He showed me where holes had been dug for the posts of the new schoolhouse to be erected when the first graduates returned from Rav Shmuel's school.

When Rav Shmuel's Falasha assistant had been here last, he had left a blank notebook behind. The teen-age boys playing *kwas* stopped me to ask my opinion of the lady whose picture appeared on the title page. It was Esther Williams in a bathing suit. They wanted to know whether that woman was crazy for exposing herself.

An argument was going on between two priests who had just returned from the brief course in Asmara and the other priests. The two felt that the building of the new schoolhouse should be stopped during the week of Passover. But the others thought that since no one would be farming, pottery-making, smithing or weaving, it was a good opportunity to put hundreds of stout hands to work on this community project. Rav Shmuel's two disciples were adamant, however, and the project was abandoned.

AFTER services that evening visitors began to come and go, now that the Sabbath was over. When we had eaten, the teacher and I went for another long walk, during which I heard his life history. He was born about 1900 in the village of Amba Gualit. When he was twenty years old, he appealed for an education to Getie Jeremias, an early student of Dr. Faitlovitch who came from the same area as he did, and who was then in Asmara. (Getie died many years ago.) But at twenty, the future teacher was too old to be admitted to the school. Dr. Faitlovitch, however, did arrange to have him trained in carpentry, and he studied Italian and arithmetic on his own. For years he persisted in seeking an education, and finally in 1924 he was sent to Palestine, where he learned Hebrew at the school sponsored by the Alliance Israélite Universelle. The director of the school, a German Jew named Goldschmidt, also taught him German calisthenics, in which he was now instructing his Falasha boys. He promised to put them through their paces for me the next day. In 1929 he had gone to Paris but had been forced to leave after a year because of the depression. He spoke nostalgically of that year in France.

After returning to Asmara, he grew homesick for Gondar and soon made his way back there. The governor, Ras Kassa, was glad to have him work as a clerk in the municipality, a post he retained during the early stages of the Italian occupation, in 1936, when the Italians were encouraging every kind of tribal expression. They even gave him a modest title in the Ethiopian nobility, and appointed him head of all the Falashas. Nevertheless, he had not trusted the Italians, who wanted the Falashas to come to Gondar to work for them as mechanics. Able to read Italian, he followed the events in Europe through newspapers, and anticipated trouble. So he used his position as head of the Falashas to plan the evacuation of the Falasha villages and the creation of this new and largest Falasha community in what had once been a mountainous wilderness. In 1940, when Mussolini finally joined Hitler, orders came from Rome to "suppress" the Falashas. He told me that the Fascists had even dropped leaflets in Amharic from planes, spreading the old superstition that the Falashas were hyenas.

His Coptic friends had warned him at one time during the occupation that he and the Falasha priests and elders were to be lured into a trap. He avoided it and organized the defense of the Wezaba region. In 1941, Ethiopia was liberated. A British commander in the area sent two Palestinian Jewish medical officers to offer him a job as interpreter at the former Italian hospital in Gondar. He accepted this post, and later a number of other Ethiopian government posts in Gondar, first as clerk, then as teacher in the hinterland. By that time, however, he had married and was tired of wandering. In 1947, he decided to start the village school where he was now teaching, and he had been living in a mud hut in the village ever since. He told me that he was the only one of Dr. Faitlovitch's students who was working closely with the people. The others, after tasting Western comforts, found the primitive life too hard. An hour later, when he had reached his hut, he pulled a sheepskin over his sleeping nine-year-old son, then stretched his cowskin over some wooden boards in front of my tent, wrapped himself in his *shamma*, and curled up to sleep, in ac-

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cordance with the rules of Ethiopian hospitality.

Services started just as early the next morning, but were briefer, because that day was considered only a semi-holiday (like *chol ha-moed*). Afterward, the teacher lined his boys up for the calisthenics demonstration. They stood at attention as he barked orders in Amharic, and for over two hours did strenuous exercises, the amulets round their necks swinging to and fro. He rarely gave them a minute's breather, but they seemed to enjoy the test.

In the afternoon the five priests gathered to hold court. All quarrels had to be settled there, and anyone referring a grievance to an outside court was liable to expulsion from the community. In one case that day, a young weaver was accused of neglecting his wife, neither clothing nor feeding her properly, and of going about idle. The woman was not called, but her kinsmen spoke for her. She had cooked and baked for her husband, carried wood and water from the valley, spun cotton, and borne him a son now eighteen months old. His excuse was that he had caught malaria and was convalescing. After a hearing of three hours, during which many witnesses spoke, the court found him guilty. His sentence was to weave his wife a fine new *shamma* as well as a new cotton dress, to buy her a necklace of imported glass beads at the market in Gondar, and to post a bond against future misbehavior. There were no court fees.

That evening the elders again had many questions for me: How long had there been Jews living in America? How many synagogues were there? How were they built? Was it now day or night in Jerusalem? In America? Was it true that the law forbade whites and blacks in America to intermarry? Had America one or many governments? Was the country as big as Ethiopia? Could automobiles go through the hot desert without being burnt? Were there two suns or only one for the whole earth?

I SPENT the week making a demographic survey, gathering statistics on occupations, education, land tenure, and agriculture. On the basis of my hut-count of the entire Wezaba "range," I concluded that a little over 1,000 persons inhabited this complex of Falasha hamlets. The constant stream of visitors, many of them priests and elders, from other districts helped me to arrive at an estimate of Ethiopia's total Falasha population, including the distant district of Quara and the sub-province of Semien, as somewhere between 20,000 and 25,000. This was somewhat surprising; I had expected a larger figure.

The morning of my departure, the community council came to me with a farewell request. Would I please introduce some of the ailing villagers to the new doctors at the Gondar hospital, one of whom, they had heard, was an "Israelist"? They were afraid of the "dressers" (male nurses), and would have confidence in the hospital only after a personal introduction. Forthwith they lined up fourteen ailing persons of both sexes. I promised to do what I could. The priests and elders clasped my hand in both palms, the Ethiopian gesture of deep gratitude. After waving farewell to the women and patting the heads of the children, I rode away with the teacher and the patients.

Months later, as I prepared to leave Ethiopia, I reflected on these high points among my experiences: the young law student in the plane en route to the mud huts of Gondar, carrying his copy of Kant; the elder of Wolleqa who had forgotten the Falasha calendar, but whose womenfolk still used the menstrual hut; the crippled, Quarinya-speaking ancient monk of Tayber, arch representative of *attenqunye*. But the most vibrant memory was that of the village teacher on the Wezaba range, through whom the Falashas may be able to make their transition to the modern world with a minimum of disturbance.

Postscript: Since this was written, the first Falasha teen-age graduates of the school in Asmara have arrived in Israel. After three years of general and vocational schooling at the children's village of Kfar Batya, they will return home to Ethiopia to serve as teachers of their people.

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OFFICIAL ANTI-SEMITISM IN OLD RUSSIA

The Origins

LEON POLIAKOV

THE brutal flare-up of anti-Semitism in the USSR and its satellites a few years ago reminded the world that a tradition of official anti-Semitism had long existed in Russia, and that it has not been entirely extinguished yet. Indeed, state anti-Semitism in Russia had in time past come to be accepted as a natural phenomenon: "The Russian government"—so the customary statement went—"was traditionally reactionary and anti-Semitic." But it was not only the more reactionary Czars who were anti-Semitic; reformers like Catherine the Great and Alexander II espoused a kind of systematic and official anti-Semitism no less than did the repressive Czar Paul I or Czar Nicholas I.

Only the peculiar circumstances that presided over the birth of official Russian anti-Semitism can account for its strength and persistence from Ivan III till today. These circumstances can even be dated quite precisely. It was in the second half of the 15th century that it all began: in a period that was, for Russia, one of those crucial moments in which the course of future events could have been steered in one of several directions with equal ease.

FOR this article on the origins of the Russian tradition of state anti-Semitism, which recent years have shown to be still very much alive, LEON POLIAKOV has drawn on a chapter in his monumental work in progress, *Histoire de l'Antisemitisme* (of which the first volume was reviewed in COMMENTARY in December 1955 by James W. Parkes). Mr. Poliakov is research director of the Center de Documentation Juive in Paris and author of *Harvest of Hate* (*Bréviare de la Haine,* 1951), a comprehensive study of the Nazi effort to exterminate the Jews of Europe. His last appearance in COMMENTARY was with "Launching the New Fascist International" (November 1952).

The Russians were converted to Christianity in 988, and in subsequent trials of force they very nearly succeeded in conquering Byzantium. During the 11th and 12th centuries, a powerful Russian state was built up, with its capital in Kiev in the Ukraine (Moscow was still only an obscure principality), whose prestige was such that the kings of France and the princes of Germany considered it an honor to be united by ties of blood with the Kievan grand dukes. During this period, Jewish merchants, bringing precious spices and silks from the Orient to Europe, were welcomed with open arms at the court of Kiev, just as they were at the court of Aachen on the Rhine, and at Lyons in France.

One of the main gates of the city of Kiev was called Gate of the Jews, and Jews had their own quarter in the town. But it was not a ghetto they lived in: they spoke as equals to the Russian ecclesiastics, and even exercised a certain cultural influence. Specialists have been able to recognize scarcely altered Talmudic themes in many old Russian legends and in certain passages of Russian apologetic writing.

But then came the Mongol invasions, which brutally interrupted the growth of Russian civilization, cutting it off from Byzantium and the West, and nothing more was heard of Jews in Russia for another three centuries. Few Jews could have gone there during this period, for international communications were broken and trade had fallen off to a trickle.

Kiev never regained its former eminence. Meanwhile, in the northeast of Russia, in the forested regions, a new power arose that little by little freed itself from the Mongol yoke and became the center of a new state and culture.

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At first Moscow welcomed the Jews as Kiev had done before. During the 15th century, when the foundations of Muscovite power were being laid, Jews streamed there; what is more, they were expressly invited to come. With the fall of Byzantium in 1453, Moscow emerged as the principal center of Greek Orthodoxy, and Greek ecclesiastics and refugees proclaimed that it was destined to become the "Third Rome." The importance of this image of Russia in determining policy was to increase from century to century. In the name of the Third Rome, the energetic Grand Duke Ivan III quadrupled his territory and even dreamed of reconquering Byzantium from the Turks.

In such ambitious projects Jews, being good diplomats and traders, could serve as useful aides. One such Jew, Hoza Kokos, served as intermediary between Ivan and his ally, Menghi-Guirey, Khan of the Crimea, and it appears from documents preserved in the Moscow Chancellery that part of their correspondence was carried on in Hebrew! The same Ivan III went to much effort to bring another rich Crimean Jew named Zacharia to his court. "Come to us," Ivan wrote him. "When you come you will be able to judge the esteem in which I hold you. And if you are satisfied here, you will be free to go where you like; I shall let you depart without hindrance."

Medicine was another branch of knowledge in which medieval Jews were specialists, and the Grand Duke took into his service Messer Leon, a Jewish doctor of Venice. He, poor soul, came to an unhappy end, being publicly decapitated in 1490 when his patient, the Grand Duke's son and heir to the throne, failed to respond to treatment during an illness and died. Such was the fate of the first Jewish doctor in recorded Russian history.

The free city of Novgorod, situated close to the Baltic Sea, welcomed Jews as enthusiastically as Moscow did. This great commercial center, which had escaped the Mongol yoke, maintained steady relations with the rest of Europe. Strong in its traditions of freedom and struggling to resist the grip of Moscow, Novgorod placed itself under the protection of the Polish-Lithuanian state, choosing the Duke of Lithuania, Michael Oldkhovich, for its prince. When the Duke arrived in 1471, he brought in his train a number of Jewish merchants, one of whom, named Skaria, was renowned for his wisdom.

Skaria and the other Jews took part in theological discussions with the rich burghers and the priests of the city, and many of their arguments, it appears, were not unconvincing. An old Russian chronicle puts it thus: "A number of priests had friendly commerce with the Jews, and, learning to read in their books, gave themselves up to a life of abjection and became heretics, anti-Christians: thus it was with the priest Alexis, the priest Gavrilo, and many others. And heresy spread everywhere, and numerous, alas, too numerous, were those who thus lost their souls, destined for the flames of hell."

Another chronicle is briefer: "Heresy was introduced into Novgorod by the Jew Skaria." A third chronicle asserts that Skaria soon called to his aid two friends, Joseph Shmoilo and Moses Khanouch. Actually, however, reliable facts about the genesis of the "Judaizing" heresy in Russia are hard to find. The little we know has to be supplemented by the imagination. We can picture these Jewish pioneers, themselves in European garb, talking with bearded Slavs in long kaftans; we can conceive of them as arguing against a triune God and the divinity of Jesus, exhorting their antagonists to read the Old Testament for themselves, and teaching their new converts the first rudiments of Hebrew by smoky candlelight.

The success of the "Judaizing" heresy in Russia can be ascribed to several factors. First of all, the Jews argued in simple and concise theological terms and concepts that were easier to grasp than the mysteries of the Trinity. They themselves were masters of Holy Scripture, whereas the Orthodox priests of that time and place were sunk in ignorance. And the Jews were sophisticated, having come from more civilized countries

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than Russia. Their prestige, finally, was all the greater in the absence of any anti-Semitic tradition in the Russia of that period.

In any case, the burghers of Novgorod had always looked kindly upon foreigners, and commerce—a "Jewish art"—was responsible for the prosperity of their city. On the other hand, too, there were many complaints about the Orthodox clergy as being lazy, dissolute, and notoriously open to bribes. A movement of dissent, muffled but struggling to take shape, was already at work in Novgorod society and, like Protestantism in contemporaneous Western Europe, it seems to have been fostered by the needs of a rising middle class.

It should be remembered, too, that the success of Jewish proselytism in Russia was not a unique case. European history provides analogous examples of Jewish pioneers influencing newly Christianized people who were in the charge of a half-educated clergy lacking in self-assurance. It seems that the most diverse peoples lent an attentive ear to Jewish preaching wherever Christianity had not yet succeeded in establishing a solidly dogmatic grip on their souls. The curious reproaches hurled at the Jews by St. John Chrysostom and St. Gregory of Nyssa indicate that this is what happened in the Christian East during the 4th and 5th centuries C.E. That it was also the case in Charlemagne's empire in the 9th century we can infer from the indignant epistles of the archpriests Agobard and Amolon, as well as of other Gallic prelates.

Certain passages in the epistles of Agobard are particularly revealing. "Things have come to such a pass," wrote this prince of the Church, "that ignorant Christians claim the Jews preach better than do our priests. Certain Christians even celebrate the Sabbath with the Jews, and violate the blessed repose of Sunday. Many women live as servants or menials in Jewish homes; among them are some who have been turned from their duties. Men of the people, peasants, allow themselves to be drawn into a sea of errors, so that they see in the Jews the only people chosen by God, believing that only among them is a pure religion observed and a faith far more certain than our own. . . ."

The Jewish proselytizers of 15th-century Russia disappear from the scene abruptly. After the 15th century no chronicle mentions their activity or their presence. It is as if they had never existed. But a curious confluence of events resulted in the further spread of their ideas.

By threats and stratagems, Ivan III had finally obtained control of Novgorod, and in 1479 he paid a formal visit to that city. At that time he was engaged in a struggle against the upper clergy and the monasteries, whose immense wealth excited his greed, and the agitation of the Judaizing heretics was useful to his cause. Consequently, while in Novgorod he openly showed his approval of them, and when he returned to Moscow he brought two Judaizing priests with him, placing them in important parishes.

FROM that time on, the "Judaizing" heresy propagated itself with lightning-like speed throughout Russia, but particularly in the circles close to the court. Protected by the Grand Duke, the heretics hardly troubled to hide their activities. Besides, they considered themselves Christians, denying not the divine mission of Jesus, but only his divinity: "He is like Moses, he is not like God the Father. How could God come down on earth and be born in human form of a virgin?" In order to propagate their beliefs more effectively, the heretics studied the Old Testament, translated it into Russian, and engaged in much intellectual activity.

These events took place fifty years after Wycliffe and fifty years before Luther: the heresy of the Russian Judaizers can be considered a kind of aborted Reformation which was rather more radical than that in Western Europe.

The supporters of Orthodox Christianity tried unsuccessfully to oppose this progress. The Archbishop of Novgorod, writing to Zosima, Metropolitan of Moscow, complained: "I was visited by a converted Jew named Daniel who is a good Christian. He had just returned from Moscow. He said to

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me at dinner in the presence of many friends: In Moscow the Jews went after me in packs, saying to me: 'Dog, what are you doing now? The Grand Duke has ordered the Christian churches swept out of the city.'" But according to certain accounts, the Metropolitan of Moscow was himself guilty of Judaizing, "devoting himself to the seduction of the simple, getting them to drink the Jewish poison." In the words of a chronicler, "Never since the day when the Orthodox sun first shone in our land has there been such heresy; in the home, in the streets, at the fair, laymen and priests discuss the faith, basing themselves no longer on the teaching of the Prophets, the Apostles, and of the Fathers of the Church, but on the ideas of heretics and renegades from Christianity, with whom they have friendly ties and who instruct them in Judaism."

The struggle between Christian Orthodoxy and the Judaizers was intensified by a dynastic and political element. Ivan III had been married twice. His children by his first wife sided with the heretics and supported a policy of neutrality. His second wife, Sophie Paleologue, a Greek princess, remained faithful to Orthodoxy, and urged Ivan to ally himself with the Emperor of Germany and declare war on the Turks and try to reconquer Byzantium. For a long time the Grand Duke seemed to lean toward the Judaizing group in his family and designated his grandson, Dmitri, who was of that party, as heir to the throne. Thus it seemed probable that the Judaizing heresy would become the official state religion upon Ivan's death, and on this eventuality the majority of the courtiers wagered their careers.

Against an obscure background of palace intrigues, the struggle continued for some twenty years. In the end, just before Ivan's death, the camp of Sophie Paleologue won out. Sudden and violent persecutions overtook the heretics in 1504; their leaders were beheaded or went into exile; their followers were interned in monasteries. Christian Orthodoxy won and, with its victory, Russian autocracy took on definitive form.

From then on, fear and hatred of Jews became a touchstone of imperial Russian policy. A simple principle was enunciated that was to be observed for the next four centuries with astonishing consistency: Jews, being "poisoners of souls," were not to be admitted into Russia. Some time after 1526 the Russian envoy to the Vatican, Gerasimov, declared in Rome: "As for us, we Russians fear above all the men of the Jewish tribe, and never will we let them come among us." Still more characteristic is the retort Ivan the Terrible made to his ally, the King of Poland, when the latter asked him in 1550 to allow certain Jewish merchants of Poland to come to Moscow: "With regard to what you write us about allowing your Jews entrance to our land, we have already replied to you on several occasions: informing you of the evil actions of the Jews, who turned our people from Christ, introducing poisoned drugs into our state and causing much harm, for which they have been expelled or put to death. We cannot allow Jews to enter our country, for we do not wish to see evil done; we want God to allow the people of our land to live in calm without any trouble. And you, our brother, should not in the future write us anything about Jews."

That this energetic retort was a typical expression of contemporary Russian sentiment we know from the record of a conversation between a Moscow merchant, who had been in the Near East in 1558, and the Patriarch of Syria: "The Patriarch asked me if in our country there were believers in some other religion, Jews, Moslems, or heretics. I replied: No, for in our empire they have no right to live, and as far as the Jews are concerned, our prince has forbidden these dogs to enter our land even for purposes of trade. The Patriarch then bowed his head very low to me and said: May God bless your Prince, the Czar Ivan Vasilievich and his sons, Ivan and Fyodor, for having driven out the infidel Jews as one drives out wolves, in order to preserve the Christian flock. . . ."

NATURALLY, certain acts went with such talk, and those acts consisted not only in the inflexible observance of the prohibi-

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tion against the presence of Jews in Russian territory, but also in the massacre of those Jews whom the hazards of war brought within reach of Muscovite power.

Jews in Poland and Lithuania, both of which countries were invaded at different times by Russian armies in the 16th and 17th centuries, had much to suffer from this policy. Many chronicles record what happened, and so do many foreign travelers, like Peter of Arelsund, a Dane, who summed up the situation as follows: "Though cruel and intolerant, Ivan the Terrible never persecuted anyone for religious reasons, that is, excepting Jews. He did not seek to bring them to the Christian faith or to baptize them; he burnt them alive, hanged them, had them drowned; it was his habit to say that no prince should believe in their words or pity them, since they had betrayed the Redeemer and caused Him to be assassinated."

The atrocities committed against Jews by the Russian armies reached a height in the middle of the 17th century after the insurrection of Bogdan Chmelnitsky, when Russian troops penetrated first into the Ukraine and then into Poland. Jews were massacred on so vast and barbaric a scale as to arouse shocked attention in civilized countries elsewhere. According to a German report of the period, entitled *Die Judenstadt von Lublin,* it was a frightful spectacle to see how Jews both old and young were led into the synagogues like herds of cattle and, despite their cries and supplications, put to the sword. A London newspaper, *Mercurius Politicus,* reported in 1625: "The Cossacks, with a strength of about 160,000 men, occupied the city of Lublin on the 15th, and massacred all the Jews; the Muscovites pillaged their homes and set them on fire." We know, too, the deep, dark mark that the "black years" of 1648-56 have left in Jewish tradition.

NEVERTHELESS, in that same period a little Jewish colony was founded in Moscow. But its members were all converts to Christianity, or at least that is what they seemed to be. Jews were welcomed with open arms by the Russians—who were never xenophobe—whenever baptism, or even some substitute for it, released them from their religion.

The origins of the Marrano settlement in Moscow are fairly obscure, but it emerges into clear view at the beginning of the 18th century when, under Peter the Great, Peter Chapirov and the four Vesselovsky brothers, all converted Jews, practically monopolized Russian diplomacy, and even acquired considerable influence in other departments of the administration.

Bitter complaints at this state of affairs were expressed by the Jesuits (who were another Russian *bête noire,* which they have remained down to this day). Their principal agent in Poland sent this report to Rome in 1709: "Certain Jews have attained to the highest positions of the administration in the country. One controls the chancellery of the Czar, another administers educational institutions, a third is first secretary of the minister Menshikov, a fourth is governor of the province of Vologda (he refused me permission to visit the Polish prisoners there, who are in great distress), and others are placed in other important positions. All of them are unrelenting enemies of the Holy Church. They help the Calvinists and the Lutherans in every possible way, and they never let an occasion pass to do us injury."

We also have the report of a diplomatic busybody, the Danish ambassador to St. Petersburg, who informed his government that as far as he knew Peter Chapirov systematically abstained from pork!

Apparently, the very things which struck the attention of foreigners went unnoticed by the Russians. On the other hand, they were extremely vigilant in seeing to it that no open and declared Jew got into the interior of their country. Peter the Great himself, so liberal in other respects, summed up the rule governing his conduct in a remark made to Monsignor Paolucci, the Papal delegate: "The Jews and the Jesuits have no right to enter my country." And he stuck to this principle even though, being an eminently practical man, he had proclaimed on

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another occasion: "Whether a man has been baptized or circumcised, it's all the same so long as he is a good man and knows his business."

The mass of Russians had the same attitude towards Jews as the authorities. In 1743, under the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, the daughter of Peter, the Russian government took the final steps to make definitive and official a tradition that had already long existed in fact.

As the result of one of her wars with Sweden, Russia had acquired the territories of Livonia and Courland, which were inhabited by a fairly dense Jewish population. Annexation made them all Russian subjects. Did they thereby acquire the right to enter the interior of Russia proper, or were they to be confined to the provinces? Local functionaries and provincial governors invoked both economic and moral arguments to bolster their demand that at the very least Jewish merchants should be allowed to visit certain important fairs in Russia, and the Russian senate submitted an opinion along these lines to the Empress Elizabeth. Her reaction was swift and clear: "I want neither interest nor profit from the enemies of Christ," she wrote with her own hand on the margin of the report. This maxim became a precedent for subsequent Czarist policy.

In the second half of the 18th century, when Russia took over the major part of Poland already containing at that period more than half a million Jews, the question of admitting Jews into Russia was raised again, and with all the greater pressure behind it this time because of the greater number of people involved. But the decision was the same. The prohibition was maintained, and a whole body of special legislation was now created to implement it. This legislation was added to under succeeding Czars, and neither the humanitarian projects of Alexander I nor the more ambitious ones of Alexander II, fifty years later, brought any notable modifications to it. Thus did the famous "Pale of Settlement" come into being.

But anti-Jewish legislation was not the only way in which Russians reacted to the "Judaizing" heresy. The heresy played a profound role in the early development of Russian culture, stimulating the spread of education and stirring both clergy and laymen to think for themselves. According to a Russian ecclesiastical historian of the last century: "We cannot but see in this heresy the first and most important indication of the awakening and independence of the national Russian spirit." What is more, though the heretics were vanquished they were never completely uprooted; many of them took refuge in the outer provinces of Russia, or in the great northern forests, and survived there.

For centuries the sect led an underground life and was responsible for many of the schisms and dissident movements so characteristic of Russian religious life. Its most direct spiritual descendants are the Molokhans and Dukhobors of our own day, whose tribulations in Canada are now and then reported in the newspapers. Such have been among the various and long-range effects of the adventuresome journey undertaken in 1471 by a Polish-Lithuanian Jew, Skaria, to the court of his prince in Novgorod.

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VIRGINIA'S CREEPING DESEGREGATION

Force of the Inevitable

JAMES RORTY

A NORTHERNER traveling in the South soon learns not to embarrass his hosts by supposing that they really believe their popular social mythologies any more than we do in the North. During a trip of some fifteen hundred miles from the Potomac to well below the Appomattox and back, I was unable to find one intelligent Virginian who attached much weight to the idea that "mongrelization" would inevitably follow desegregation of the public schools. Even intransigent segregationists acknowledged the elementary anthropological facts: such mixture of the races as has occurred thus far was largely a product of the plantation slavery system; and the glacial spread of miscegenation was not perceptibly accelerated in the North by the relatively free mingling of the races in the schools and elsewhere, or greatly inhibited in the South by the adoption, about the turn of the century, of the tightly segregated dual society of Jim Crow.

The fear of "mongrelization" is largely confined to the common white man—referred to in Virginia as "the lower strata of whites"—and is a serious factor in the situation only to the extent that it has been exploited by demagogic politicians and fundamentalist pamphleteers.*

Equally rhetorical and disingenuous is the attribution of a venerable antiquity and solid permanence to Virginia's "traditional" dual society. In the first place, as I noted in my previous article ("Desegregation: Prince Edward County, Va.," May), the "tradition" is only about fifty years old. In Virginia, it dates from the adoption of the state's 1902 constitution, which effectively disfranchised the Negroes and was followed by the passage of a multitude of previously unheard of segregative laws and local ordinances.

In the second place, most Virginians—and this includes the common man, both white and black—are aware that segregation was decaying at the center and fraying at the edges long before the Supreme Court's decision of May 17, 1954. They apprehend, with reason, that with the possible exception of a few rural enclaves on the South Side, Virginia's dual society will be gone with the wind in a decade or two.

Interposition, in Virginia as in the Deep South, is a political holding action which can only delay the march of integration. Inevitably, desegregation will continue its creeping progress, fed by and in turn feeding the social, economic, and political forces which contribute to what C. Vann Woodward has called the South's Second Reconstruction (in "The 'New Reconstruction' in the South," COMMENTARY, June).

Regardless of what happens in the courts, desegregation will filter slowly inland from the Tidewater cities of Portsmouth, Norfolk, and Newport News, where the pattern of race relations among civilians has already been profoundly affected by the integration

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FOLLOWING up his study in our May issue of Prince Edward County in southern Virginia, JAMES RORTY here surveys the progress of school desegregation throughout the state that has been in the forefront of the Southern opposition to the Supreme Court decision of May 1954. Mr. Rorty, the veteran journalist, is a frequent contributor to this and other magazines on social problems and civil liberties, as well as the author of books on advertising, radio, food, and other matters.

*The fear of racial intermixture is real to the point of pathology among the poor white farmers and lower-middle-class villagers in the South Side counties of Virginia where the Negroes constitute the majority of the population.

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of white and Negro personnel in a number of Federal military installations.

In all these cities, and in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, more and more Negroes are voting, and Negroes are even beginning to be elected to minor public offices. The increasing prosperity of Negro industrial workers is also a factor; white businessmen become increasingly interested in cultivating the Negro market.

The desegregation of the educational system will move down gradually from the professional schools and colleges into the junior colleges and specialized high schools; and the entire educational system is bound to feel the influence of the Catholic parochial schools, which decided to desegregate even before the Supreme Court decision was announced. This influence will be reinforced by the pressure of Protestant and Jewish religious leaders, the majority of whom have urged compliance with the order of the Court.

All of these actual and existing integrative trends and influences—the increasing enrollment of Negro students in formerly segregated colleges and universities, the example of the Catholic parochial schools, the growing Negro vote, and the coastal cities with their integrated Federal installations—are manifest on the surface for any traveler to see. Conservative Virginians don't like them, but many of them are bowing reluctantly to what they consider inevitable. Forced to decide whether or not he would oppose a program of gradual desegregation proposed by the president of a formerly all-white theological seminary, a conservative community leader said: "Desegregation is against what I have always believed. But I can tell the way the wind is blowing, and I'm going to vote for it."

At Thomas Jefferson's University of Virginia in Charlottesville, the wind was blowing steadily in the direction of integration when I was there. Twenty Negroes, graduates and undergraduates, were enrolled and in residence on the campus; another thirty-eight were enrolled in extension classes throughout the state. The Medical College of Virginia at Richmond has twelve, including both graduates and undergraduates, and about thirty in its affiliated nursing school.

Even ardent segregationists, of whom there are a number on the faculty, agreed that at the University of Virginia, as elsewhere, the enrollment of Negro students in the graduate schools has been accomplished without difficulty and that it would continue at an increasing rate without alienating appreciably the university's friends and supporters.*

Of the nine publicly supported colleges and universities in the state, including the University of Virginia, that were formerly exclusively for whites, four now have Negro students. The College of William and Mary at Williamsburg and its Norfolk division have one graduate student and six undergraduates. Virginia Polytechnic Institute at Blacksburg has four Negro undergraduates.

Thus far Hampton Institute, formerly all-Negro, is the only privately supported college where integration has been established and is operating successfully. Since the war, Hampton has received over a hundred white exchange students from American and foreign universities. In addition, a white student entered Hampton from a local high

*In an article in the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 19, 1956 entitled optimistically "Southerners Will *Like* Integration" (most of them won't in the foreseeable future), Mrs. Sarah Patton Boyle, wife of a University of Virginia professor, described the friendly reception accorded Negro students by the white student body. The article elicited a flood of letters; somewhat to Mrs. Boyle's surprise, over half of her Virginia correspondents were congratulatory, as were a third of those who wrote from the Deep South. Only about a fourth of the letters were from Negroes, all of whom applauded the article. A small percentage of the letters elaborated, more or less obscenely, the theme of "mongrelization" that runs through the pamphlet literature now being distributed by a dozen anti-Negro and anti-Semitic propaganda organizations. One writer assured Mrs. Boyle that "the Jews are behind all this agitation for breaking down segregation. Like jackals, they sneak around behind the scenes and get fools or knaves to do their dirty work. Mongrelization—that is what the Jews want—for Gentiles. Get the Gentiles mixed up with the lackadaisical Negro strain."

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school and a white Texan transferred to Hampton from the University of Virginia.

White students at Hampton are of both sexes and mingle freely with Negro students in the lounges and cafeterias, as do the white members of the Hampton faculty. For several years, white and Negro students, sometimes in mixed couples, have been patronizing local movie theaters, with only rare and minor incidents, one of which resulted in a court trial which I attended. A white exchange student from California appeared as the complainant. With a Negro girl, also a student at Hampton, he had attended a movie in the near-by town of Phoebus, sitting in the balcony that is ordinarily reserved for Negroes. After the performance they were waiting at a bus stop when an intoxicated white man approached them, used abusive language, and ended by slugging the white student. A white police officer intervened and arrested the drunk.

The trial was attended by a dozen Hampton students, including Negroes and whites of both sexes. It lasted less than fifteen minutes. The attacker pleaded *nolo contendere* to the charge of assault and battery and was fined $15 and costs. Somewhat patronizingly, the complainant's Negro lawyer commended the white defense counsel for advising his client to choose the path of discretion in his plea. While the defendant was paying the court clerk, the complainant left the courtroom quietly with the Negro girl on his arm. The courtroom was less than half filled; judge, lawyers, court attendants, and audience all behaved with exemplary correctness.

All this, I protested to a Negro journalist, was not at all what Northerners have been taught to expect. He explained that Phoebus was Southern only with respect to geography. A substantial proportion of the town's white residents are retired army and navy people, most of them born and brought up outside the South. In addition, Phoebus, like the near-by cities of Hampton, Newport News, Norfolk, and Portsmouth, has been influenced by the desegregation of the military installations that have given employment to thousands of civilian workers, both white and colored, many of whom are Catholic.

THE influence of official Catholic policy, which extends beyond the areas of urban Catholic concentration, is not to be minimized, despite the South's traditional anti-Catholicism. Some of Virginia's first families, whose ancestors helped to found the Jamestown settlement, are Catholic. Today, out of the state's total population of 2,060,000, some 130,000 are Catholics. Its 74 parochial schools, with an enrollment of 26,000 pupils, are concentrated chiefly in greater Richmond, in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, and in the Tidewater cities, especially Norfolk and Newport News.

By order of Archbishop Peter L. Ireton, dated two weeks before the Supreme Court's May 17, 1954 decision, the parochial schools throughout Virginia have been proceeding for the past two years with a program of desegregation the results of which have thus far, as usual, refuted the segregationists' predictions of violence and disaster. In September of 1954, fourteen Negro children entered three parochial high schools; a year later, sixty-six were enrolled, from the kindergarten to the ninth grade, in eighteen schools. Only six parochial schools, in all-Negro districts, with an enrollment of 1,800 children, are still exclusively Negro.

Monsignor J. Louis Flaherty, Superintendent of Schools of the Virginia Diocese, reports that thus far integration has given rise to no problems of discipline, health, or sanitation. There have been minor difficulties: fourteen white children were withdrawn by their mothers—most of them army wives—because of integration; transfers were arranged in some of these cases. As the result of an incident, Negro boys and girls dance only with fellow-Negroes at school functions. Basketball games had to be cancelled when public school teams objected to the presence of Negro players on the parochial school teams, and there was also trouble finding non-segregated eating places when the team was on the road.

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The failure rate of the Negroes who have entered white schools averages only slightly higher than that of the whites. According to Mgr. Flaherty, integration will proceed gradually but systematically, starting with the lower grades, until the entire parochial school system is integrated.

Alone among the faiths, the Catholic Church was in a position to manifest by deeds, in its own school system, the conviction it shares with the Protestant churches that segregation is un-Christian. Ever since the Supreme Court's 1954 decision, however, the majority of Virginia's Protestant clergymen, along with practically all the rabbis, have been bucking the political tide that swept the majority of their congregations into the segregationist camp. Despite the scolding of the segregationist press, and sometimes in defiance of warnings from their own congregations, preachers, priests, and rabbis in a score of Virginia cities insisted on speaking out for integration. At the higher levels of church authority, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians united in urging compliance with the Supreme Court's order.

On the eve of the adoption, by a two to one vote, of the state constitutional amendment authorizing the use of tax funds for the support of private schools, State Senator Dalton said: "The politicians have lined up almost solidly for the amendment and the preachers almost solidly against it. If I am to choose between those lined up with the preachers or with the politicians, I'll take my stand with the preachers." More and more politicians, it may be safely predicted, will be found taking their stand with the preachers when, as, and where Negroes begin to vote in sufficient numbers. Already, the county and city breakdown of the vote for and against the constitutional amendment suggests that some day, with little help from the whites,* the Negroes will be able to vote an end to Virginia's dual society.

*The Virginia Council on Human Relations is the only integrated inter-denominational organization in Virginia working in behalf of school desegregation.

Resistance to the Supreme Court's order, as it happened, centered in the twenty agricultural counties of Virginia's South Side, where Negroes equal or exceed whites in numbers, but rarely vote. In fact, the referendum vote also provided a rough measure of the degree to which Negro voters are permitted to exercise their suffrage.

The city of Hampton has 22 per cent of Negroes in its school population; Charlottesville, seat of the University of Virginia, has about the same—23 per cent. In both cities the vote on the constitutional amendment was relatively close: 5,135 to 3,427 in Hampton, and 2,820 to 1,477 in Charlottesville, as against 2,835 to 350 in half-Negro Prince Edward County, with its two all-white colleges, Longwood and Hampden-Sydney. Without attaching too much significance to these figures, it would at least seem that where racial integration has been in operation at the college level, it has not had the effect of either nourishing segregationist sentiment or intensifying racial tension. What is even more apparent, of course, is that Negroes vote in Charlottesville and especially in Hampton, whereas they obviously don't in Prince Edward County and in other South Side counties where the vote for the amendment was equally overwhelming.

ONLY about 15 per cent of the people of Virginia live in counties where the Negro population is as high as 40 per cent of the total; and of the state's population as a whole, Negroes form only 24.8 per cent. That is only 3 per cent more than in Maryland, where integration is proceeding rather smoothly. Both Richmond, with 43 per cent of Negroes in the school population, and Norfolk, with 39 per cent, have fewer Negroes than Baltimore, with 49 per cent. In three southwestern Virginia counties and one Washington suburb (Falls Church) there are so few Negroes that they are obliged to attend private schools or are transported to jointly operated schools in neighboring areas, their tuition being paid by the governing bodies of their home localities.

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In all these areas integration could have been started immediately, or "with deliberate speed," in 1954 or 1955, and some of Virginia's educators said so publicly. In fact, before the state legislature's Gray Commission rendered its report, detailed plans had been prepared for the admission of Negroes to white schools in Richmond, Norfolk, Waynesboro, Arlington, and elsewhere.

If integration is practicable in Norfolk, with 39 per cent of Negroes in its school population, why isn't it practicable in Albemarle County, in central Virginia, with only 21 per cent? "It just isn't," replied Dr. E. J. Oglesby, professor of mathematics at the University of Virginia, who had served on the Albemarle County school board, "not in this part of the world, in the foreseeable future." This was also the conclusion of Dr. Paul Cale, the Albemarle County school superintendent.

The Negroes of Albemarle County, pointed out Dr. Cale, are scattered all over the county, whereas in cities like Norfolk and Baltimore they are concentrated in colored residential districts. Even a token attempt at integration would generate dangerous conflicts in connection with bus transportation. There would also be insuperable administrative difficulties. White parents would not permit their children to receive instruction from inferior Negro teachers—and they *were* inferior, Dr. Cale said. Citing instances of misconduct by Negro school principals, he declared that an M.A. from Columbia didn't necessarily make a Negro teacher either professionally competent or trustworthy. (But the same judgment might be applied to white teachers; certainly Negro principals and teachers have no monopoly on either personal misbehavior or professional incompetence.) If integration were to be enforced, the white parents—said Dr. Cale—would withdraw their children and stop paying school taxes; then, unless Federal money was funneled in, it would be necessary to close the schools. In 1950, four years before the Supreme Court decision, Albemarle County had built a comprehensive high school for Negroes which had cost more per pupil than the white high school, and the county's future building program embodied genuine equality for white and colored; now, however, the board had paid off its architects and suspended all construction.

"What did the Negroes expect to happen next?" asked Dr. Cale. "What did they want?" He had been trying to find out. But where formerly his Negro principals had been willing to talk frankly with him, now they refused to confer except publicly, in the presence of their entire staffs.

A similar blackout of human and professional relations prevails in most of the South Side counties. While integration waits to be born, the "separate but equal" education of the Negroes marks time.

GREENSVILLE County, deep in Virginia's South Side, has 62 per cent of Negroes and voted 2,189 to 385 for the amendment. Emporia, the drab little county seat, is segregated in every conceivable manner, including the WPA mural in the post office in which all the Negroes—and none of the whites—wear overalls; also in the columns of the Emporia *Independent Messenger*, owned and edited by Cary P. Flythe. Mr. Flythe fired his Negro reporter—and lost some of his Negro circulation—after the reporter had objected to one of the editor's more violently segregationist columns. Mr. Flythe is also chairman of the school board which, following the Supreme Court decision, announced its "unalterable opposition to desegregation" and ordered Negro teachers not to discuss or permit discussion of the subject in their classes.

Since Emporia's NAACP chapter has an active membership of over 200 and several times that many sympathizers, it is obvious that Greensville County's 385 votes against the amendment did not represent the actual sentiment of the community. Nor does the poll tax, which the Byrd machine stubbornly refuses to repeal, account for more than a part of the discrepancy. In Virginia's one-party system there are many ways short of actual coercion to discourage Negroes from

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voting. Before he can register, a potential voter must answer from memory about a dozen fairly complicated questions, and the white primary official is rarely challenged when he tells a Negro that he has failed this test.

It is an event when a Negro serves on a grand or petit jury. This happened in 1950, for the first time in thirty years in Greensville County. Yet there was a time, within the memory of people now living, when Negroes served regularly on Greensville County juries, both grand and petit, and when Negroes voted as a matter of course. In that earlier period there occurred the celebrated lynching of Cotton and Brady, which well illustrates the relative emancipation of South Side Negroes before the turn of the century and the clamping down of Jim Crow laws.

Cotton was a Negro, Brady a white man. Both were notorious bandits, who were captured and imprisoned by a posse after a particularly sanguinary foray. A white mob broke into the jail and lynched Cotton, the Negro, after which the Negro leaders were cordially invited to lynch Brady, the white man. Their reply was: "Not us. You've lynched Cotton. Now you go ahead and lynch Brady." Which they proceeded to do.

In Greensville and other South Side counties, the Negro leaders date the decline of their political and social status from the adoption of the 1902 Virginia constitution under the guiding genius of the late Senator Carter Glass. The effect of the new constitution was to centralize authority at the state level, to narrow the electoral base, to reduce the number of county and local elective offices, and to solidify the power of an upper- and middle-class white minority.

One of the counties of Virginia's Eastern Shore, up which I drove from the South Side on my way North, had a Negro school population of 58 per cent; it had voted ten to one for the constitutional amendment. The school superintendent assured me that the Negro pupils were running from three to five years behind the whites in grade. As for the Negro teachers, he had perhaps four who were up to the average of the white teachers. Their advanced degrees meant nothing, he said, and this would continue to be the case so long as a Northern all-Negro teachers college like Wilberforce, in Ohio, despite its loss of accreditation three years ago, could continue to pour mass-produced Negro A.B.'s and M.A.'s into the South. At an educational conference, he had offered to swap jobs with a Yankee colleague who had wanted to know why his county didn't integrate, betting that in two years the Northerner would be as intransigent a segregationist as he was. He would prefer not to be quoted directly, concluded this superintendent, but "if you and your friends up North want another war you know where you can have one."

The next county I came to on the Eastern Shore had only 38 per cent of Negroes in the school population and had voted only two to one for the amendment. Its school superintendent told a somewhat different story. He considered his Negro staff to be excellent. Over half of them were trained at Hampton Institute; a few came from Princess Anne, the Maryland state college for Negroes just across the county line. Yes, the Negro pupils were retarded, but there were obvious reasons for that. The county, like most of Virginia's Eastern Shore, is one long, black, and highly mechanized truck garden. To grow and process the crops some 20,000 migrant laborers, mostly Negroes, are needed every year to supplement the permanent labor force, also largely Negro. At the height of the picking season the children of all ages come late to school and leave early, with the tacit approval of the school boards. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that the Negro children are below par educationally and with respect to health; this was particularly true of the migrants. Last year it cost the county $20,000 to pay for the hospitalization of migratory laborers.

School integration, he thought, would be one of the ultimate fruits of Negro progress. But, as he had told his assembled staff at a meeting called to discuss the Supreme

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Court's decree, he did not think that that fruit was yet ripe for harvesting. Three quarters of the people in the county took this view, he believed. If it were necessary to begin integration immediately, however, he thought it had best start with the high school age, by which time the Negro students had acquired social habits that made them less objectionable to the white children and their parents.

EVERYWHERE in Virginia, but especially on the South Side, ardent segregationists assure you that except for "hard-core" NAACP activists—"led by Northern Communistic agitators"*—the Negroes themselves don't want integration. Doubtless, there are some Negroes who for reasons of personal and group survival continue even now to tell the local white folks what the latter want to hear. But they weren't talking that way to a Northern journalist. Sometimes they refused to talk at all, but more often they jeered at the idea that there existed any authentic Negro segregationist sentiment in Virginia, or even any substantial number of Negroes who felt that the NAACP was pushing too hard.

The fact is, of course, that Virginia's ruling white oligarchy chose to defy the Supreme Court order without in any way consulting the Negroes and their recognized state and local leaders.

Early in 1953, over a year before the Supreme Court desegregation order, President Alonzo G. Morón of Hampton Institute vainly urged Governor John F. Battle to appoint a committee of leading white and Negro citizens of the state to advise himself and the legislature as to the course of action the state should take in preparation for either a favorable or an unfavorable decision on the segregation cases then pending before the court.* A year later, in February 1954, President Morón, accompanied by a mixed group of white and Negro educators and editors, called on Governor Battle's successor, Governor Thomas E. Stanley, and made a similar suggestion. But despite promises that either he or the legislature would take action along this line, Governor Stanley did nothing until August 28, 1954, when he by-passed both white and Negro educational leaders by appointing an all-white commission of the state legislature, under the chairmanship of Garland Gray, who had declared two months before his election from the South Side county of Sussex that the Supreme Court decision was "political and monstrous."

The Gray Commission took over a year to prepare its report. Finally, in November of last year, it made recommendations; they were designed, not to prohibit integration, but to enable the resisting South Side counties to evade the Supreme Court order, while permitting the urban, northern, and northwestern counties to comply. The two principal recommendations, if adopted, would have authorized (1) the assignment of pupils to schools on the basis of "health and welfare" rather than race; and (2) the payment of tuition grants to private schools. The second recommendation required an amendment of the state constitution, which was approved in a popular referendum on January 9 and adopted March 5 by the constitutional convention.

Meanwhile, however, the more intransigent segregationists had been provided with a rallying cry in the concept of "interposition," first developed by William Old, a

*The pamphlet literature distributed by the Defenders of State Sovereignty and Individual Rights and other segregationist organizations features the charge that the NAACP and other Negro and bi-racial organizations advocating desegregation of the schools are Communist-inspired and directed. In actual fact, the NAACP's leaders are actively and uncompromisingly anti-Communist.

*Last February, Professors B. J. Chandler and Douglas S. Ward of the University of Virginia's School of Education presented "A Plan for the Preservation of the Virginia Public School System"; it called for the establishment by the General Assembly of a bi-racial state advisory council instructed to work out, with the help of bi-racial groups in the county and local school divisions, a program of desegregation designed both to satisfy the community and meet the "deliberate speed" requirements of the district courts.

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Chesterfield County lawyer whose ideological services have recently been rewarded by his appointment as circuit court judge. The pamphlet in which Judge Old projected the first serious attempt to apply this doctrine (which had been adumbrated in the speeches of Madison, Jefferson, and Calhoun) was issued in a first edition of one thousand copies. Probably it would have caused little stir had not a copy fallen into the hands of James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond *News-Leader,* who had already established himself as perhaps the ablest spokesman for the segregationist cause. In a series of widely reprinted editorials, Mr. Kilpatrick applied his rhetorical amplifier to Mr. Old's modest lucubrations. The effects were greater, it would seem, than the editor himself had anticipated.

On June 1, 1955, the *News-Leader* had applauded Prince Edward County's instant response to the Supreme Court's implementing order, which was to refuse to adopt a school budget for 1955-56 and, instead, to set about raising a popular subscription for the operation of private schools—for whites only. Mr. Kilpatrick's editorial concluded: "When the Court proposes that its social revolution be imposed upon the South 'as soon as practicable,' there are those of us who would respond that 'as soon as practicable' means 'never at all'."

In the same editorial, however, Mr. Kilpatrick had said that the Gray Commission should make it possible for any locality that wishes to integrate its schools to do so. "There may be quite a few counties in Southwest and Valley Virginia, where Negro population is small, that will wish to do so."

As expected, the Gray Commission recommended local option in the matter of desegregation. But by the time the legislature met to consider implementing these proposals, the cloud of "interposition," at first no bigger than Judge Old's hand, had swollen until it overshadowed the political landscape. Assuming that the Gray Commission's recommendations were to be taken seriously, the school board of Arlington County, across the Potomac from Washington, D. C., where Negroes constitute 6 per cent of the county's school enrollment, had adopted a plan to integrate county schools and to hold a $9,400,000 bond referendum on school construction. But by this time the majority of the segregationists had adopted the "no, never, nowhere" position of the Defenders; Chairman Gray himself was one of the first to renege on his own Commission's recommendations. Declaring that he viewed Arlington's action with "much concern," Senator Gray added his "hope that no steps will be taken anywhere in Virginia to implement integration until the state's policy is finally determined by the governor and the duly elected representatives of the people of this commonwealth."

ARLINGTON was not left long in doubt concerning the mood of the Governor and the legislature. In February the legislature gave overwhelming approval to an interposition resolution, following which it passed a bill stripping Arlington of its power to elect a school board and putting it on a par with other Virginia communities where school boards are appointed by the elected town boards. During the same month Arlington's plans for integration received another setback when, in a close referendum, the voters turned down the proposed $9,400,000 bond issue for school construction.

The inflamed segregationist zeal of the legislature's majority was further manifested in a resolution introduced in the House, but permitted to die in the Senate, which would have declared that "it is the sense of the legislature that for the school year beginning September 1956 the public schools throughout Virginia shall continue to operate on a segregated basis. . . ."

Passage of this resolution, said the Richmond *Times-Dispatch,* would have been a "breach of faith." Although such considerations may have played some part in its defeat, the determining factor was probably the legislature's realization that, if passed, the resolution could have been used to prove to the courts that Virginia was not moving

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with the "deliberate speed" required for compliance with the Supreme Court decision. Actually, all the legislature had to do, to prevent any effective action anywhere toward desegregating the public schools, was to do nothing, and this, under the guidance of Governor Stanley, it managed to accomplish.

Thus, instead of joining the Border states, as so many optimistic Northerners, including this writer, were rash enough to predict, Virginia entered the election year of 1956 facing South and behaving as if it were possible to march backward in time, into the never-again land of its slowly disintegrating dual society. Prisoners of this anachronistic political hegira are all of the state's Negroes and a substantial minority, if not majority, of its whites, who live in communities where Jim Crow is beginning to look inconvenient and expensive as well as unwholesome, so that its preservation does not seem desirable even if it were possible.

They will not remain prisoners long. Practically all of the decisive economic and social forces in Virginia—the industries of its Tidewater cities, the pull of its Northern markets, the influence of its desegregated military installations—are facing North. Virginia has gained at most a year of grace before desegregation begins. But it has saved its Southern face, which was perhaps what its politicians needed most to do, before getting down to the unfinished business of racial emancipation, to which it is committed no less than the rest of the nation.

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

CAMP

Then and Now

DAVID BOROFF

THE summer I was ten I was given a three-week scholarship to a large Jewish camp through my Hebrew school. My Talmud Torah had two buildings: one was dark and grimy, with crowded classrooms set over a basement synagogue about which I can remember only the spittoons; the other was new, of bright red brick, and placarded with posters calling on us to collect for the Jewish National Fund. Camp was part of the world of the new building. A bustling community of bunkhouses and tents, Camp Herzl (the name is fictitious) throbbed with animal spirits. Hebrew songs leaped into the bright air. All was purposeful vigor, ideological conviction, the polished brass of a new faith.

Nevertheless, part of me belonged irrevocably to the old building of my Talmud Torah with its scowling ancients shuffling in for *minchah* and its musty smells. Camp seemed like a community of the well-favored. The kids in my bunk spent money—nickels and dimes even—with impressive casualness. I felt my scholarship status as a badge of poverty. There was one other scholarship boy in my bunk, and we avoided each other with a sense of our ignominious bond.

To make matters worse, my mother had stubbornly ignored the camp's directions, which called for pajamas—an amenity my brothers and I regarded as little less than decadent. Much more distressing was the lack of "whites." On *Shabbat* all the campers and counselors turned out in white. Again, my mother had shrugged off the instructions. After all, she thought, camp is camp. To run around who needs white pants and a white shirt? As a result, on Saturday I was the one smear of khaki in a sea of white.

Hebrew classes were held under shade trees, the sunlight dappling our books. It seemed strange to me that the Great Outdoors could be interpenetrated with Jewishness. After morning classes we had a regular camp program—baseball and swimming and cautious little hikes. It seemed odd to sing Hebrew songs as we walked to the baseball diamond swinging bats. And ghost stories, which one counselor delighted to tell us on hikes, seemed monstrously un-Jewish.

It was my very first experience in the country, and I became tentatively familiar with hill and lake. I saw canoes for the first time, slim and elegant, knifing through the water. I learned to swim, thrashing wildly in an old-fashioned overhand. Zionism became mixed up in my mind with sweat and volley ball and tanned lifeguards shouting "All out!" Visiting day occurred during those three weeks, and I recall that the other scholarship boy lay on his bunk and cried out of homesickness. Since nobody came to visit me, I felt that it was an act of filial impiety to remain dry-eyed. So I too lay on my narrow bunk and cried perfunctorily.

My counselor seemed grown up and wise—but profoundly indifferent to me. (I had

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READERS will remember DAVID BOROFF'S "Papa" (May) and "Garment Center Success" (October 1955). He was born in Brooklyn in 1917, and is a graduate of Brooklyn College, where he now teaches English.

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no understanding at that time of such matters as tips. He correctly sized me up as a dead-beat, as were most of the scholarship campers.) I remember too that he was constantly preparing for his evening dates, which were the substance of much sniggering talk after lights were out.

I was glad to get home to go to the beach and try out the overhand stroke I had learned. And I felt far more comfortable with the grasshoppers, the broken bottles, and the high grass in the lot on 46th Street than I had with the hills at Port Jervis, which I felt looked down as superciliously at me as did my counselor and fellow campers.

Two summers after my Jewish camp experience, all the kids on my block registered for two weeks at a settlement house camp. We were the brigands of the 46th Street lot, confederates in a series of ill-fated punchball teams ("a nickel a man"), and though we "razzed" each other indefatigably, we responded to group signals. There had been a summer for building wagons (out of planks and carriage wheels), a summer for wooden pistols which fired cardboard strips, a summer for campfires on the 46th Street lot, and a summer for "cockamaimies." That was the summer for going to settlement house camp. By the time my mother acted on the proposal—a telephone call in those days was an awesome affair—it was too late to get into the camp. However, we were referred to another settlement house camp, and it was there that I went, uncompanioned, for two weeks.

Camp Alpine was a miniscule camp of sixty campers in a heavily wooded area from which a baseball field had been vaguely hacked. There were six bunks scattered on various levels, outhouses, a dining room—that was all. Below us was the lake on whose shore five incredibly heavy rowboats were beached. Across the lake the lights of a Boy Scout camp blinked mysteriously at night. During the day we would see tall boys on their dock going through a slow-motion pantomime of summer, looking strangely un-scoutlike without uniforms.

Camp Alpine made few demands on camper or counselor. There was a desultory work session in the morning when we carried water in buckets from the brook to the kitchen, for there was no running water. We also worked, Sisyphus-like, on a volley ball court which never got done. But the day was largely our own. If counselors had specialized functions, we never learned what they were.

The camp's great virtue was that we were unsupervised, autonomous. Our activities, however impoverished, were our own. Most of the campers were East Side kids, and the counselors felt that they were discharging their obligations simply by keeping us from killing each other. As a result, we were free to go off by ourselves. And we did. We would go off into the woods for half a day and come back ravenously hungry. With street-nurtured competitiveness, we would organize teams—our own teams—and play on the diamond which sloped and jutted with boulders. We would go out for an afternoon in a ponderous and splintery rowboat, six of us yelling for our turn at the oars, and catch tiny, gleaming "sunnies" or sinister black catfish which we were afraid to unhook. We would come back to shore and clean the tiny sunfish, regarding the fillets with mingled pride and horror, and then cook and eat them there on the beach.

My parents' sending me to camp was part of the break-out from the ghetto. True, we lived in Brooklyn, but my parents had left the ghetto just a few years before, and we lived on a "border" street. On one side of us, separated by the *cordon sanitaire* of back yards, were tenements from which issued drunken fights and pestilential odors; on the other side were the stucco and brick mansions of 46th and 47th Streets, homes with gardens and maids in short aprons. Dimly my parents sensed that camp was part of the new life for children that had taken them to Brooklyn. But we were never really at home with nature, we never fully learned the idiom of woods, water, and sky. We voyaged in nature, curious, watchful, suspicious. I remember a "nature man" came to camp for two days to take us on "nature walks." (It was one of the few compulsory activities.) We hooted at the idea and found the man absurd with his big belly and incongruously bald head, his assortment of bird calls—so what if a bird answered!—and his forlorn little joke about February 22 being "George Birthington's Washday."

Small splinters of memory about the

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counselors are lodged in my mind. There was a counselor from Iowa: a small, grave middle-aged man. I had never met anyone from the Middle West. There was another counselor, a dental student, who would shout "Nice swinging" every time one of us cut vainly at the baseball. The waterfront counselor was a blond, chunky college student who enforced discipline like a martinet. One afternoon I was slow in leaving the water. He dove in cleanly and held me under water until I thought my lungs must surely burst.

The camp director was an austere man with an unexpectedly pretty wife who acted as camp nurse. (There was no physician.) There was about him the fastidious quality of the old-fashioned social worker. My second summer at Alpine, my brother, two years older than I, came along. It was characteristic of those times that grouping did not take place along age lines. Sam was fifteen and the youngest boy in the bunk was nine. Bunks were, in essence, gangs, and each bunk had at least one older boy who acted as the gang leader. Sam was our leader. Husky, and quietly competent, he was also an insurgent. And when it was time to do our morning stint of water-carrying or building the volley ball court—it was still a-building—Sam balked, and out of gang loyalty, I soldiered on the job too. Our argument was that we were paying for camp—seven dollars a week—and shouldn't be working.

During our three weeks' stay we had heard rumblings of the "initiation" ceremony for boys who misbehaved. The day came, and the director asked those boys who were sure they were going to be initiated to step forward. My brother got up grinning his brave, foolish, gap-toothed smile. For the next half hour, half undressed and blind-folded, he was pummeled in the chill August night, and streaked with paint. The next day he was sick. What offended me was that the director had tricked Sam into volunteering for the initiation.

The kids were the best part of Camp Alpine. They were largely from the East Side, and since we were effete Brooklynites, they felt it was their mission to acquaint us with the realities of life. There was a self-dramatizing quality about their toughness; they were almost *professionally* children of the slum. I learned about sex on rooftops and on bridges, about gang fights, and I began to see my noisy, narrow street in Brooklyn as a vale of innocence with its punchball games and ring-a-leavio.

I met the first honest-to-goodness orphans of my life at Camp Alpine; and I was impressed profoundly by human resilience when I saw that they swam and played ball like anyone else. And there was one little Italian boy whose socks always hung disconsolately. I learned that his father sold "snowballs" on the Lower East Side. Having been brought up on three-cent cups of *real* ices bought from arrogant candy store owners, I was burdened with the image of this sad little boy's father pushing his wagon of ice and colored bottles of syrup through the unresponding streets of Manhattan.

Camp created a moral dilemma for me. When my mother registered me it was on the assumption that the food was kosher. She had asked the harried registrar, and he dismissed the problem by saying, "Don't worry, lady, it's a Jewish camp." As it turned out it wasn't. Most of the time the food was familiar enough. But I can remember one cook-out when all that was prepared over the smoky campfire was pork and beans. Most of my friends on the block had already tasted the forbidden delights of non-kosher foods on expeditions to a midtown Automat. They had come back with reports that ham was "just like corned beef." My attitude was: then why bother with it? But this was different. Here I was a footsore hiker, not deliberately opting for *tarfus,* but also reluctant to go hungry. With a sense of a vexed Almighty looking over my shoulder, I sat alone on a boulder, threading my way laboriously through a cupful of pork and beans, trying to isolate individual beans that were uncontaminated by the snaky shreds of pork.

In 1946, the first summer after my discharge from the army, I was a camp counselor. At the time I felt as if I still had one foot in the army with its bleak denials, and the other in a civilian life that had become, in my absence, unaccountably lush. Here I was up against the new, wildly rich middle class. At least I was up against their children.

And such children! At once they con-

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firmed and confuted my prejudices. They were arrogant and dependent; money-wise and innocent; ineradicably middle class, yet partisans of their own private world. As counselors we learned to be very devious. The kids wrung small tokens of enthusiasm from us. We yelled at softball games; we affected a concern about tribe war. But among ourselves, sitting around during rest hour, we were stanchly cynical; it was a point of honor not to take the camp seriously.

Camp Wa-ho-pe is a mammoth enterprise consisting of 300 campers and more than 100 counselors, located in the Poconos where the country is lush and green with a touch of ruggedness in the occasional outcropping of rock. Set on a rise, Wa-ho-pe overlooks Lake Grant, a cool, deep bowl of crater origin. It is a luxury camp, with golf course, clay tennis courts, and well-appointed bunks. As one counselor put it, "There isn't a blade of grass out of place."

The kids came up with expensive cameras flapping against their comic books. They behaved with an assurance based on the best orthodontists, a full-time maid, and the conviction that Daddy could buy anything.

I had a bunk of senior boys. At thirteen they discussed the cost of their light meters and the size of their homes. They sized up their bunkmates' parents as carefully as each other. They had handsome wardrobes; I used to borrow their sport shirts. The kids were happy to oblige, with just a touch of the condescension that they must have felt toward me as a teacher in any case. When parents visited, there was a debauch of display, and expensive-looking women wobbled across the rocky terrain on their high heels.

The tipping of counselors in this period of economic free-booting was stealthy but unashamed. The palm was violated by the surreptitious and folded bill. There was the uneasy jocularity from behind the cigar: "This is for giving Stanley such a bad time. . . ."

But if the kids confirmed our crudest Veblenian notions, they were also easy and generous and "well-adjusted." Between the time I was a camper and the time I worked as a counselor—a lapse of almost fifteen years—a small revolution had taken place. As a settlement house camper I had had to meet the demands of adults; we achieved our own world in the teeth of these demands. True, we were left alone; but that was precisely because nobody cared about our "needs" as children. At Camp Wa-ho-pe the counselors were constantly reminded that this was the *children's* camp—from the concern we had to feel for their bowel movements (a report every evening) to the nervous stir the day before the parents visited, the head counselor admonishing us to say "nice" things about our charges.

Yet the children were as much imprisoned by this system as liberated by it. For all its "child-centeredness," the institutional weave was tight. The campers had to be covered all the time. We were all subservient to a schedule which decreed softball at 10 and Arts & Crafts at 11. And it is for this reason, perhaps, that the "raid" played such an important part. This was a moonlight excursion, usually by senior boys, into the girls' camp where they overturned beds and sent the girls screaming with glee into the night. It seemed to be the last frontier of authentic adolescent autonomy in camp.

COUNSELOR meetings were a mixture of YMCA uplift, pedagogic cant, and plain *mamaloshen*. We listened with indifference or contempt. For most counselors, camp was merely an easy interlude between final exams in June and the start of the new academic year. Some talked vaguely about "doing something worth-while next summer." But there were others, elementary and high school teachers, for whom camping was a serious calling. Hard working and "professional," these educational dray horses often had a vision of themselves owning a camp some day, and they mouthed the pedagogic jargon as if they meant it.

The counselors were a wildly mixed lot. In addition to the teachers, there were the old Wa-ho-pe campers, now counselors, who had an easiness born of long familiarity; a sprinkling from the good women's colleges and Ivy League schools; and a sturdy base of students and graduates of the New York City colleges. There was Judy Cantor, fresh-faced and strongly built, with the proud austerity of the Vassar girl. Outraged by the camp's bourgeois opulence, she went around, partly in protest, with one of the teachers, a City College graduate. Her

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parents, harried by the vision of a grubby marriage, made anxious visits to camp to remonstrate with her. There was Gail Rosen, a Hunter College sophomore, pretty and brash, who snapped up the richest counselor in camp, an authentic millionaire's son. There were the teen-age camper-waiters full of an arrogant solidarity.

THERE were two non-Jewish counselors at Wa-ho-pe that summer. One was a blond, invincibly even-tempered athlete from Rutgers. The other, a burly Irishman with ham-like hands, represented himself as a Notre Dame football player. At first the kids in his bunk adored him; he was a stern but loving counselor. Soon we heard disquieting stories. He would come back drunk from his day off. There were inconsistencies in his stories about Notre Dame. He was affectionate with his kids and demanded a full measure of devotion from them, but if they disobeyed they were "crossing" him. "Bo" Jaffee, a fourth-year medical student, magisterially announced that O'Brien was a psychopath. The girl counselors were frightened to death of him. He had the kind of passionate volubility that could easily shade into anger.

It had seemed fitting to have this husky full-back in this best of all possible interfaith worlds. But now our Eden was despoiled. We were embarrassed when we were around him. And he, poor rootless soul, wanting nothing more than the casual affection and ease he saw all around him, became more estranged, more suspicious, more violent. Then the director told us that he knew nothing about him, that he had found him working as a laborer in the area. The hearty laugh, the huge hands, were not those of a Notre Dame football player, but of a poor truck driver and drifter. One rainy day, he was quietly eased out. He came to say goodby to me carrying a shabby, weathered valise. I was all right; I wasn't "snooty," but he would get the others some day. There were local police officers waiting around in case there was trouble.

The days proceeded, pleasant and slow-pulsed. After breakfast, the kids would clean up while we sat in the morning sun making a game try at the good books we had brought up with us. Then we would lead the kids to baseball. Later in the morning, sweaty and hot, we would walk down to the lake. The counselors would stand on the dock, shoulder to shoulder, gossiping idly while pairs of boys churned up the water and periodically held up their entwined fingers in a virtuous display of "sticking with their buddies." Then we would return from the dock, clean and skin-tingling with a delicious sense of our physicality that we lose too soon. Rest hour, which followed lunch, was usually steamy and hot, the day stifled into immobility. The kids would lie on their bunks restlessly, fighting over comic books. Then there was the afternoon stir of activity followed by another swim, at which we alternately watched our charges and cast an appraising eye at the girl counselors standing in their bright-colored, skin-tight bathing suits on the other dock.

The only change in the week was on Friday evening when even Wa-ho-pe welcomed the Sabbath. We would watch the girls' camp march sedately to the dining room, the counselors lovely and cool in white shorts, taking on, for the moment at least, some of the innocence of the little girls they shepherded.

The senior counselors would set up socials for the campers with upper-intermediate girls, and the youngsters, with their clumsy mixture of terror and delight, would provide a kind of grotesque mirror image of the counselors as they negotiated the rites of courtship. To most of the counselors, the "social life" was the true center of camp experience. Children's camps are the Grossingers and Concords of the college student. There was an adult resort near Wa-ho-pe, and the counselors smiled patronizingly at the frenetic antics of the guests. Nevertheless, camp was for many of the counselors as much a marriage mart, however wholesome, as any resort; and the girl counselors came up unashamedly to "make contacts," although the phrase itself repelled them.

This then was our summer. If we shrugged off the "program," if we had contempt for the absurd little head counselor pirouetting nervously around the parents and director, we were still caught in the web of a fragile summer poetry. When the dusk came on, the waters of the lake suddenly motionless, I would sit with the kids on the steps of the bunk in an easy com-

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munion. Or going down to supper, suddenly a thirteen-year-old would throw his arm around my shoulder in the eternal gesture of small-boy dependence, and for the moment I could forget the Talmudically ingenious wrangling over nothing at all in the bunk and the comic books and the querulousness.

LAST summer I visited Camp Wa-ho-pe after a lapse of nine years. Camp looked much as it used to; it did not seem shrunken and mean as the landscape of the past often does. The male heartiness of the log bunkhouses was belied by the clipped, scrubbed look of the grounds. I had forgotten how much nature was kept at bay. The path down to the lake was no longer a dusty trail but a ribbon of pavement. In the old cookout area there was a long continuous line of barbecue pits—basic training for gracious suburban living.

I felt a keen sense of displacement. The counselors looked as if they had always been there. There were only a few familiar faces among them, and there were some husky young men whom I had known nine years before as little boys.

The camp administrators were brimful of progressive education. I was told that "nobody at Wa-ho-pe really loses any more; there are consolation prizes for everybody." The counselors, sitting at the canteen with unruffled ease, couldn't care less which way the doctrinal winds were blowing.

Al Brenner, the director, about whom there was a legend that he was never seen without a hammer or wrench in his hand —"the richest handy man in the Poconos"— still bustled about, his great energy undimmed. I transmitted to him the full infection of my nostalgia. "In your time," he said, "counselors had more fun at camp. Today they run off in cars. Pretty soon I'll have to hire a social director for them." And it was true. In 1946 there were only two counselors with cars. I could remember our campfires at MacDougal's Grave and the two-mile walk to a nearby adult resort, the black walls of vegetation pressing down from both sides of the road.

It had changed, it had all changed. I could not be reconciled to twelve-year-old boys lugging golf bags—lean shadows of their suburban fathers. Why aren't they out playing ball—*real* ball? Surely we didn't look so callow as these counselors—these *kids* with their unlived-in faces, untainted by experience. And they seemed so uniform in a clean, well-bred, alert way. I missed the sheer crotchetiness of the old counselors: lovely Leila Mitchell who was never parted from her volume of Turgenev, but who was never seen reading it either; old Siggy Abramowitz and his portable radio tuned in on the Dodger game; Sheila Gordon, darkly pretty and brooding, who, like someone out of a Sherwood Anderson novel, clutched my hand one moonless night and said, "What does it mean? What does anything mean?"

And yet as I walked around I saw that little had changed. At the Sabbath morning service, God still shared the platform with honor campers. ("Let's give a hand to Michael Berg who has been Inter Honor Camper for three weeks in a row.") At the Milk Circle the freshman girls sipped their afternoon milk with six-year-old gravity, their braids shining in the sun. As I made my way back to my room, I stumbled on a couple whispering intensely in the mild night. I was even reassured by the sight of two fat boys, disheveled and inept-looking. Surely they were violating the new dispensation in which everyone is happy and nobody loses in games.

There were still the dazzling truths of summer: life in a pair of shorts; the shimmering heat of the afternoon; the country sounds of night.

Before I left I took one last look around. On the girls' campus two strapping teenagers, attired unselfconsciously in bras and shorts, were playing an impassioned game of squash. A group of nine-year-olds, with three counselors hovering over them, were playing a mysterious whispering game in a circle. On the boys' side, seniors carrying golf bags shared a narrow walk with three geese, escapees from the Nature Shack. A straggling line of freshmen made their leisurely way to the lake, their bathrobes trailing aseptically on the concrete walk.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

JOURNALISM IN THE NEW KASRILEVKE

Liveliness Above All

SHOLOM ALEICHEM

WHEN Sholom Aleichem returned to Kasrilevke after a long absence, he found that the old solidarity of *shtetl* life had been replaced by a new party spirit. Modern Kasrilevke had two theaters (mostly empty), two dramatic societies, two choral groups, two migrant organizations—and two Yiddish newspapers, the *Yarmulke* (Orthodox) and the *Little Cap* ("progressive"). Each published a daily four-page edition—except, of course, on Saturday.

JUST as there were two of everything in Kasrilevke, there were also two Yiddish newspapers, the *Yarmulke* and the *Little Cap*. Naturally the *Yarmulke* is the traditional, old-fashioned daily paper for the Orthodox, and *Little Cap* is the modern, radical gazette of the progressive elements.

The competing papers' mottoes alone served immediate notice of their policies. In large letters the *Yarmulke* devoted itself "To God and the Public." The editor of the *Little Cap* placed his own name in equally large print and boldly asserted, "I am here—everything is here."

When were these two organs founded? Which is older? That's hard to say! For each one proclaims itself the oldest and only Yiddish paper in Kasrilevke, and ignores, disregards and never even mentions, God forbid, the other's name. . . .

For example—*Little Cap* wanted to talk about its neighbor without printing his name. So instead of saying, "*Yarmulke*," he preferred to think up an alphabetic acrostic that ran like this:

"That asinine, beggarly, crooked, drunken, envious, feeble, galling, hair-splitting, idiotic, jagged, knee-bending, leprous, mangy, nefarious, ossified, provocating, querulous, rabble-rousing, skimpy, tottering, ugly, venomous, wayward, xenophobic, yellowing, and zigzagging rag whose name we don't even want to mention. . . ."

This had a terrific impact on Kasrilevke, and the copies were grabbed up in a wild rush. Everyone repeated this "a-b-c" until he had it memorized. Naturally, this annoyed the *Yarmulke* and it came forth with its answer in the morning:

"We have read the 'a-b-c' of that ass, bastard, coward, dunce, eel, fool, gyp, hound-dog, inquisitor, jellyfish, knave, liar, miser, numbskull, ox, pagan, quack, reptile, scandalmonger, terrorist, unmentionable, villain, wastrel, Xerxes, yokel, and zoo of a paper, but we're not answering them, for we don't wish to defile our pens. . . ."

The Kasrilevke reader prefers just this sort of literature to all others. He calls it "criticism," and is in seventh heaven when the editors "criticize" one another. On the day when the pages lack "critiques," circulation lags in Kasrilevke.

Editorially, the two papers disagreed on everything. But they were in perfect accord on the way to boost circulation: exaggeration and mutual vilification. In fact, their methods were so similar that one might suspect (wrongly, however) that a single shrewd business mind held the reins of both dailies.

The following selections, which I have translated from the Yiddish, are from Sholom Aleichem's *Kasrilevke's Progress*.—CURT LEVIANT

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As in the rest of the world, the Kasrilevke press depended upon extraordinary and sensational daily news. However, in the rest of the world the press knows when to limit its sensationalism, but Kasrilevke doesn't know when to stop. It's all for competition! For instance, when the *Little Cap* reported that in France a woman gave birth to a baby with two heads, the next morning you found the same news in the *Yarmulke,* only spiced up a bit. They said that in France a mother gave birth to a child with *three* heads, that the baby was alive and healthy and eating with all three mouths.

At another time the *Little Cap* succeeded in revealing that in Odessa there was a terrible wintery snowstorm in mid-July. The next morning the *Yarmulke* grabbed this same item but made it a shade stronger: Odessa suffered a three-yard-high midsummer blizzard and over a score of its citizens were found frozen stiff!

But best of all is the fish story. One Friday the *Yarmulke* printed this article: "A Jewish woman, a reader of the *Yarmulke,* bought a pike weighing several pounds for the Sabbath. She brought the fish home, cleaned it, and in cutting it up she found a ring and a pair of earrings. Pure gold. Valued at a high price. Whoever wants to see the ring and earrings can do so at the *Yarmulke's* editorial office."

This pierced the *Little Cap* to the quick. All Sabbath long they were in a dither. Barely enduring till Sunday, they let their readers know that a Jewish woman, a reader of the *Little Cap,* bought a fish for the Sabbath, a gypsy-fish weighing ten pounds, and just managed to drag it home. There she cleaned it and cut it up and took out a veritable treasure: a half-dozen tablespoons, a dozen teaspoons, and a pair of silver candlesticks. . . . Whoever wanted to see these items could come to the *Little Cap's* editorial office.

More sensational than anything else was the novel. During the time I was in Kasrilevke both the *Yarmulke* and the *Little Cap* printed a highly interesting, lengthy novel. One called it *The Stolen Bride's Forbidden Kiss.* The other entitled the same work *The Forbidden Bride's Stolen Kiss.*

A Kasrilevke litterateur secretly informed me that the novel was lifted from an old Russian book by two writers who try their best to drag the action out indefinitely. In order to hold the public's interest, they think up new sensations daily. In broad daylight they put away a hale and healthy hero forever and just as suddenly bring him back to life. They are not beyond recalling two wives from the other world as long as it fits their plan.

And if it pleases them, out of the blue they'll start the novel all over again—and go fight them! But to be frank I must say that Kasrilevke reads this novel with gusto. They lick their fingers in anticipation of the next installment. . . .

Truth is that the end is long overdue. The authors themselves are sick and tired of stretching the old story's bones. Its heroes have long been disposed of—some hanged, some poisoned, some shot. But the vicious competition makes the editors call for further stretching, and neither paper wants to call it quits until the other does so. Things were in such a state when I was in Kasrilevke that some of the heroes had been shot for a *third* time, and the forbidden bride had been stolen twice, misled and harassed, and then sought, found, stolen, and oppressed once again.

You shouldn't think that Kasrilevke's press is completely engrossed only in what the Americans call *business,* and that the papers don't deal with politics. What sort of press would it be without politics? What sort of journals would they be if they didn't concern themselves with the public? When the time came, not only the editors and reporters, but the readers, too, were drawn into the political battle. Parties have wars! Parties fight! The heavens are split asunder. Brother rises up against brother. The word "justice" ceases to exist. The feeling of pity dies away. The end of the world has come! And this situation repeats itself exactly every three years. They're choosing a new rabbi!

There are as many parties in Kasrilevke as candidates. Two candidates—two parties. One candidate is supported by the *Yarmulke* and this party is called the Yarmulkists. The other candidate is boosted by the *Little Cap* and this party is named the Little Cappers. Both candidates have already held office. But only for three years. No one lasted any longer. And each candidate, naturally, had his own platform.

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For example, the candidate of the Yarmulkists, if elected, would come to Sabbath services before anyone else. At home he wears a skullcap (a fanatic Yarmulkist). He has a habit of bargaining. No matter how much you want to give him—it's not enough.

In opposition, the candidate of the Little Cappers doesn't even come to the synagogue except occasionally on a holiday. At home he's bareheaded and he eats, so it's been told, forbidden sausages.

His motto is, "I spit on you." As for bargaining, he doesn't bargain like the other candidate. God forbid! . . . You can even stretch out and croak, it's still—"I spit on you."

The time I voted in Kasrilevke it was just election eve. It was a real hot time. And, oh my, you can't imagine what happened on those two papers! It's impossible to describe all that they wrote.

As a sample, I can only quote their own words to show how the two editors dealt with one another.

"How much sweat, filth and dirt has been collected under the Yiddish *Yarmulke*. How much distress and mockery we've had from that *Yarmulke*. The day when we are free of them will be our second independence day. The day when we get permanently rid of them will be our second Redemption from Egyptian bondage. Down with the *Yarmulke!* Long live the *Little Cap!* Down with the Yarmulkists! Long live the Little Cappers! Hurrah!!"

This time the *Yarmulke's* reply to the *Little Cap* was short. It said:

"The feeble *Little Cap* has suddenly found its tongue again. Where are the Little Cappers crawling with their candidate? Don't they know that Kasrilevke is a Jewish town, a city and mother in Israel? What won't a rabbi think of, one who gobbles porkers fried in butter, and who in these modern times goes bareheaded and unwashed before his prayers?"

How the fight ended I don't know. I left town.

THE Kasrilevke editors hate to boast or raise a storm about themselves publicly. Just the opposite. In Kasrilevke there is a certain thread which binds the editors and readers. In Kasrilevke the editor likes to ask the advice of his readers concerning his paper. He is satisfied if a reader writes him a letter. Thus the editor is able to start a poll. . . . It's about these polls that a Kasrilevke litterateur told me this story. . . .

"You know the worst season for newspapers? Summer! Unless, of course, with God's help, there's a cholera epidemic, then it's another matter.

"But one summer there was no cholera. It was maddening. What can you do? So the *Little Cap* suddenly goes crazy (I was with them at the time) and comes up with a new thing: 'It seems that our readers are dissatisfied with our masthead. Some say that the "L" in *Little Cap* is too long, that it looks like a stork's neck. Others say, no, that a long "L" is much nicer than a short one. So we turn this problem over to our readers. If a majority of our readers say they want a new masthead, we'll go to any expense to give them a new one. Whoever wants to join this poll should write a letter to the editor of the *Little Cap.*'

"Having finished that bit of business, our editor was overjoyed. 'Those animals,' he said, 'will have something to chew on.'

"The finale came when we arrived at the office the next morning. We give a look—and there's the editor steaming like a samovar. What happened? We're making him miserable. We're giving away all the editorial secrets! And he shows us the *Yarmulke* with our announcement in it:

"'Not all our readers are satisfied with our masthead. Some find that the "I" in *Yarmulke* is too short, that it looks like a duck's neck. And some oppose this, saying that a short "I" is much nicer than a long one. So we're turning this question over to our readers. If most of the readers ask for another masthead we'll spare no expense to give them a new one. The readers of the *Yarmulke* are asked to post their letters care of the editor's office.'

"This was a death blow for the *Little Cap*. From then on, day in, day out, *Little Cap* never stopped printing the announcement about the masthead. And the *Yarmulke* did just the same. The masthead business didn't stop for a single day. And so we were mastheaded almost a whole summer in Kasrilevke, till one fine morning the *Little Cap* came out with a bulletin:

"'This is to inform our readers that the *Little Cap's* masthead will remain the same.

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For out of our 20,000 readers only 187 were against the old masthead, and the remaining 19,813 were in favor of it.'

"Do you think it was all over? Sure enough that same day the *Yarmulke* came out with the same news:

"'Since out of our 20,000 readers only 187 were against our old masthead and the remaining 19,813 favored it, we are sticking to our old masthead.'

"How did this leak out to the *Yarmulke*? There's no one here but you and me and God, so I'll tell you. It was a sorcerer! Black magic! The devil only knows! But you want to know how it ended? It was a bloody finish! The editor of our *Little Cap* locked himself in his office and had a crying fit. How do I know? Leave it to me. If I tell you, I know. Well, after he had a good cry he fired all his co-workers—me amongst them—and hired a new crew. But he's since fired the new ones and rehired the old staff. But he hasn't come to me yet. He'll probably come. I still have hope. The *Little Cap* is completely mad. But I have to admit, you make a dollar there. At the *Yarmulke* you can't even do that. The *Yarmulke* is much worse!"

IF THE Kasrilevke papers had to depend on circulation alone, they'd be in a fine pickle. All the hullaballoo was aimed in one direction only—the fourth page, the home of ads and personal announcements, which supports the press the world over.

Concerning advertisements, the Kasrilevke papers not only followed the path of the American press, but went a step farther. In Kasrilevke, ads became highly fashionable. There was no merchant, dairyman, or laborer, not even a plain housewife or maid, who didn't use the ad columns. Like it or not—you had to advertise. You marry off a child—an ad. A son is born to you—a public announcement. A daughter—an ad, too. If you tried to be smart and didn't advertise—hold on to your hat! This didn't mean, God forbid, that they *did* anything *to* you. They just *printed* things *about* you. . . .

Many fine stories are told in Kasrilevke about just this kind of advertisement persecution. Here are two of them.

1. *Incident with a Wine Barrel*

Judah Winepresser had a fight with the papers and decided, "Enough!" He refused to advertise any more. And go do him something! But he soon regretted his move. The next day the papers had a bulletin saying: "A tragedy occurred at a local winemaker's. A barrel of wine, standing and fermenting, suddenly began to sour. The wine bubbled and the barrel swelled. Finally it exploded, nearly killing the winemaker."

As soon as Judah Winepresser read this, he ran to both editorial offices with this ad: "Whoever wants a glass of fresh wine should remember that there's a Jew by the name of Judah Winepresser in town." When one can't compete, one must cooperate!

2. *Incident of the Phenomenon*

A couple gave birth to a son. The parents, according to tradition, celebrated the circumcision. So what's the story? They had simply neglected to order a "good luck" announcement in the papers.

The day after the circumcision a feature appeared in the papers headlined, "Phenomenon." It told of a rare occurrence in Kasrilevke—a once-in-a-millenium event. "A young wife has given birth to a phenomenon. Only five months after her wedding, she was safely delivered of a son. The boy, the 'phenomenon,' is alive, thriving, and remarkably well formed. And only yesterday his circumcision was celebrated."

What the couple went through, I leave to your imagination. The young father of the "phenomenon" scurried around Kasrilevke like a chicken with its head cut off. He reckoned on his fingers for everyone to see that it was exactly nine months and nine days after his wedding. But go fight the world! The town heard him out—but choked with laughter. The young father threatened to bring suit, but since no names were mentioned, what could he do? He couldn't even begin! The town held its sides from the "phenomenal" incident. It's just this sort of thing a Kasrilevke reader likes to see in his newspaper. A Kasrilevke reader hates boring stories. He adores lively journalism!

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ON THE HORIZON

America and "The Quiet American"

DIANA TRILLING AND PHILIP RAHV

MRS. TRILLING WRITES:
May I comment on Philip Rahv's review of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* (May 1956)? Mr. Rahv is a friend of mine as well as an editor and critic whom I much respect and admire. But I find his review an insufficient and even misleading appraisal of the political content of Mr. Greene's novel, the more disturbing because it represents a point of view rather widely held among American intellectuals today.

The politics of *The Quiet American* is not at all difficult to comprehend. It can be as readily characterized as the literary quality of the book, which Mr. Rahv so simply and forthrightly dismisses as a thriller. *The Quiet American* is an entirely orthodox statement of the neutralist position. Its hero is a British journalist whose whole intellectual and moral weight (such as it is) rests on his refusal to take political sides. Its villain is an American government agent, a newcomer to Indo-China, where the story is set, who infuriates the protagonist by his arrogant innocence and by his readiness to intervene in areas where he is incompetent to assess the social and political realities. According to Mr. Greene's fantasy of American activity abroad, it turns out that the American is making bombs in Indo-China in order to promote some undefined popular movement which Mr. Greene calls the "Third Force." One of the bombs goes off and accomplishes no better than might have been expected of a product of the American effort: it kills a lot of helpless women and children. At this, the hero, who never takes sides, rushes over to the local Communists, whose virtues are as unspecified by Mr. Greene as the nature of his Third Force. Together, he and the Communists contrive the murder of the American before he shall do any more damage with his good-will program.

It would surely be difficult to find a balder exposition than this of what neutralism means, or clearer evidence of its essential non-neutrality and of the pro-Communism which it so regularly masks. And yet Mr. Rahv writes in summary of Mr. Greene's book: "What it comes to is a clever attack on the United States, its policies and methods, values and ideals. But the attack is pettish and fretful. . . . Indignation is scarcely in order." He dismisses Mr. Greene's option in favor of Communism with merely the doubt "that Greene is sufficiently political-minded to do justice to such considerations," and he pleads for a kind of wry tolerance of *The Quiet American* on the ground that American writers, too, no less than Mr. Greene, have been guilty of saying unpleasant things about other nations; he cites Mark Twain and Henry James.

IT WOULD of course take more space than is available here to go into the complexities of the anti-Europeanism of Mark Twain and Henry James. And anyway it is a subject on which I know Mr. Rahv to be far better informed than I am—which is the more reason I am surprised to find myself

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DIANA TRILLING and PHILIP RAHV here discuss American liberalism in connection with Mr. Rahv's review of Graham Greene's *The Quiet American* (May 1956), and LESLIE A. FIEDLER continues the discussion of that subject in his brief review of the career that has led Irwin Shaw from the *Bury the Dead* of the 30's to the best-selling *Lucy Crown* (Random House, 339 pp., $3.95) of today. Mrs. Trilling, whose writing appears in many periodicals, is the editor of the *Portable D. H. Lawrence;* Mr. Rahv edits *Partisan Review;* and Mr. Fiedler, a frequent contributor, is the author of the much discussed *An End to Innocence* (Beacon), a collection of his literary and political essays.

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in the position of cautioning him against over-simplification. Obviously, writers have always looked with a critical eye on the cultures, not only of their own countries, but of foreign countries; it is part of their business as investigators of the human experience. We judge the value of their criticism by the same standards we apply to all literary production—by its intention, and achievement, of truth. To suggest that the author of *The Quiet American* has the same kind of intellectual intention as Mark Twain or Henry James is tantamount to accusing the author of *Innocents Abroad* or the author of *The Americans* of being political propagandists, a palpable absurdity. To compare Mr. Greene's current performance with that of Mark Twain or James is also to propose the idea that the political context in which a person writes has no bearing on what he chooses to say—quite as if it were all the same whether one were writing about Napoleon in Stendhal's time or writing about him today, or if one were writing about the Russian peasant in Tolstoy's day or writing about him after the Russian Revolution. Since it is unlikely that Mr. Rahv needs to be reminded either of the difference between Mr. Greene's intellectual integrity and that of Mark Twain or Henry James, or of the fact that Mark Twain and James were writing at a time when politics and culture were susceptible of a separation which is no longer possible, I must conclude that Mr. Rahv introduces the comparison only in order to mitigate Mr. Greene's affront to America.

But then the question arises, why should Mr. Rahv want to mitigate Mr. Greene's offense? Why should he trouble to argue that it is inappropriate for Americans to be indignant at Mr. Greene's unjust attack? And in the answer to these questions I believe we are led to an anomaly at the heart of the dominant liberalism of present-day America.

The whole of Mr. Greene's case against America is stated in the person of his title character; the only other Americans in his book are two utterly minor figures, an obstreperous drunk and an amiable idiot. But although Mr. Rahv protests that Mr. Greene's quiet American is incorrectly presented as "the" representative American, he would seem to be more concerned with confirming the small admissible shred of truthfulness in Mr. Greene's portrait than he is with calling Mr. Greene to account for his large and intended lie. Obviously neither the methods nor the persons employed by the United States in its foreign program are immune to criticism. Europeans, no less than Americans, have the entire right, even the duty, honestly and openly to challenge our country on the many manifest errors in its activities abroad. But receptivity to honest criticism of America is very different from acquiescence in an assault upon America as palpably hostile in purpose as that of Mr. Greene's latest novel. And it is this reluctance, not only sharply to distinguish between fair and unfair attack upon America, but also to confront and combat whatever bad political intention may inform the attack, which characterizes Mr. Rahv's review and which is so typical of American liberalism today.

In part the reluctance stems, I think, not only from the endemic guiltiness of liberalism's relation to a country as rich and powerful as our own, but also from liberalism's long established fear of nationalistic pride. While the liberal intellectual is certainly aware of the new relation between ideas and power in the modern world, he cannot give up the identification he was for so long taught to make between national loyalty and adherence to a blind power principle.

But in even larger part this careful tolerance of anti-Americanism derives, I think, from the fear of conformity, that bogeyman of contemporary intellectual life in this country. Every liberal, surely every liberal intellectual, has within him, like Cyril Connolly's thin man imprisoned within the body of every fat man, a social rebel. Because this original rebellious impulse is strongly emotional in origin, reason maintains over it an only precarious ascendancy; the earlier image has but to be invoked for the liberal to be thrown into a serious conflict in which obviously reasonable responsibilities assume the character of dangerous emotional concessions. Thus, we have today the spectacle of a magazine like *Dissent*, whose polemic is based not upon intellectual cogency but upon the emotional intimidation of its readers, creating more anxiety in the liberal community than our continuing efforts at liberal reason can allay. And it is noteworthy of *Dissent* that there is no reasonable opinion

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it assails more violently than the opinion that American democracy, for all its faults, warrants our defense—unless it be the equally reasonable opinion that the single greatest threat to freedom is Soviet Communism.

And here we have the second weakness at the core of present-day American liberalism. No less than liberalism hesitates to take a proper firm stand against anti-Americanism, it hesitates to announce an unequivocal stand against Communists and Communism for fear of allying itself with those reactionary forces which have wished to pre-empt the anti-Communist struggle. To allow one's conduct to be determined by such negative considerations is surely to operate on the assumption of guilt by association, yet in the last few years this is the situation into which American liberals have more and more let themselves be manipulated, until it comes close to the point where the two chief criteria by which they validate their liberalism are their refusal to become excited about unjust attacks against America and their unwillingness to become excited about Communism. This negative acceptance of Communism must not be confused, however, with any sentiment in favor of Communism. Unlike the European or Asian neutralist, the American liberal (at least so far) has no preference for the Soviet Union as against the United States, and no philosophical preference for Communism as against democracy. Indeed, more often than not we find that his anti-anti-Communism lives side by side with a highly informed distaste for Soviet Russia and all her works. Where American liberalism will be led by the logic of its present position is, however, another matter—and especially in this new era of Soviet "liberalization" when we can expect, on the part of world Communism, a campaign for liberal and popular cooperation even more intensive than that of the 30's.

I regret that this communication puts upon a single piece—Mr. Rahv's review of Mr. Greene's novel—the heavy pressure of my criticism of the whole tendency of present-day liberalism; this is an undue burden for any one book review to bear. I think Mr. Rahv will understand that I do not mean to make his review any more the voice of our contemporary liberal culture than he would himself recognize it to be.

MR. RAHV REPLIES:

I fail to recognize either Graham Greene's novel or my review of it in Mrs. Trilling's charged and over-reactive account of both, and I am sorry to observe her doing less than justice to her fine intelligence by assuming the part of the militant guardian of the Republic while casting me in the role of someone so lacking in vigilance (or should I rather say so far gone in "liberalism"?) as to be incapable of identifying the forces that threaten it. Having fought Communism and its sympathizers, overt and covert, liberal and illiberal, for many years, when the going was really rough and national opinion did not in the least back one up, I think I know a Communist when I see one. I am glad to report that I don't see one in Graham Greene. Nor do Americans generally see a Communist in him. Mrs. Trilling contends that his book is "an affront to America." Whatever America may feel, Americans in rather large numbers seem to be more amused than affronted by it. The book has been on the best-seller list for some months now.

Who is Greene? He is an outstanding Catholic novelist of considerable gifts and a great flair for putting the dogma of original sin to melodramatic uses. There is nothing either in his literary or religious background and affiliations that permits us to characterize him with the political vehemence that Mrs. Trilling displays. All her evidence against him she draws from one book, his latest, *The Quiet American*. Even on the basis of the meager evidence it provides, Mrs. Trilling's extreme approach seems to me unjustified. But, of course, I do not read this evidence as she does.

What Mrs. Trilling's complaint against my review comes to, mainly, is that I was not hard enough on Greene. Now degrees of hardness are difficult to define and even more difficult to argue about. Still, Mrs. Trilling has made quite clear what is on her mind, for she has in effect written the review that she would have wanted me to write and takes me to task for not having written; and in this review she denounces Greene as a neutralist, a position she instantly and automatically equates with pro-Communism, whereupon she proceeds to deliver an all-out attack on him as someone about whose option "in favor of Commu-

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nism" there is no longer any doubt. I cannot agree that the book supports this reading of it, and I think that Mrs. Trilling reads it as if it were a political pamphlet rather than the novel which it actually is. One can only marvel at the political affectability that allows her to overlook so patent a distinction.

The Quiet American is a novel written in the first person singular, the first person being that of Fowler, the protagonist of the story. It is he who, strictly speaking, is the neutralist, and not, so far as we can definitely know, his author; and from my point of view as a literary critic it is impermissible to identify the author *completely* with his character. Of course, in this instance there is plainly a certain continuity between author and character, a continuity of sensibility and even of political views; but only up to a point. Fowler is not literally Greene, and it is gratuitous to take for granted that Greene is committed to Fowler's ideas for good and all, or, for that matter, that he was ever fully committed to them. Moreover, even Fowler's "neutralism" is not quite what Mrs. Trilling makes it out to be, being at once something more and something less than a political position pure and simple. It is the product of his entire psychic history, and in this sense it can be taken as an objective equivalent of what I described in my review as "his partly cynical and partly despairing estimate of the human condition" that prompts him to make it an article of his private code not to take sides. He keeps saying to Pyle, the quiet American: "I don't know what I'm talking politics for . . . I'm not *engagé*." And again: "You can rule me out. . . . The human condition being what it is, let them fight, let them love, let them murder, I would not be involved. My fellow journalists called themselves correspondents; I preferred the title of reporter. I wrote what I saw; I took no action—even an opinion is a kind of action."

FOWLER stands as the latest addition to the long line of nihilistic figures in modern fiction, and he is a nihilist so shrunken in his capacity to believe in public causes and ideals as to be willing to settle for his girl and opium pipe without asking anything more of life. Above all, it is necessary to keep in mind that he is a figure in a fictive world, placed in a dramatic situation, and that it simply won't do to extract his "neutralism" from that situation as a whole and present it programmatically as a thing apart. His one political act, that of turning Pyle over to Vietminh agents, involves both personal and political motives, so much so in fact that he himself does not know where the personal motive ends and the political one begins. This ambiguity is an essential element of the story and cannot be ignored. Hence I don't see how we can reduce (or elevate?) Fowler to the role of a spokesman for "neutralism," as we ordinarily understand the term in our political language, without violating the quite clear specifications of the work of literature in which he is imbedded.

It is Fowler too who is the mouthpiece of the anti-American sentiments which Mrs. Trilling finds so offensive, and which I judge to be the one solid piece of evidence at her disposal. Mrs. Trilling appraises this anti-Americanism as Communist in essence. But is it? Its principal content, apart from some pointed witticisms, is the charge of "innocence," which it is said mankind cannot afford to indulge Americans in at this hour of universal peril. Now obviously this is a charge that Communism does not consider in the least useful; it has never formed a part of its indictment of America. What the Communists do accuse Americans of is "warmongering" and conspiring to dominate the world for imperialist gain. Imperialists and "Wall Street profiteers" are scarcely noted for their "innocence," a quality implying good will and good intentions. We can evaluate as we please this charge of "innocence" that Fowler makes (or Greene, if you will have it so, as in this respect author and character are much more easily identifiable); I certainly made it clear in my review that a malicious use was being made of it in the novel; but the one thing we cannot do is to equate it with what Radio Moscow preaches day after day. There is also expressed in the book a kind of bitter and grudging admiration of the Vietminh—an admiration shared at the time of the war in Indo-China by not a few foreign correspondents, among them, as I recall, Joseph Alsop in some of his dispatches from Saigon. But this sympathy for the Vietminh is more

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than balanced by the sympathy expressed for the French colonial regime. In the political sense these contrary sympathies admittedly make for a contradiction which is left unresolved in the novel; but it is scarcely the sort of contradiction which one can lay hold of to convict its author of pro-Communism.

IF I am right in my interpretation of what actually takes place in the book, then all Mrs. Trilling has to go on is its anti-Americanism. This is an element indubitably there, but its being there does not in itself justify, to my mind, the stigmatizing of Greene as a pro-Communist. Anti-Americanism is not necessarily the equivalent of pro-Communism, nor is anti-Communism always the equivalent of democratic and libertarian convictions. There is no movement and no cause which is immune to exploitation and erosion from within. So far as our response to anti-Americanism goes, what is in order is not indignation but discrimination. It has been said often enough that we must get over the idea that the world owes us love or even friendship; we must rein in our national egocentricity and stop behaving like members of a small, helpless, and much persecuted nation reacting with morbid sensitiveness to each and every slight. We cannot put writers under the ban for criticizing, however sharply and even unfairly from our point of view, certain qualities of American life without doing ourselves a very great injury, morally, culturally, and even politically. The fact is that most European writers are at present inclined to be critical of one or another aspect of American civilization and they make no bones about it. Are we to move against them with the utmost political rigor and excommunicate them? And why halt at the water's edge? What about our own writers, not a few of whom insist on depicting the national scene in colors far from flattering to the national ego? Once we take the line that such criticism (and who is to tell ultimately whether it is "honest" or not?) helps the Communists or plays into their hands (which, to be sure, it may sometimes do), then we are lost, for will not the logic of politics and its passions force the application of an American party line in literature and the establishing of a kind of intellectual "security" program? I know that Mrs. Trilling no more wants that sort of thing than I do. But if we don't want it, then we must guard ourselves against slipping into attitudes easing us into it. The French say: *Chacun prend à l'adversaire, qu'il le veuille ou non;* and it is indeed true that people tend to take on the face of their adversaries, whether they will it or not. But a proverb is not a prophecy. We can still do our best to ward off the danger, and one way of warding it off is not to go in for competitions with each other in anti-Communist orthodoxy.

Mrs. Trilling appears to resent deeply the comparison I drew in my review between Greene on the one hand and such American writers as James and Mark Twain on the other. It so happens that the comparison was not stated in terms of literary quality or "intellectual intention," as Mrs. Trilling says, but solely on the basis of their use of the theme of American "innocence"; and I closed the comparison with the remark that whereas James is "essentially disinterested" in his use of this theme, Greene "seizes upon our reputed innocence as his prey." That is quite sufficient, it seems to me. It is hardly necessary to proceed like that character in Dickens who vents his indignation in capitals and his sarcasm in italics. Mrs. Trilling also judges the comparison to be invalid because of the strong political pressure we are under these days, and she reminds me that "Mark Twain and James were writing at a time when politics and culture were susceptible of a separation which is no longer possible." That is indeed true and very well put; it is a hazardous truth, however, that we cannot simply accommodate ourselves to but must learn how to cope with. In literature it is much too easily converted, as our experience of the thirties tells us, into an argument from political crisis or necessity, an argument destructive of the cultural interest. Thus, in that period, when I reviewed the writings of Stalinists and their friends unfavorably, I was attacked time and again for breaking "the anti-fascist front" and "weakening the progressive forces in the face of the Nazi menace," and so on and so forth. The argument from political crisis did not convince me then and it fails to convince me now. We are living in an era of continuous crisis and there is no end in sight. Our job as intel-

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lectuals is to maintain a critical and independent viewpoint without yielding to the crisis-psychology that contemporary politics all too readily enforces.

As for the theory of American liberalism that Mrs. Trilling propounds, it would take an article of some length to deal with it properly. Offhand, I will only say that it seems to me excessive and so thoroughly psychological in its premises as not to be open to verification. It may have been true ten or even five years ago that many liberals were "soft" on Communism, but I do not believe that this is now the case. The power of liberalism on the national scene has been greatly reduced of late. Exposed to all sorts of attacks, its present mood is more defensive than aggressive. Nor do I agree with Mrs. Trilling that the liberal intellectuals have been so traumatized by their past dissidence as to be unable to adjust to new conditions. On the contrary, it appears to me that most of them are adjusting all too fast and in disregard of principle to what has been aptly called "the smuggery of the Great Boom."

Irwin Shaw: Adultery, the Last Politics

LESLIE A. FIEDLER

You have to understand that a critic, in order to be a critic, always has to have his own pet theory about a writer. He has to put you in some definite category, stuff you in a pigeon hole. . . . Irwin Shaw in an interview (*Paris Review,* Number 4)

BUT this is a remark, of course, precisely out of the pigeon hole—not the expression of an independent opinion at all, but a cliché about critics not quite redeemed by the rancor behind it. To be sure, the bad temper of writers who hate critics is no more significant than the bad temper of critics who hate writers who hate critics; it is the particular names they call each other that matter. What, then, are Shaw's charges against the critics? First, that they are pettish, smug, and self-satisfied, and second, that they will not let the poor, dedicated author show in his fictions the defeat of a "decent man." The first part of the indictment is merely a banality compounded of the same sleazy part-truths as Shaw's observation that in America all writers are regarded as eggheads and subversives, or his trite observation that "writing can still be original, but talking or writing *about* writing can't." "Holy man," he cries to his questioners with the masculine contempt for chatter of which he seems so proud, "I want to play some tennis."

The second item on his bill of particulars is, of course, simply not true. That anyone who could be called a critic in any real sense of the word would object to a writer's attempting tragedy is utterly incredible; and as a matter of fact, Shaw must know that his own work has been belabored, by some critics at least, for exactly the opposite fault, for the surrender of the tragic to the sentimental, for smuggling into a situation of defeat an illegitimate note of tearful hope. He is, in fact, the master of the Happy Ending once removed, as he demonstrates yet once more in *Lucy Crown.*

No, what irks Shaw is that the critics put him squarely in the pigeon hole which he really inhabits, and which he cannot even escape in attacking them. As a matter of fact, it is only what is *typical* about him that makes him interesting enough for critical comment. His books and plays with their breathless pursuit of the very latest liberaloid cliché-problem, his improbable dialogue (only he himself apparently talks like his own characters), his limp watery prose are scarcely worth more than the sentence it takes to describe them. More precisely, perhaps, they would be worth no more than that sentence, except for the fact that they represent an *ideal* of literary achievement, a style and attitude and choice of subject of which a whole class of readers dream. Irwin Shaw is, in fact, a sociological touchstone, revealing in a certain taste a certain order of frustration inherent in a certain way of life.

The group for whom he writes often appear as characters in his fiction: the writer, for instance, who thinks he has sold himself and who tries to keep his self-respect by buying Parrington's *Main Currents of American Thought,* in the short story called after that critical work; or the muddled protagonist of *The Troubled Air;* or even Tony

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Crown in the latest novel, trapped in the career of a cartoonist. That group in real life, the well-heeled beneficiaries of mass communications with their regrets and "higher" yearnings, are well enough aware of their kinship to Shaw, know him for their voice. In the movie, *Sunset Boulevard,* itself the product of the aspirations of this group, we are given a quick glimpse of the hack writer-gigolo hero reading in his spare time, not as escape but as an act of piety, Shaw's *Young Lions*. And, indeed, that book and the whole body of Shaw's work is precisely what the soul-weary liberal writer of bad movie scripts imagines he might produce if he were only "free": the sort of work in which slickness and sentimentality are turned from the service of entertainment and name brands to social awareness and "human understanding." Needless to say, they remain still slickness and sentimentality, never reach the outrageous level of imagination and poetry. If mere "decency" of intent could redeem banality, Shaw would be a first-rate writer rather than a symptom.

It is not, therefore, surprising to read that Shaw's latest novel has been bought, for an eminently satisfactory sum, by Hecht-Lancaster, the producers of *Marty* and the representatives in Hollywood of exactly the *kitschy* ambitions to which Shaw appeals. One expects so little of the movies, after all, that the moderate triumphs of *Marty* have been welcomed not only by those whose notions of "real honesty" can be equally well satisfied by *The Troubled Air*. Yet it is good to be aware that Chayefsky's fable of a Bronx bachelor's escape from the tender trap of Saturday night homosexuality was a perilous achievement, close always to a distressing sentimentality underneath the realism that threatened continually to become mere Fordham Road décor; and it is hard to see how the choice of *Lucy Crown* represents anything but a falling off. The big speeches about low budgets at the last Academy dinner have not prevented the Hecht-Lancaster people from preparing to splurge on their next effort, apparently on the unsafe assumption that there can be high-budget "honesty" as well as low.

It is too bad that these producers and Shaw should have come together at this moment of mutual best-sellerdom and self-esteem in that realm of half-art where nothing fails like success. Shaw, I think, has little to lose, but the producers of *Marty* have something at stake. It is interesting, all the same, that they should have joined forces on the subject of sex, in an "enlightened" treatment of sexual infidelity. The marriage relationship has become the last politics of those who have lost their politics, the subject of the subjectless, the one area in which "liberalism" of the vintage of the thirties or even the twenties can still swagger smugly before its glass. Those who may be doubtful in the extreme about their former ideas on war or the economic organization of society have at least the conviction that they have broken through forever certain old-fashioned restrictive bugaboos about the relations of men and women. In a fascinatingly vestigial way, adultery (or what once would have been called adultery) remains the contemporary subject *par excellence,* precisely because we are no longer sure what it is or what it implies. In no other area, can we indulge so convincedly in the sense of our own understanding and tolerance. In no other area, can we feel so emancipated at so little actual cost. In the most respectable bourgeoisdom, especially that suburban world of those who would all be Shaws if they could, only the Freudian revolution has succeeded unequivocally.

It is a part of Irwin Shaw's uncanny flair for what is topical in this world (which is the world of everyone, for its writers smuggle daily into their copy these bootleg ideas) that has brought him on the long journey from *Bury The Dead* to *Lucy Crown*. In a way, he is vindicating his repeated protest that he was not ever *really* a propagandist, though he wrote against war when pacifism was the reigning passion of the young (in *Bury The Dead*), then for a war against fascism when feeling had shifted in that direction (in his sadist-sentimental parable, *The Gentle People*), about Nazis and non-conformists in World War II when the age demanded The Big War Book once more (in *The Young Lions*), about McCarthyism and Communism when the newspapers were trying to persuade us we could think of nothing else (in *The Troubled Air*). When no one seems to care about political subjects for the moment, or when at least they have ceased to sell, Shaw can give up

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politics without a quiver of regret and return to the human subject, to sex and the family, as if he had never left home.

It is not even a question of opportunism. The march of Shaw's subjects from little sermons out of the *New Masses* to hoked-up versions of ladies' magazine standards, the evolution of his sponsors from the New Theater League to the Group Theater to Hecht-Lancaster may correspond to his own progress from rags to riches: that is, from Brooklyn to Manhattan to Hollywood to Paris, Rome, and the foothills of the Pyrenees; but his changes represent neither a personal betrayal nor a personal success story, except in the general sense that his whole generation has been betrayed by the success for which, children of the Crash, they were not even looking. His development is only typical after all, the common experience of those whose passage from adolescence to middle age was synchronized with the world's drift from depression to war, and from war to prosperity. There is a certain constancy in Shaw; at least, two impulses have been present in him and his work from the beginning: a desire to get the hell out of Brooklyn and stay out, plus the need to find temporary objectifications for the great, warm, free-floating cloud of sentimentality which has always hovered just over his head like the sign of his chosenness. Both together, of course, represent a single force, his basic source of energy: the desire to externalize the self-pity that has haunted him from the start and thus once and for all to be free of it.

I cannot pretend that Shaw's kind of self-pity and the enormous (and finally insatiable) need for success it breeds is alien to me. I, too, began in my own sort of Brooklyn; and I can remember with embarrassing clarity screaming in ecstasy as the soldiers walked portentously across the stage at the end of *Bury The Dead;* it seemed a play written for me and for my friends, *our* play. It is a little hard for me, however, even to imagine at this point the feelings that might make *Lucy Crown* coherent and meaningful. Somewhere in the late thirties, way back in the time of his short stories, we came apart, Shaw and I—crawled, perhaps I should say, into different pigeon holes, where we must wait for the critics to find us. The way Shaw has chosen seems to me finally intolerable: to be just right always—not a Communist a month past the time when being a Communist seems (to the most enlightened) a creditable excess; not against war a month past the point when true liberalism demands it; not a millimeter off the precise center between Red-baiting and whitewashing; just eggheaded enough to feel righteous but not too eggheaded to hate critics; able to read the right books in the morning but play a good game of tennis in the afternoon.

At the end of this road is *Lucy Crown,* the book an author like Shaw writes when the times no longer provide him with an ostensible public subject and he must do his best with his own *Ladies Home Journal* kind of imagination. Everyone knows by now, I should suppose, what the book is about: the melodramatic gimmick of the boy who through the half-raised blind sees his mother in bed with his tutor, and the consequent collapse of a family: the vulgarization and death of the father, the casting-off and slow ruin of the son, the degradation of the mother. Unfortunately, things do not stop with this vision of the horror which follows upon the summer's dalliance of a middle-aged woman and a college kid. As the popular formula of such stories demands, the misunderstanding and grief must be redeemed finally, at least in prospect, as the curtain goes down. Lucy Crown, converted from the higher nymphomania (frequent unfaithfulness as a protest against her husband's overprotection and then as a patriotic service) to a rather maudlin devotion to international social work among children, weeps with her long-lost son at the place her husband died—and prepares in the final pages to make a present to her grandchild, the token of a new life. Almost disheartened perhaps, tear-soaked certainly, and a little titillated by the discreet *voyeurism* of the book's beginning, we make it to the long-deferred, muted, almost apologetic Happy Ending.

This is not, please note, the vulgar Happy E. which is *too* happy, but the H.E. once removed, the Higher H.E. Yet for even this mitigated fortunate close, just as for its humbler *Saturday Evening Post* cognates, the intervention of coincidence is required: the U.N. and a sentimentally amorous bartender must, as a matter of fact, collaborate before the chance meeting in Paris between

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the separated mother and son can be brought about; but what sentimentality demands, probability cannot refuse; and if character will not yield the desired reversal, contrivance will exact it.

Probable or not, the son who has hated his mother and the mother who has feared her son accept their kinship and common guilt in a final embrace. The tragic is rejected (because of the long-distant influence of the critics?) and over all floats a suggestion of that sickliest of mottos: *tout savoir est tout pardonner,* which means quite clearly in this book what in reality it always means, "to know nothing is to forgive all." For indeed, Shaw understands or admits understanding nothing of what makes his characters go beyond his own skill at puppetry; the real psychological or social roots of their malaise, the influence of class and culture on their actions, the role of their deepest instincts: all this is suggested superficially or else actually camouflaged.

It is not a matter of the characters' not understanding each other and themselves; we are forbidden to understand them; for if we were permitted to see truly into their depths the Happy Ending would be precluded. No, we must somehow believe that a tangled confluence of desire and ambition and fear, the whole pattern of Bovaryism and suburban paralysis and Oedipal jealousy, which only the ideal analysis could hope to mitigate or the perfect revolution resolve—are capable of being brought to a satisfactory resolution by mere good will, frankness, and sentimentality. *Tout savoir est tout pardonner.*

HEAVEN

NEIL WEISS

Love is hidden in heaven
because that's all there is . . .
It's like a page of asterisks
instead of print—you guess
a meaning and then go on
with the story proper.
But it is a teaser—I mean,
what all those people do
behind the stars. It's something
more wild than anything
we can think about without
going up in smoke and fire—
all the nakedness and heat
of shining, clasping beings
too much for us. We weep
with deepest joy just when
a beauty drops her clothes
and stands there for a moment—
don't touch the contours!
or they will disappear . . .
All the same, I deeply wish
our writers used less analysis
and went back to some asterisks.

Neil Weiss has contributed verse to many periodicals. His first volume of poems, *Changes of Garments,* will be published in the fall by the Indiana University Press.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

THE THEORY OF MASS SOCIETY

A Critique

DANIEL BELL

THE sense of a radical dehumanization of life which has accompanied events of the past several decades has given rise to the theory of "mass society." One can say that, Marxism apart, it is probably the most influential social theory in the Western world today. While no single individual has stamped his name on it—to the extent that Marx is associated with the transformation of personal relations under capitalism into commodity values, or Freud with the role of the irrational and unconscious in behavior—the theory is central to the thinking of the principal aristocratic, Catholic, or Existentialist critics of bourgeois society today. These critics—Ortega y Gasset, Karl Mannheim, Karl Jaspers, Paul Tillich, Gabriel Marcel, Emil Lederer, and others—have been concerned, less with the general conditions of freedom, than with the freedom of the *person,* and with the possibility for some *few* persons of achieving a sense of individual self in our mechanized society.

The conception of "mass society" can be summarized as follows: The revolutions in transport and communications have brought men into closer contact with each other and bound them in new ways; the division of labor has made them more interdependent; tremors in one part of society affect all others. Despite this greater interdependence, however, individuals have grown more estranged from one another. The old primary group ties of family and local community have been shattered; ancient parochial faiths are questioned; few unifying values have taken their place. Most important, the critical standards of an educated elite no longer shape opinion or taste. As a result, mores and morals are in constant flux, relations between individuals are tangential or compartmentalized rather than organic. At the same time greater mobility, spatial and social, intensifies concern over status. Instead of a fixed or known status symbolized by dress or title, each person assumes a multiplicity of roles and constantly has to prove himself in a succession of new situations. Because of all this, the individual loses a coherent sense of self. His anxieties increase. There ensues a search for new faiths. The stage is thus set for the charismatic leader, the secular messiah, who, by bestowing upon each person the semblance of necessary grace, and of fullness of personality, supplies a substitute for the older unifying belief that the mass society has destroyed.

In a world of lonely crowds seeking individual distinction, where values are constantly translated into economic calculabilities, where in extreme situations shame and conscience can no longer restrain the most dreadful excesses of terror, the theory of the mass society seems a forceful, realistic description of con-

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THE direction in which industrial society is headed, culturally and socially, is, of course, second to no other question in ultimate importance to all of us. DANIEL BELL'S is not the first article to discuss the question in these pages, but perhaps the most comprehensive in its survey of the variety of views that have been expressed on it. Mr. Bell, whose new book, *Notes on Work,* will be published in the fall by Beacon, is a lecturer on sociology at Columbia and an associate editor of *Fortune.* His article is based on a paper presented before the Conference on the Future of Freedom held in Milan in September 1955 and sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

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temporary society, an accurate reflection of the *quality* and *feeling* of modern life. But when one seeks to apply the theory of mass society analytically, it becomes very slippery. Ideal types, like the shadows in Plato's cave, generally never give us more than a silhouette. So, too, with the theory of "mass society." Each of the statements making up the theory, as set forth in the second paragraph above, might be true, but they do not follow necessarily from one another. Nor can we say that all the conditions described are present at any one time or place. More than that, there is no organizing principle—other than the general concept of a "breakdown of values"—which puts the individual elements of theory together in a logical, meaningful—let alone historical—manner. And when we examine the way the "theory" is used by those who employ it, we find ourselves even more at a loss.

As COMMONLY used in the term "mass media," "mass" implies that standardized material is transmitted to "all groups of the population uniformly." As understood generally by sociologists, a *mass* is a heterogeneous and undifferentiated audience as opposed to a *class*, or any parochial and relatively homogeneous segment. Some sociologists have been tempted to go further and make "mass" a rather pejorative term. Because the mass media subject a diverse audience to a common set of cultural materials, it is argued that these experiences must necessarily lie outside the personal—and therefore meaningful—experiences to which the individual responds directly. A movie audience, for example, is a "mass" because the individuals looking at the screen are, in the words of the American sociologist Herbert Blumer, "separate, detached, and anonymous." The "mass" divorces—or "alienates"—the individual from himself.

As first introduced by the late Ortega y Gasset, however, in his *Revolt of the Masses*, the word "mass" does not designate a *group* of persons—for Ortega, workers do not constitute the "masses"—but calls attention to the *low quality* of modern civilization resulting from the loss of commanding position by an elite. Modern taste, for Ortega, represents the judgment of the unqualified. Modern culture, since it disowns the past, seeks a "free expression of its vital desires"; it becomes, therefore, an unrestrained "spoiled child," with no controlling standards, "no limit to its caprice."

Still another meaning is given to the concept by some German writers, for whom mass society is *mechanized* society. Ernst Jünger asserts that society has become an "apparatus." The machine impresses its style on man, making life calculable, mathematical, and precise; existence takes on a mask-like character: the steel helmet and the welder's face-guard symbolize the individual's disappearance into his technical function. The "regulated man" emerges as a new type, hard and ruthless, a cog in the technological process.

Less romantic, but equally critical, are those theorists who see extreme rationalization and bureaucratization—the *over-organization* of life—as the salient features of the mass society. The idea of "rationalization" goes back to Hegel and Marx, and along with it the notions of "estrangement" or "alienation," "reification," and the "fetishism of commodities"—all of which express the thought that in modern society man has become a "thing," an object manipulated by society, rather than a subject who can remake life in accordance with his own desires. In our time, Georg Simmél, Max Weber, and Karl Mannheim have developed and elaborated these concepts. In Mannheim's work—notably in his *Man and Society in an Age of Reconstruction*—the diverse strands are all brought together. Mannheim's argument, put schematically, runs as follows: modern large-scale organizations, oriented exclusively toward efficiency, withdraw all decisions from the shop floor and concentrate direction and planning at the top. This concentration of decision-making not only creates conformity, but stunts the initiative of subordinates and leaves them unsatisfied in their personal needs for gratification and esteem. Normally, the routinization of one's job dulls the edge of frustration and provides some security. But when unemployment looms, one's sense of helplessness becomes sharpened, and self-esteem is threatened. Since individuals cannot rationally locate the source of their frustration (i.e., the impersonal bureaucratic system itself), they will under these circumstances seek scapegoats and turn to fascism.

While for Mannheim mass society is equated with monolithic bureaucratization, for Emil Lederer and Hannah Arendt it is defined by the elimination of difference, by uniformity, aimlessness, alienation, and the failure of integration. In Lederer's view, society is made up of many social groups which, so long as

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society is stratified, can exercise only partial control over the others. As long as this situation obtains, irrational emotions are thus kept within some bounds. But when the lines dividing social groups break down, then the people become volatile, febrile "masses" ready to be manipulated by a leader. Similarly, for Hannah Arendt, the revolt of the masses is a revolt against the "loss of social status along with which [is] lost the whole sector of communal relationships in whose framework common sense makes sense. . . . The masses [become] obsessed by a desire to escape from reality because in their essential homelessness they can no longer bear its accidental incomprehensible aspects." Because modern life sunders all social bonds, and because the techniques of modern communication have perfected the conditions under which propaganda can sway masses, the "age of the masses" is now upon us.

WHAT strikes one first about these varied uses of the concept of mass society is how little they reflect or relate to the complex, richly striated social relations of the real world. Take Blumer's example of the movie audience as "separate, detached, and anonymous." Presumably a large number of individuals, because they have been subjected to similar experiences, now share some common psychological reality in which the differences between individual and individual become blurred; and accordingly we get the sociological assumption that each person is now of "equal weight," and therefore a sampling of what such disparate individuals say they think constitutes "*mass* opinion." But is this so? Individuals are not *tabulae rasae*. They bring varying social conceptions to the same experience, and go away with dissimilar responses. They may be silent, separate, detached, and anonymous while watching the movie, but afterward they talk about it with friends and exchange opinions and judgments. They are once again members of particular social groups. Would one say that several hundred or a thousand individuals home alone at night, but all reading the same book, constitute a "mass?"

One could argue, of course, that reading a book is a qualitatively different experience from going to a movie. But this leads precisely to the first damaging ambiguity in the theory of the mass society. Two things are mixed up in that theory: a judgment as to the *quality* of modern experience—with much of which any sensitive individual would agree—and a presumed scientific statement concerning the disorganization of society created by industrialization and by the demand of the masses for equality. It is the second of these statements with which this essay quarrels, not the first.

Behind the theory of social disorganization lies a romantic notion of the past that sees society as having once been made up of small "organic," close-knit communities (called *Gemeinschaften* in the terminology of the sociologists) that were shattered by industrialism and modern life, and replaced by a large impersonal "atomistic" society (called *Gesellschaft*) which is unable to provide the basic gratifications and call forth the loyalties that the older communities knew.* These distinctions are, however, completely riddled by value judgments. Everyone is against atomism and for "organic living." But if we substitute, with good logic, the term "total" for "organic," and "individualistic" for "atomistic," the whole argument looks quite different. In any case, a great weakness in the theory is its lack of history-mindedness. The transition to a mass society, if it be such, was not effected suddenly, explosively, within a single lifetime, but took generations to mature. In its sociological determinism, the hypothesis overlooks the human capacity for adaptiveness and creativeness, for ingenuity in shaping new social forms. Such new forms may be trade unions whose leaders rise from the ranks—there are 50,000 trade union locals in this country that form little worlds of their own—or the persistence under new conditions of ethnic groups and solidarities.

BECAUSE romantic feeling colors critical judgment, the attacks on modern life often have an unduly strong emotional charge. The image of "facelessness," for example, is given a metaphysical twist by Gabriel Marcel: "The individual, in order to belong to the mass . . . has had to . . . divest himself of that substantial reality which was linked to his initial individuality. . . . The incredibly sinister role of the press, the cinema, the radio has consisted in passing that original reality through

*This antithesis, associated usually with the German sociologist Tonnies, is central in one way or another to almost every major modern social theory: Weber's traditional-rational behavior, Durkheim's mechanical-organic solidarity, Redfield's folk-urban society, and so on.

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a pair of flattening rollers to substitute for it a superimposed pattern of ideas, an image with no real roots in the deep being of the subject of this experiment." Perhaps terms like "original reality" and "real roots in the deep being" have a meaning that escapes an empiricist temper, but without the press, the radio, etc., etc.—and they are not monolithic—in what way, short of being everywhere at once, can one learn of events that take place elsewhere? Or should one go back to the happy ignorance of earlier days?

Some of the images of life in the mass society as presented by its critics border on caricature. According to Ernst Jünger, traffic demands traffic regulations, and so the public becomes conditioned to automatism. Karl Jaspers has written that in the "technical mass order" the home is transformed "into a lair or sleeping place." Even more puzzling is the complaint against modern medicine. "In medical practice . . . patients are now dealt with in the mass according to the principle of rationalization, being sent to institutes for technical treatment, the sick being classified in groups and referred to this or that specialized department. . . . The supposition is that, like everything else, medical treatment has become a sort of manufactured article."

The attack on the mass society sometimes widens into an attack on science itself. For Ortega, "the scientific man is the prototype of the mass-man" because science, by encouraging specialization, has made the scientist "hermetic and self-satisfied within his limitations." Ortega draws from this the sweeping conclusion that "the most immediate result of this unbalanced specialization has been that today, when there are more 'scientists' than ever, there are much less 'cultured' men than, for example, about 1750." But how is one to verify such a comparison between 1750 and the present. Even if we could establish comparable categories, surely Ortega would have been the first to shy away from statistical comparisons. Moreover, can we assume that, because a man specializes in his work, he is unable in his leisure, and in reflection, to appreciate culture? And what is "culture"? Would not Ortega admit that we have more knowledge of the world than in 1750—knowledge not only of nature, but of the inner life of man? Is knowledge to be divorced from culture, or is "true culture" a narrow area of classical learning in which eternal truths reside?

But more than mere contradictions in usage, ambiguities in terminology, and a lack of historical sense are involved in the theory of the mass society. It is at heart a defense of an aristocratic cultural tradition—a tradition that does carry with it an important but neglected conception of liberty—and a doubt that the large mass of mankind can ever become truly educated or acquire an appreciation of culture. Thus, the theory often becomes a conservative defense of privilege. This defense is so extreme at times as to pose a conflict between "culture" and "social justice." The argument (reminiscent of the title of Matthew Arnold's book, *Culture and Anarchy*) is made that any attempts at social betterment must harm culture. And while mainly directed against "bourgeois" society, the theory also strikes at radicalism and its egalitarian notions.

The fear of the "mass" has its roots in the dominant conservative tradition of Western political thought, which in large measure still shapes many of the political and sociological categories of social theory—i.e., in authoritarian definitions of leadership, and in the image of the "mindless masses." The picture of the "mass" as capable only of violence and excess originates with Aristotle's *Politics*. In his threefold typology, democracy is equated with the rule of *hoi polloi*—who are easily swayed by demagogues—and must degenerate into tyranny. This notion of the masses as developed in Hellenistic times was deepened by the struggles between *plebs* and aristocracy in the Roman republic and by the efforts of the Caesars to exploit mob support; the image of the insensate mob fed by "bread and circuses" became deeply imprinted in history. Early Christian theory justified its fear of the masses with a theory about human nature. In the religious terms of Augustine—as later in the secularized version of Hobbes—the Earthly City bore an ineradicable stain of blood: property and police were the consequences of the Fall of Man; property and police were evidence, therefore, not of man's civilization, but of his corruption. In heaven there would be neither private property nor government.

It was the French Revolution that transplanted the image of the "mindless masses" into modern consciousness. The destruction of the *ancien régime* and the rallying cry of "equality" sharpened the fear of conservative, and especially Catholic, critics that traditional values (meaning political, social, and religious

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dogma) would be destroyed.* For a Tocqueville and an Acton, there was an irreducible conflict between liberty and equality; liberty guaranteed each man the right to be different, whereas equality meant a "leveling" of tastes to the lowest common denominator. For a Max Scheler, as well as an Ortega, the mass society meant a "democracy of the emotions" which could only unleash irrational forces. For the Catholic de Maistre, as for the Anglican T. S. Eliot, the equality of men meant the destruction of the harmony and authority so necessary to a healthy, integrated society.

IMPORTANT as these conceptions are as reminders of the meaning of excellence, and of liberty, they reflect a narrow conception of human potentialities. The question of social change has to be seen against the large political canvas. The starting point of modern politics, as Karl Mannheim has pointed out, came after the Reformation when chiliasm, or religiously inspired millennial striving to bring about heaven on earth, became an expression of the demands for social and economic betterment of the lower strata of society. Blind resentment of things as they were was thereby given principle, reason, and eschatological force, and directed to definite political goals. The equality of all souls became the equality of all individuals and the right of everyone, as enlightened by progressive revelation, to make a judgment on society. Comte, the father of modern sociology, expressed great horror at the idea of this universal right to one's own opinion. No community could exist, he wrote, unless its members had a certain degree of confidence in one another, and this, he said, was incompatible with the right of everyone to submit the very foundations of society to discussion whenever he felt like it. In calling attention to the dangers of free criticism, Comte pointed to the decline in public morals as evidenced by the increase of divorces, the effacement of traditional class distinctions, and the ensuing impudence of individual ambitions. It was part of the function of government, he thought, to prevent the diffusion of ideas and the anarchic spread of intellectual freedom.

*Nazism, in the view of modern conservative and Catholic critics, is not a reaction against, but the inevitable end-product of, democracy. Hitler was a new version of the classical demagogue, leading the mindless masses in nihilistic revolt against the traditional culture of Europe.

Modern society, apparently, does not bear Comte out: though the foundations of privilege go on being challenged in the name of justice, society does not collapse. Few moralists would now uphold the bleak view once expressed by Malthus that "from the inevitable laws of human nature some human beings will be exposed to want. These are the unhappy persons who in the great lottery of life have drawn a blank." The most salient fact about modern life—capitalist and Communist—is the ideological commitment to social change. And by change is meant the striving for material economic betterment, greater opportunity for individuals to exercise their talents, and an appreciation of culture by wider masses of people. Can any society deny these aspirations?

It is curious that in these "aristocratic" critiques of modern society, refracted as they are through the glass of an idealized feudal past, democracy is identified with equality alone. The role of constitutionalism and of the rule of law which, with universal suffrage, are constituent elements of the Western democratic structure, are overlooked. The picture of modern culture as debauched by concessions to popular taste—a picture that leaves out the great rise in the general appreciation of culture—is equally overdrawn. If it is granted that mass society is compartmentalized, superficial in personal relations, anonymous, transitory, specialized, utilitarian, competitive, acquisitive, mobile, status-hungry, etc., etc., the obverse side of the coin must be shown too—the right to privacy, to free choice of friends and occupation, status on the basis of achievement rather than of ascription, a plurality of norms and standards rather than the exclusive and monopolistic social controls of a single dominant group, etc., etc. For if, as Sir Henry Maine once put it, the movement of modern society has been from status to contract, then it has been, in that light, a movement from a fixed place in the world to possible freedom.

THE early theorists of the mass society (Ortega, Marcel) focussed attention on the "deterioration of excellence," while the later theorists (Mannheim, Lederer, Arendt) called attention to the way in which the over-organization and, at the same time, the disruption of the social fabric facilitated the rise of fascism. Recently, in the light of Communist successes, the argument has been advanced that the mass society, because it cannot provide for the

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individual's real participation in effective social groups, is particularly vulnerable to Communist penetration, and that the mass organization, because it is so unwieldy, is peculiarly susceptible to Communist penetration and manipulation. (See Philip Selznick's study, *The Organizational Weapon.*) Certainly, the Communists have scored enormous successes in infiltration, and their "front" organization may be counted one of the great political inventions of our century. But without discounting Communist techniques, the real problem here lies less with the "mass society" as such (aside from the excuse it affords disaffected intellectuals for attacks on modern culture) than in the capacity or incapacity of the given social order to satisfy the demands for social mobility and higher standards of living that arise once social change is under way. This is the key to any radical appeal.

It is not poverty *per se* that leads people to revolt; poverty most often induces fatalism and despair, and a reliance, embodied in ritual and superstitious practices, on supernatural help. *Social tensions are an expression of unfulfilled expectations.* It is only when expectations are aroused that radicalism can take hold. Radical strength is greatest (and here the appeal of Communism must be seen as a variant of the general appeal of radicalism) in societies where awareness of class differences runs deep, expectations of social advancement outstrip possibilities, and the establishments of culture fail to make room for aspiring intellectuals.

It is among industrial workers rather than apathetic peasants (in Milan rather than Calabria), among frustrated intellectuals rather than workers long unionized (e.g. India), that radicalism spreads. Resentment, as Max Scheler once noted, is among the most potent of human motives; it is certainly that in politics. It is in the advanced industrial countries, principally the Untied States, Britain, and Northwestern Europe, where national income *has* been rising, where mass expectations of an equitable share in that increase are relatively fulfilled, and where social mobility affects ever greater numbers, that extremist politics have least hold. It may be, as the late Joseph Schumpeter pessimistically believed, that, in newly awakened societies like Asia's, the impatient expectations of key social strata, particularly the intellectuals, may so exceed the actual possibilities of economic expansion that Communism will come to look like the only plausible solution to the majority.* Whether this will happen in India and Indonesia is one of the crucial political questions of the next decade. But at any rate it is not the mass society, but the inability, pure and simple, of any society to meet impatient popular expectations that makes for a strong response to radical appeals.

From the viewpoint of the mass society hypothesis, the United States ought to be exceptionally vulnerable to the politics of disaffection. In our country, urbanization, industrialization, and democratization have eroded older primary and community ties on a scale unprecedented in social history. Yet, though large-scale unemployment during the depression was more prolonged and more severe here than in any country in Western Europe, the Communist movement never gained a real foothold in the United States, nor has any fascist movement on a European model arisen. How does one explain this?

It is asserted that the United States is an "atomized" society composed of lonely, isolated individuals. One forgets the truism, expressed sometimes as a jeer, that Americans are a nation of joiners. There are in the United States today at least 200,000 voluntary organizations, associations, clubs, societies, lodges, and fraternities with an aggregate (but obviously overlapping) membership of close to eighty million men and women. In no other country in the world, probably, is there such a high degree of voluntary communal activity, expressed sometimes in absurd rituals, yet often providing real satisfactions for real needs.

"It is natural for the ordinary American," wrote Gunnar Myrdal, "when he sees something that is wrong to feel not only that there

*As Morris Watnick has pointed out in a pioneering study (in the University of Chicago symposium *The Progress of Underdeveloped Areas*), the Communist parties of Asia are completely the handiwork of native intellectuals. The history of the Chinese Communist party from Li Ta-Chao and Ch'en Tu-hsu, its founders, to Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-Chi, its present leaders, "is virtually an unbroken record of a party controlled by intellectuals." This is equally true of India, "where in 1943, 86 of 139 [Communist] delegates were members of professional and intellectual groups." The same pattern also holds true "for the Communist parties of Indochina, Thailand, Burma, Malaya and Indonesia, all of which show a heavy preponderance of journalists, lawyers and teachers among the top leadership."

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should be a law against it, but also that an organization should be formed to combat it." Some of these voluntary organizations are pressure groups—business, farm, labor, veterans, trade associations, the aged, etc., etc.—but thousands more are like the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the American Civil Liberties Union, the League of Women Voters, the American Jewish Committee, the Parent-Teachers Associations, local community-improvement groups, and so on, each of which affords hundreds of individuals concrete, emotionally shared activities.

Equally astonishing are the number of ethnic group organizations in this country carrying on varied cultural, social, and political activities. The number of Irish, Italian, Jewish, Polish, Czech, Finnish, Bulgarian, Bessarabian, and other national groups, their hundreds of fraternal, communal, and political groups, each playing a role in the life of America, is staggering. In December 1954, for example, when the issue of Cyprus was first placed before the United Nations, the Justice for Cyprus Committee, "an organization of American citizens," according to its statement, took a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* to plead the right of that small island to self-determination. Among the groups listed in the Justice for Cyprus Committee were: the Order of Ahepa, the Daughters of Penelope, the Pan-Laconian Federation, the Cretan Federation, the Pan-Messian Federation, the Pan-Icarian Federation, the Pan-Epirotic Federation of America, the Pan-Thracian Association, the Pan-Elian Federation of America, the Dodecanesian League of America, the Pan-Macedonian Association of America, the Pan-Samian Association, the Federation of Sterea Ellas, the Cyprus Federation of America, the Pan-Arcadian Federation, the GAPA, and the Federation of Hellenic Organizations.

We can be sure that if, in a free world, the question of the territorial affiliation of Ruthenia were to come up before the United Nations, dozens of Hungarian, Rumanian, Ukrainian, Slovakian, and Czech "organizations of American citizens" would rush eagerly into print to plead the justice of the claims of their respective homelands to Ruthenia.

Even in urban neighborhoods, where anonymity is presumed to flourish, the extent of local ties is astounding. Within the city limits of Chicago, for example, there are eighty-two community newspapers with a total weekly circulation of almost 1,000,000; within Chicago's larger metropolitan area, there are 181. According to standard sociological theory, these local papers providing news and gossip about neighbors should slowly decline under the pressure of the national media. Yet the reverse is true. In Chicago, the number of such newspapers has increased 165 per cent since 1910; in those forty years circulation has jumped 770 per cent. As sociologist Morris Janowitz, who studied these community newspapers, observed: "If society were as impersonal, as self-centered and barren as described by some who are preoccupied with the one-way trend from *'Gemeinschaft'* to *'Gesellschaft'* seem to believe, the levels of criminalty, social disorganization and psychopathology which social science seeks to account for would have to be viewed as very low rather than (as viewed now) alarmingly high."

IT MAY be argued that the existence of such a large network of voluntary associations says little about the cultural level of the country concerned. It may well be, as Ortega maintains, that cultural standards throughout the world have declined (in everything—architecture, dress, design?), but nonetheless a greater proportion of the population today participates in worthwhile cultural activities. This has been almost an inevitable concomitant of the doubling—*literally*—of the American standard of living over the last fifty years. The rising levels of education have meant rising appreciation of culture. In the United States more dollars are spent on concerts of classical music than on baseball. Sales of books have doubled in a decade. There are over a thousand symphony orchestras, and several hundred museums, institutes, and colleges purchasing art in the United States today. Various other indices can be cited to show the growth of a vast middlebrow society. And in coming years, with steadily increasing productivity and leisure, the United States will become even more actively a "consumer" of culture. (These changes pose important questions for the development of a "high culture," but that problem lies outside the scope of this essay—see Clement Greenberg's "The Plight of Our Culture," COMMENTARY, June and July 1953.)

It has been argued that the American mass society imposes an excessive conformity upon its members. But it is hard to discern who is conforming to what. The *New Republic* cries

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that "hucksters are sugar-coating the culture." The *National Review*, organ of the "radical right," raises the banner of iconoclasm against the liberal domination of opinion-formation in our society. *Fortune* decries the growth of "organization man." Each of these tendencies exists, yet in historical perspective, there is probably less conformity to an over-all mode of conduct today than at any time within the last half-century in America. True, there is less bohemianism than in the twenties (though increased sexual tolerance), and less political radicalism than in the thirties (though the New Deal enacted sweeping reforms). But does the arrival at a political dead-center mean the establishment, too, of a dead norm? I do not think so. One would be hard put to it to find today the "conformity" *Main Street* exacted of Carol Kennicott thirty years ago. With rising educational levels, more individuals are able to indulge a wider variety of interests. ("Twenty years ago you couldn't sell Beethoven out of New York," reports a record salesman. "Today we sell Palestrina, Monteverdi, Gabrielli, and Renaissance and Baroque music in large quantities.")

One hears, too, tne complaint that divorce, crime, and violence demonstrate a widespread social disorganization in the country. But the rising number of divorces, as Dennis Wrong pointed out (COMMENTARY, April 1950), indicates not the disruption of the family, but a freer, more individualistic basis of choice, and the emergence of the "companionship" marriage. And as regards crime, I have sought to demonstrate (in *Fortune*, January 1955) that there is actually much *less* crime and violence (though more vicarious violence through movies and TV, and more "windows" onto crime, through the press) than was the case twenty-five and fifty years ago. Certainly, Chicago, San Francisco, and New York were much rougher and tougher cities in those years. But violent crime, which is usually a lower-class phenomenon, was then contained within the ecological boundaries of the slum; hence one can recall quiet, tree-lined, crime-free areas and feel that the tenor of life was more even in the past. But a cursory look at the accounts of those days—the descriptions of the gang wars, bordellos, and street-fighting in San Francisco's Barbary Coast, New York's Five Points, or Chicago's First Ward—would show how much more violent in the past the actual life of those cities was.

At this point it becomes quite apparent that such large-scale abstractions as "the mass society," with the implicit diagnoses of social disorganization and decay that derive from them, are rather meaningless without standards of comparison. Social and cultural change is probably greater and more rapid today in the United States than in any other country, but the assumption that social disorder and *anomie* inevitably attend such change is not borne out in this case.

THIS may be owing to the singular fact that the United States is probably the first large society in history to have change and innovation "built into" its culture. Almost all human societies, traditionalist and habit-ridden as they have been and still are, tend to resist change. The great efforts to industrialize under-developed countries, increase worker mobility in Europe, and broaden markets—so necessary to the raising of productivity and standards of living—are again and again frustrated by ingrained resistance to change. Thus in the Soviet Union change has been introduced only by dint of wholesale coercion. In the United States—a culture with no feudal tradition; with a pragmatic ethos, as expressed by Jefferson, that regards God as a "workman"; with a boundless optimism and a restless eagerness for the new that has been bred out of the original conditions of a huge, richly endowed land—change, and the readiness to change, have become the norm. This indeed may be why those consequences of change predicted by theorists basing themselves on European precedent find small confirmation.

The mass society is the product of change—and is itself change. But the *theory* of the mass society affords us no view of the relations of the parts of the society to each other that would enable us to locate the sources of change. We may not have enough data on which to sketch an alternative theory, but I would argue that certain key factors, in this country at least, deserve to be much more closely examined than they have been.

The change from a society once geared to frugal saving and now impelled to spend dizzily; the break-up of family capitalism, with the consequent impact on corporate structure and political power; the centralization of decision-making, politically, in the state and, economically, in a group of large corporate bodies; the rise of status and symbol groups replacing

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specific interest groups—indicate that new social forms are in the making, and with them still greater changes in the complexion of life under mass society. With these may well come new status anxieties—aggravated by the threats of war—changed character structures, and new moral tempers.

The moralist may have his reservations or give approval—as some see in the break-up of the family the loss of a source of essential values, while others see in the new, freer marriages a healthier form of companionship—but the singular fact is that these changes emerge in a society that is now providing one answer to the great challenge posed to Western—and now world—society over the last two hundred years: how, within the framework of freedom, to increase the living standards of the majority of people, and at the same time maintain or raise cultural levels. American society, for all its shortcomings, its speed, its commercialism, its corruption, still, I believe, shows us the most humane way.

The theory of the mass society no longer serves as a description of Western society, but as an ideology of romantic protest against contemporary society. This is a time when other areas of the globe are beginning to follow in the paths of the West, which may be all to the good as far as material things are concerned; but many of the economically underdeveloped countries, especially in Asia, have caught up the shopworn self-critical Western ideologies of the 19th century and are using them against the West, to whose "materialism" they oppose their "spirituality." What these Asian and our own intellectuals fail to realize, perhaps, is that one may be a thorough going critic of one's own society without being an enemy of its promises.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Judaism and Christianity

To the Editor of Commentary:

Rabbi Petuchowski's review of *The Bridge* in your May issue is another in the long line of valuable clarifications you have published. While no one except the bigot craves disruptive religious controversy, clarification of theological positions is necessary if we are not to be submerged in a generalized pseudo-religion of the melting pot. . . . For this reason I should like to point out two basic differences between Judaism and Christianity which bedevil even the best of theological discussions and which Rabbi Petuchowski's review did not specify sufficiently. . . .

Basic to Christianity is an elaborate structure of testimony to prove "fulfilments" of Old Testament prophecies. The Church's gravest charge against Judaism is that it has failed to accept these fulfilments. Unlike the Christian, the Jewish concept of prophecy touches only tangentially upon prognostication of future events. . . . "Inspiration" is a much better translation of *N'vuah* than "prophecy," and the Hebrew prophet is "an inspired one," not a prognosticator. His concern is with right and wrong in a world ruled by a just God, not with tomorrow's events *per se*. Christian insistence on the role of the prophet as a prognosticator whose divine truth stands or falls by the accuracy of his specific predictions has caused endless misunderstanding.

No less troublesome than the misunderstandings about prophecy are the disparate ways in which the two religions present what I should like to term *legitimatio dei*, the identification of the revealed deity. . . . Christianity's original group of witnesses, the Apostles, became aware of the change in Jesus's role from teacher to savior upon the occurrence of a unique event, the resurrection, which is considered miraculous and worthy of credence because it contradicts all experience. It is on this miraculous occasion that Christianity hinges. Whatever doctrinal differences may divide them, all Christians must profess Jesus crucified and arisen, or else not be Christians.

No such central miracle lies at the heart of Judaism. God's power and omnipotence are, as it were, presupposed. Miracles serve not to "prove" God's power, but, at most, demonstrate it (pedagogically, as it were) to an unbelieving multitude. . . . The authentic *legitimatio dei* is given in the "preamble" to the Ten Commandments: "I am the Lord thy God who has taken thee out of Egypt, the house of bondage." Presumably, anyone not believing that the Exodus from Egypt took place, or that it was a desirable event, cannot subscribe to the God of Israel nor the demands presented in his name. That is the only test posed by Judaism's identification of God.

In our day a laudable desire to do away with the doctrinal bigotry of the past leads many people to focus upon the similarities of our several heritages. This aim cannot validly be achieved by overlooking essential differences. "Bridges" between Christianity and Judaism must rest on dependable, truthful definitions if they are to serve their function. Dialogue prospers not on the slurring of differences but on their being clearly defined and mutually respected.

W. Zev Bairey

Houston, Texas

Yiddish Literature

To the Editor of Commentary:

As a regular reader of Commentary, I have always been impressed by its high standards of writing and accuracy. I regret to say, however, that these high standards, of accuracy in particular, seem to go by the board in your rare articles on Yiddish literature. I refer specifically to Judd L. Teller's efforts on this subject.

In his latest article ("Secular Hebrew and Esoteric Yiddish") in the June issue, Mr. Teller not only misrepresents the case of Yiddish versus Hebrew, but he makes the kind of serious *factual* error that one does not expect from a serious journal like yours. Permit me to list a few of the errors:

1. Mr. Teller writes that "I. M. Weisenberg's work spawned a whole school of naturalists and masters of the argot like Oizer Warshavsky, Chayim Leib Fuks, and Fishl Bimko." Chayim Leib Fuks is a poet. Mr. Teller probably refers to the prose writer M. A. Fuks, a leading short story writer today.

2. In discussing "all the significant litera-

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ture of Jewish nationalism and its important Zionist-socialist sub-section," Mr. Teller writes that the only significant work on this subject was done by Ber Borochov. The fact is that Ber Borochov was the founder and theoretician of Labor Zionism and his major writing on the subject was in Russian. His contribution to Yiddish was mainly as a philologist and literary historian. A more serious error is Mr. Teller's failure to mention the gigantic role of Chayim Zhitlowsky, whose collected works (thirty volumes) and other writing (about twenty volumes) constitute a major contribution to the literature of nationalism, Zionism, and Socialism. Mr. Teller also omits the names of numerous other writers who did significant work in that field. Besides Dr. Zhitlowsky, I will mention only Ben Adir and Nachman Syrkin.

3. Among the Hebrew writers on the subject of Jewish nationalism, Zionism and Socialism, Mr. Teller mentions Yehudah Kaufman. Mr. Teller apparently does not know who Yehudah Kaufman is. He is known as a teacher and not as a writer. For a while he was director of the Jewish Teachers Seminary in New York and now lives in Israel. He has written a commentary on Maimonides and has edited some old manuscripts. Mr. Teller probably refers to Ezekiel Kaufman, author of *Golah V'Neichar*, a major work on Jewish problems.

4. Mr. Teller defines the *shund-roman* as "Popular novels about mistreated domestics." Again, he errs. The *shund-roman* is a "popular" novel which treats a variety of characters. The early novels of this genre dealt with the lives of kings and princes and "the higher aristocracy," though they may have been addressed to and read by "domestics." At the present time it deals mostly with contemporary Jewish life in terms comparable to the so-called American popular novel.

5. It is true, as Mr. Teller writes, that the Yiddish-speaking *shtetl* no longer exists. Aside from the fact that Yiddish literature did not deal exclusively with *shtetl* life, I might point out that we are not so far removed in time and feeling from the concentration camps and World War II that the works of such younger writers as Chaim Grade, Mordecai Strigler and J. Spiegel, who deal with these subjects, can be considered "out of touch with large areas of Jewish experience. . . ."

6. Mr. Teller lists a rather small number of Yiddish poets who, he admits, reflect "a variegated body of poetry such as Hebrew has only recently begun to match." I do not wish to argue with his choice of names, only with his omission of others whose contributions are too significant to be ignored. In this connection, I might mention that Mr. Teller himself was at one time a Yiddish reporter, journalist, book reviewer, and poet. As a poet, he was influenced by the *"In Sich"* or introspective school, and I wonder why in this article he seems to have forgotten his own origins.

7. As a sign of the vitality of the present Hebrew literature, Mr. Teller points to Shamir's historical novel and plays. If this is the measure, I can name the recently published historical novels in Yiddish by Pesach Marcus, S. Apter and M. Strigler, which are as important as Shamir's.

8. A large group of Yiddish novelists, story tellers, and poets is concentrated now in Israel. These writers write about Israeli life with much more vigor than their Hebrew contemporaries.

May I add in conclusion the hope that in the future COMMENTARY will not select as its authority on Yiddish literature a former Yiddish writer who is now associated with an Israeli institution, and that it will show the same good judgment and acumen it exercises with respect to other subjects.

ELIAS SCHULMAN

New York City

MR. TELLER *writes:*

I am not certain whether to feel depressed or entertained by a cast of mind that would deny me the right to discourse on Yiddish literature for the strange reason that I am "a former Yiddish writer who is now associated with an Israeli institution"—the first statement, incidentally, is disputable and the second not quite accurate. As for the "factual errors" Mr. Schulman has found in my article:

I am concerned with the quality, not the quantity, of Ber Borochov's theoretical writings in Yiddish, and perhaps if Mr. Schulman would read them, he too might be impressed. Borochov has taken deep root in Israeli labor ideology, and still exercises the imagination of its intellectuals. Zhitlowsky's thought, so often refuted (even, in parts, by himself), has failed to survive the vicissitudes of time, and hence he belongs to the unnamed "distinguished minds" of my article who produced "ephemeral movements." Nachman Syrkin was an elegant propagandist, and it is not his thought, but that of Borochov and Gordon which took root in the applied Zionist Socialism of Israel. Incidentally, his first important work on the subject was written in German, not Yiddish.

There were various types of *shund-romanen* (and they were not, incidentally, like the popular novels of our day, but more like the "dime novels" of an earlier period). I referred to a particular category to indicate some of

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the sources of the latter-day "social content" Yiddish fiction.

Mr. Schulman's reference to Yiddish concentration camp literature is puzzling. I did not imply that Yiddish literature was out of touch with all, or even most, areas of Jewish experience. I referred—and he quotes me correctly, thus contradicting himself—to "large areas of Jewish experience."

Mr. Schulman does not challenge the status of the Yiddish writers I mentioned, but wonders why I did not add to the list. The fact is that my purpose was to write an essay, not a "Who's Who," or even a literary history.

I assume, from his remarks about Shamir, that Mr. Schulman reads Hebrew and difficult Hebrew, since Shamir has not yet been translated into Yiddish. In any case, I grant Mr. Schulman's right to challenge my evaluations of writers, and I reserve my own right to submit his literary judgments to the gauge of that challenge.

I plead guilty on two counts of Mr. Schulman's vehement indictment: I was indeed careless with the first names of Fuks and Kaufman.

The Future of American Jewry

To the Editor of Commentary:

Being concerned for the future of American Jewry, I found Herbert J. Gans's articles in the last two issues of Commentary responding to some of my deepest anxieties. I did, however, derive some comfort from imagining what similarly well-informed speculations about the future of Judaism might have been like immediately prior to such history-shaping developments as the Revelation at Sinai, the endowment of Talmudic authority, and the rise of modern Zionism.

I somewhat resent a patronizing comment on Jewish educators: "The teachers see the problem largely as an educational one, and disputing over methods, fail to realize that they are actually trying to reverse a powerful trend toward cultural assimilation."

On the contrary, the attempt to deal with this trend is precisely what most of the agitated educational activity Mr. Gans describes is all about. It runs through all the efforts to harmonize instruction with the social realities (as in most published curricula of synagogal and educational agencies); to stimulate forces for resisting the environment to some extent (as in the day school movement); and to prepare children for removal to a socially integrated Jewish country (as is done in Zionist instruction).

Jewish educators are painfully aware of the trend toward cultural assimilation, but cannot afford the luxury of dispassion or the sin of hopelessness.

(Rabbi) Julius Rosenthal
Vassar Temple
Poughkeepsie, New York

The "National Review"

To the Editor of Commentary:

I am astonished that "Letters from Readers" in your June issue contains only one letter about Dwight Macdonald's "Scrambled Eggheads on the Right" (April) and that one denunciatory! Surely you must have received many letters lauding a critique which was, in my opinion, one of his most brilliant and penetrating pieces.

I do not always, nowadays, agree with Mr. Macdonald's views. But I have never been more in agreement with him than when he calls *National Review* dull, inept, crude, unprincipled, etc., etc.—unless it is when, in his reply to Mr. Rothbard, he taxes him with confusing the solemn with the profound.

I read *National Review* with fair regularity for somewhat the same reason as one exacerbates an aching tooth with a probing tongue, and, for the most part, it either bores me (Mr. Clark on the *New Yorker*, for instance, seemed to me boring to excruciation) or shocks me by its materialism and lack of human compassion. I think Mr. Macdonald's points were extremely well taken. May Commentary long continue to print such brilliant barbs against the *National Reviews* in our civilization!

Corinna Marsh
New York City

The Am Ha-aretz

To the Editor of Commentary:

Allow me to make some comment on the exchange of views between Mr. Stanley M. Kessler and Rabbi Jakob J. Petuchowski ("Letters from Readers," May) on the denunciation of the *am ha-aretz* in Pesachim 40. . . . In my opinion, this passage explains a good deal of the background of early Christianity in its relations to Judaism.

Judaism—contrary to other religions—has always held that a comprehensive study and knowledge of the Law by *everybody* is of paramount individual and national importance; this would account for the scorn, and even the hatred, of the learned aristocracy for the uneducated—feelings which, incidentally, were returned "with interest" by the latter. Christianity, at its inception, seems to have utilized the strained relations between "the Pharisees

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well versed in Scripture," and the "poor in spirit," rehabilitating the "poor in spirit" and improving their social standing.

Something similar—but with less drastic consequences—happened in the 18th century. The antagonism between *Mitnagdim* (who today in Israel actually call themselves *"P'rushim"*—i.e. Pharisees!) and Hasidim was based to a large extent on the Hasidic tendency to stress the emotional values in Judaism at the expense of the intellectual ones, and its attempt to give prestige to the simple and unlearned masses.

I venture to assume that the early Christian movement must be understood in part as a revolt of the *am ha-aretz* against the rabbinic aristocracy of learning, which never did enough to raise the *am ha-aretz* to a higher status. . . .

PEREZ TURA

Givataim, Israel

Conformity, Past and Present

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I fully agree with Mr. Dennis H. Wrong in your April issue ("Riesman and the Age of Sociology") that David Riesman's work, while important, has been over-advertised.

In my opinion, there is still another weakness in Riesman's work. The differences he tends to see between present-day society and that of former generations are partly imaginary. Like many young men, he has distorted ideas of the past. Actually, in former times neighbors, schoolmates, and colleagues were imitated just as much if not more than now.

In addition, I wish Riesman would extend his research to explore whether other-directedness is not partly caused by social mobility. There is a constant stream of families rising to higher social levels. Naturally they want to adopt the mores of their new colleagues and environment. Hence, for instance, the popularity of Emily Post and similar books. This may be the price we have to pay for our "classless society." But is this price really too much?

In this connection it would be interesting to find out whether conformity is not generally limited to comparatively harmless matters, like clothing and manners, with a little snobbery thrown in for good measure. I would be inclined to argue that in Imperial Germany, for instance, there was perhaps less conformity and other-directedness in unimportant things, but more conformity in important moral and political matters, resulting in hurrah-patriotism, religious hypocrisy, and moral cynicism.

FREDERICK M. STERN

New Rochelle, New York

Kudos

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I found David Boroff's biographical sketch, "Papa," in the May issue of COMMENTARY extremely moving. . . . What impresses me most is the sympathy that controls his intelligence and his art. Mr. Boroff's papa is finally seen not only as a type, but also as an individual: suffering, somewhat pathetic, somewhat comical—and yet with integrity and stature.

EUGENE GOODHEART

Brooklyn, New York

Correction

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I should appreciate the space to make a correction of the Soviet population figures I took from Dr. Nahum Jasny's article in *Sotsialistichesky Vestnik* for one of the points in my own article "Stalinism Versus Stalin," in your June issue.

I have since learned that Dr. Jasny's *Vestnik* article was a brief and overly simplified version of an article first done in English by him for the May 1954 *Review of Economics and Statistics* (Harvard). The longer article makes clear that the tables deal with *net* increase in the working force, a figure arrived at by deducting from those reaching the age of 16 the number of those not entering into gainful employment, and those dropping out of the labor force because of old age, invalidism, etc., etc.

This, of course, does not alter the conclusions I derived from his statistical tables, and makes it all the more shocking that an article available for some time in English was not made use of by our statesmen in anticipating, interpreting, and clarifying the Soviet cuts, promises to cut, and inevitable further cuts in their armed forces.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE

Brooklyn, New York

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The French Intellectuals

THE MANDARINS. By SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR. Translated from the French by Leonard M. Friedman. World. 610 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by H. STUART HUGHES

THE MANDARINS is unquestionably an important book. Two winters ago in Paris it shared honors with Françoise Sagan's *Bonjour Tristesse* as the most discussed novel of the season. A public accustomed to short novels—or vast *romans fleuves* appearing in 200-page installments—for once showed itself capable of sustaining interest in a thick volume, dense with personalities and argument. But to say that Simone de Beauvoir's new book is important is not to maintain that it is a great, or even a good, novel. It may actually be no more than a *phénomène*.

Although full of cleverness and shrewd observation, *The Mandarins* shows only scatterings of humor. And in particular it lacks the quiet irony that comes from an awareness of the comic aspects of one's own behavior and that of one's friends. Aside from a few burlesque episodes in which the rich and their hangers-on are satirized with calculated malice, *The Mandarins* maintains a tone of strenuous earnestness—one is tempted to say, solemnity. The author may laugh at those outside the privileged circle. But inside, in the world of the mandarins themselves, all is muted respect. The ironic promise of the title is never fulfilled.

The implied comparison between Chinese and French civilization is familiar, and in this case profoundly justified. Fine cooking, the cultivation of one's garden, a disabused philosophy of life—the elements of the parallel need only be suggested. Above all, the two societies have agreed in ascribing the supreme personal status to a self-perpetuating literary intelligentsia. In France the summit of individual eminence has traditionally been membership in the Academy, a body which maintains a position of sanctified prestige not unlike that of the United States Supreme Court. As eventual aspirants to this honor, the talented young men of France have for generations received an education that may well be the most rigorous in the world—but one whose abstract intellectualism has been combated by a distinguished minority of critics extending from Pascal to Sorel. A surfeit of rhetoric in the *lycées* and the *grandes écoles* has produced an educated class that is incomparably articulate: beside them American intellectuals are mere stammerers. But it is an intelligentsia that is interested in discussing only the sort of subjects that lend themselves to Cartesian categorizing—which in practice means the same subjects that French intellectuals have been discussing for two and a half centuries: the presumed general principles of the universe and of mankind, and in particular the ethical aspects of politics.

This is the world of *The Mandarins*—a world in which abstract ideas are charged with passion and lead autonomous existences. It is the universe of the pure intellectual about whom one of Simone de Beauvoir's characters complains: "Give him paper, time, and he lacks for nothing." Here, despite the unremitting play of dialectics, the central presuppositions of the intellectual class are never challenged: the mandarins apparently feel no need to question the validity of the abstract reasoning that has led to the conviction that the Soviet Union is ultimately preferable to the United States, and that the latter is "preparing to subjugate Europe."

A reviewer cannot help wondering why Simone de Beauvoir chose the novel form to initiate us into this world. For as a novel *The Mandarins* is cumbersome and contrived. The dialogue is frequently dazzling—but just as frequently wordy and self-conscious. The sexual passages are heavily specific. And the longest of the love episodes—a dismal affair in Chicago which *Harper's Bazaar* has unaccountably chosen to publish as a short story—is told with an amateurishness that is down-

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right embarrassing. This book never seems to have been sufficiently pruned. While the first half is well-paced and absorbing, the latter part flags unmistakably as a weary repetitiousness takes over. And the flatness of the original style is not improved by the pedestrian fidelity of the translation.

So MUCH for *The Mandarins* as a novel. As reportage, one may evaluate it quite differently. Like much of the work of Arthur Koestler, it is journalism of a high order—an imaginative presentation of a milieu that has been observed with both sympathy and penetration. The characters are superbly rendered. They are lifelike for the very reason that they are either actual living figures or types that anyone who knows contemporary France will readily recognize. There is Henri Perron—a scarcely altered Camus. There is his preceptor, friend, antagonist, and eventual father-in-law Robert Dubreuilh—an older, nobler, vastly enlarged Sartre. There is the latter's wife Anne—not very convincing as a practicing psychiatrist but more credible in her role as the consort of a leading intellectual. One may add to the gallery their daughter Nadine, who "in spite of her experiences in various French and American beds . . . still seemed in the middle of the awkward age," and a host of minor figures, French, Russian, and American. For these alone, *The Mandarins* would be worth reading. As a portraiture of intellectuals in postwar France, it has no equal.

Moreover, its major theme has an unquestionable nobility. Through the maze of subplots and side-episodes, it is the relationship between Perron and Dubreuilh—their original friendship, their falling out, and their eventual reconciliation—that gives significance to the whole. In this central series of episodes, the novel constitutes an artfully re-arranged account of the most celebrated dispute that has occurred in the French intellectual world since the Liberation: the split between Sartre and Camus over the question of Soviet concentration camps. What is admirable in Simone de Beauvoir's presentation is the way in which she generalizes a personal antagonism into a major parable for our time. And in so doing she manages to give each protagonist his due as a man of good will striving for peace and justice according to his lights.

Through this central ideological dilemma and the characters who personify it, Simone de Beauvoir has acutely analyzed the manners and aspirations of the French mandarinate. Despite her undisguised emotional involvement with them, she has succeeded in displaying their weaknesses—their pedantic concern about their most trivial doings, and their unshakable conviction that all virtue lies on the left. Yet she also manages to suggest the moral strength that these very failings reflect. We Americans may smile at the French intellectuals' devotion to lost causes and their insistence on the moral responsibility of the individual for all the collective evil of our time. Yet our smile has the wryness of resignation: long ago nearly all of us gave up the fight. The French may be suffering from a great illusion—but they are still fighting.

The Mandarins, in short, succeeds best where it tries least. As a work of art, it is disappointing. As an only partially intentional revelation of a state of mind, it is an invaluable piece of documentation. Simone de Beauvoir's Parisian intellectuals alternate between an attitude of discouraged pointlessness in a world in which only the United States and Russia seem any longer to count, and the traditional assumption that it is their personal universe that alone really matters. Basically, they live in a world they no longer understand. Intermittently aware that their inherited presuppositions are carrying them farther and farther from reality, they struggle desperately to swim back to the familiar shore.

With each year that passes, the French intellectuals and their compeers in the United States are finding it harder and harder to communicate. The French look to us increasingly doctrinaire and intellectualist—we Americans appear to them to be slipping ever deeper into the quicksands of adaptability and empiricism. Feeling their cultural primacy threatened, the French have fallen back on a dogged defense of their national heritage. Meantime we Americans have outgrown our original provincialism —and even our more recent sense of liberation from it. I doubt whether there has ever been a group of intellectuals so free from merely national attitudes.

A generation or two ago one might have written very nearly the same thing of the French. A feeling for universal interests was the proudest feature of French culture. Today in Paris one senses a narrowing of vistas, a cramped self-consciousness, a tendency to live on cultural capital. *The Mandarins* epitomizes

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this intellectual *impasse:* the striving for universality is there, but the result is parochialism. It suggests that the overriding problem in France today is how to rise again to the old sense of confident intellectual grasp. And it is only a minority who have ventured to assert that the way to do so is to subject to a ruthless re-examination the cult of general principles that has led into a dead end.

The prospects for re-adaptation are not improved by the fastidiousness of the French literati about the aesthetic quality of the ideas they will countenance. Mandarins to the last, they seem to prefer to sink with dignity into anachronism rather than to adjust to changed conditions. We Americans, whose pretensions have been more modest, may suggest that it is only through the adoption of new methods and new themes—however undistinguished their origin—that the way to major intellectual creation can again be thrown open.

"King Herzl"

THEODOR HERZL, A PORTRAIT FOR THIS AGE. Edited and with an Introduction by LUDWIG LEWISOHN. World. 345 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by BENNO WEISER

ZIONIST pamphlets, like Zionist seminars, have always been boring affairs. Now that Zionist aims have been fulfilled, the boredom is even more deadly. Consequently the late Ludwig Lewisohn's *Theodor Herzl, a Portrait for This Age* might very well have passed unnoticed even by reading Zionists, which would have been regrettable indeed because this book deserves a better fate than to collect dust. Lewisohn's essay is probably the most definitive and certainly the most concentrated study so far produced in all the mounting literature on Herzl.

Herzl first appears in Lewisohn's portrait as the pampered son of a well-to-do Viennese family that lived in an atmosphere of hot and brooding intimacy. As a boy his only playmate was his older sister. He was strongly attached to his parents, so much so that even during his most hectic adult days he never failed to pay them a daily visit when in Vienna. Though he loved his father (whom he later visualized as one of the first senators of the Jewish state), his special devotion was to his mother; she seems to have been the one who fostered his ambition to become a great man in the German world of letters. This maternal attachment made Herzl "far too pure," made him fiercely puritanical, unrelenting, petulant, proud, and rigid; it was to spoil his marriage.

Herzl did achieve a literary reputation, but in journalism, not, as he had hoped, in the theater. As a playwright he took his cue from the superficial intrigues of Scribe and Sardou, which were fashionable at the time in Paris. It is hard to imagine the stately, bearded Herzl, of whom there is hardly a smiling picture in existence, writing frivolous comedies in which bourgeois husbands are duped and their wives seduced. Lewisohn sees in these plays (one of which was produced on the German stage in New York) the compensatory fantasies of a puritan.

Herzl established his fame as a writer mainly in the feuilleton vein, but he was also an excellent political correspondent. His reports from France were early proof of his talent for detached analysis and shrewd observation. Another man might have been satisfied with the prestige and recognition Herzl won in journalism, but, the pampered child of indulgent parents, he felt like a prince whom the world refused to recognize. He affected a mocking, superior personal manner and a literary style of supercilious irony and cynicism. At the height of his journalistic career he secretly considered himself a failure. He had aimed higher.

IT IS one of the clichés about Herzl that he did not become conscious of the Jewish problem until the Dreyfus Case hit him over the head. But the truth is that there was hardly a moment when he was unaware of it, and whatever his literary efforts may have meant to his parents, for him they served chiefly as a means of repressing his inner conflict as a Jew. "The Jewish question lay in ambush wherever I went," wrote Herzl after the awakening. Lewisohn tells us why.

The new anti-Semitism based on "science" that replaced the religious variety in the latter 19th century did not spare assimilated Jews who could no longer be distinguished from Gentiles either by religion or by appearance. Herzl read Dühring's treatise on race in his early twenties and was shaken in his innermost being. When he protested against anti-Semitic tendencies in his student corps "Albia," he was unceremoniously dropped. His early ag-

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gressiveness, which did not contribute to his popularity with assistants and colleagues in his first newspaper jobs, his restlessness, and his sense of urgency were rooted in a Jewishness that lay below the threshold of his consciousness.

He wrote his best play, *The New Ghetto,* before becoming a Zionist. Its hero dies with the words, "Out of the ghetto"—but Herzl did not yet know where to go after leaving the ghetto. He had recognized the frustration and ultimate unfeasibility of assimilation, but since he had not found an alternative, he did not speak up. In 1893, scarcely two years before sitting down to write *The Jewish State,* he still thought baptism a more honest solution than servile assimilation. He visualized all the Jewish parents of Vienna (who would remain Jews) bringing their children, in a solemn procession, to Vienna's Stefansdom for conversion. So Herzl did not need the Dreyfus Case to make a Jew of him. But it did take the *Affaire* to make him a Zionist. When the anti-Semite Lüger was elected mayor of Vienna, Herzl asked a French Jewish friend, "Why are *you* overcome by Lüger's election and why am I by Dreyfus's degradation, if you are a Frenchman and I an Austrian?" The answer burst upon him with the force of a revelation: he suddenly recognized that "We are a people, *one* people."

One evening he began a new diary and wrote on the title page, "First Book of the Cause of the Jews." The idea for *The Jewish State* was born during long solitary walks in the Bois de Boulogne, from which he often returned with tears in his eyes. When he finally sat down to write the treatise, he was in a state of creative euphoria, and after finishing it he noted in his diary, "I believe that my personal life is over, and world history has set in."

Out of Herzl's frustration as a writer came greatness such as finally outshone anything he might have achieved in literature. From the moment that he found the promised land within himself, the half-lonely melancholic who had posed as a cynic was transformed into a man of moral stature, with a new humility, devotion, and honesty. His style became fresh, powerful, poignant just as soon as he began to devote it to the Jewish question. As a political writer he achieved the poetic beauty denied him as a litterateur.

Both David Ben Gurion, in his preface, and Lewisohn, in his essay, point out what Herzl himself discovered only after writing *The Jewish State*—that he had invented nothing new. Pinsker's *Auto-Emancipation* and Hess's *Rome and Jerusalem* had already been written. Fortunately, Herzl had never heard of them. According to Lewisohn, he succeeded where Pinsker and Hess failed to make an impact because he was a Westerner, an emancipated and apparently successfully assimilated Jew. Rereading the short extracts from his diary given in Lewisohn's book, one feels, however, that there was more than just that to it. Zionism existed before Herzl, but it had remained a matter of words, words. He made it a matter of action, fruitful action at times, fruitless action more often perhaps, but still a political movement and not a conversation piece. (One cannot refrain from observing that after the creation of the State of Israel, Zionism, especially in this country, reverted to the earlier type.)

A great factor in Herzl's success was his personality. It had not a trace of the pettiness that marked so many of the Zionist leaders who came after him. The Jews in the streets of Vilna, in a moment of euphoria, proclaimed him *"Ha-melech* Herzl," King Herzl, and he was indeed a regal figure. As Lewisohn points out, "The hero who is needed is created. . . . But not every personality lends itself to apotheosis, not even every great personality." Herzl did.

Parochialism is the inveterate fault of many lifelong Zionists and Israeli leaders. Herzl was a man of the world who turned Zionist only in the last years of a rather short life, thus escaping the limitations of his own movement.

In calling this book *A Portrait for This Age,* Lewisohn gave an accurate description of what he was doing. His book represents the most contemporary approach to the father of the State of Israel.

Progressive Education

RETREAT FROM LEARNING. By JOAN DUNN. David McKay. 224 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by ARTHUR J. BRODBECK

WHILE discussing William Dean Howells, Lionel Trilling remarked, somewhat disapprovingly, that nothing in America is quite as

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dead as an American future of a few decades back. Progressive education today partakes of some of that "dead" quality American futures acquire when they age. Perhaps we need to extend toward it some of the same generosity Professor Trilling has recently shown Howells and, in similar fashion, resuscitate a "fading and remote" viewpoint in order to conserve the useful and "living" in it. Certainly, it is disheartening to see another good ideal gone wrong—if progressive education has indeed gone wrong—when we feel all about us, in both literature and life, a shrinking away from the adventurous and large-scale humanitarian visions of yesteryear. Still, all the talk about "educating the whole child" does seem a little over-vague and inadequate now, and the textbook jargon of the educators seems more like jargon than ever—and also a little like whistling in the dark. Time and events have forced us to ask for a more operative, more complex, and more stimulating set of ideas about education.

Retreat from Learning might have provided such a set of ideas, and nearly does. Miss Dunn, once a New York City high school teacher and now working in the editorial department of *Time*, has made out of a legitimate and arresting quarrel with the progressive educators a kind of St. George and the Dragon tale. Her book is formula writing—one suspects someone whispered in her ear that manuscripts which fan people's guilt and ire, rather than fire their reason, have larger sales. Yet the author knows what she is talking about, even when the formula doesn't quite manage to force her to be articulate, and her book moves one to do a little dispassionate digging into some of the underpinnings of, not only progressive education, but social science too.

She indicts progressive education primarily for what she implies to be its lax definition of permissiveness: the complete removal of the reins of mature guidance and control, the romantic conception of the child's best thought as the purest expression of an autonomous "will." Miss Dunn sees no great advantage in pretending to locate great wisdom in the words of pupils who have never taken time out to discover what they were talking about; in responding to youthful indifference and scorn with a barrage of affection; in giving high reward for what both child and adult know is failure. She feels there are elements of masochism and hypocrisy in all this that children cannot help but sense and take advantage of; and it leads inevitably to habits of mediocrity and contempt that die hard. Against this concept of permissiveness, Miss Dunn argues for a balance of power—although she does not speak in such general terms. Adults need to re-establish their proper standing among the young; they need to *share* power with the immature, not usurp it, and certainly not abdicate from it. Obviously, the theme extends much beyond educational matters to general theories of democracy in every area of human relations; but the author looks into the home and general community only hurriedly as she dashes wildly for a climax in which she begs for a return to better days and ways.

Miss Dunn's ideas about discipline follow directly from her insinuated balance-of-power idea. She relates that as a teacher she maintained discipline only to create order, the order necessary to teach, and not to remove the self-esteem of members of the class. As a matter of fact, she was a determined champion of the individual teen-ager against the incursions of the "group mind." By ignoring or refusing whatever support the class might wish to give her when she was disciplining one of them, she maintained her independence from the group. Her insistence on being respected in her own terms and language, not theirs, was meant to arouse confidence and trust in each student that she would never run with the herd-pack against them. ("I speak my language, they speak theirs.") As teacher, then, she was not just another class member—a sentimentalized "buddy"—who enforced group decisions.

Miss Dunn sees great danger in exposing an immature mind to a weak and vacillating adult who, because of irrational guilt and anxiety he may feel towards youngsters, is too ready to make concessions to the group, and too eager to have it voice its democratic vote. A group decision, she insists, has to be informed of *all* the alternatives that it has not yet discovered, and understand them too, before it can be said to be "democratic." An adult's problem is to confront the peer group with the appropriate alternatives despite the resistance and effort involved, to *share enlightenment* rather than abdicate power. Children turn away from indecisive adults with dissatisfaction at what is missing; and they are thrown upon themselves and each other prematurely without first being given instances of confident, mature people with whom

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they can identify. Without such an experience, a child's only strength comes from group identification. Group fashion and style begin to replace the independent soul-searching for principles and meaning in life. Ironically, Miss Dunn quite rightly sees a regime of total permissiveness as serving only further to separate the mature from the immature, the adult from the child. Her mission, she feels, is to try and close the gap.

ALL this is to the good. It epitomizes what thoughtful people have been saying quietly (unlike Miss Dunn, who sometimes adopts the clowning style and dramatic license of the agitator) at various points and places in our modern life. Furthermore, there is nothing in it which seems utterly incompatible with most of the principles of progressive education—certainly not with the *intent* of Deweyism. Indeed, there are many places in the book where the author meekly indicates that she might have been led to her present position through her own intelligent re-interpretation and use of progressive principles. There are always wide spaces between theory and practice, however, and the activities of teachers may have turned progressive theory into meaningless rituals. If so, Miss Dunn's book, along with those of Arthur Bestor and Rudolph Flesch (whose book on the teaching of reading was reviewed by Spencer Brown in August 1955 COMMENTARY), serves a purpose by arousing guilt—if indeed we ever learn anything important by being made to entertain severe guilt feelings. (Much in the contemporary "assault" on educators, however justified, might by its tone of disrespect make for defensiveness and fright on

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the part of those attacked, and thus for an even greater unwillingness than before to heed well-meaning criticism.)

It is unfortunate that Miss Dunn prejudices her case by completely ignoring all sociological insight because she identifies social science (against which she has a kind of pseudo-aesthetic prejudice anyhow) *in toto* with her version of progressive theory. Thus she does not consider the possibility that her own teaching experience might have been quite different in a superior suburban school; and she forgets conveniently that her all-girl practice-teaching class did not seem to disturb her belief in progressive education—it took a school in a "tough" New York neighborhood to do that. And she just barely breathes a suspicion that some of her worst youngsters may have come from homes where adults did usurp *all* the power, without extending anything in return.

She turns, in much the same spirit, towards social and educational psychology. Experiments designed, for example, to discover whether children should be taught words before letters, or letters before words, are dismissed with curious contempt; teachers will do what they have always been doing anyway! As a matter of fact, she tells us elsewhere that teaching is an "art" for which people are "born," a patently false notion about the inheritance of abilities that allows her to justify her contempt for experiments in teaching matters and the knowledge they breed. Another biased notion moves her to declare—if I understand her rightly—that chronic disciplinary cases and lagging learners should be taken out of school, although it is not made clear where else they are to go. Some children are just not educable or, I suppose, are not "born to be educated." Moreover, Miss Dunn deplores the mental hygiene movement in the schools because it makes the problem child the "man of the hour."

Yet a large number of the experiments in education are worthwhile because they help clarify and objectify controversial and puzzling questions surrounded with emotional prejudices. Something *has* to be done about children who have emotional disorders which inhibit intellectual growth. And some knowledge of techniques by which to hold children's attention and interest as well as promote more effective communication between teacher and pupil is absolutely essential in teaching. Quite clearly, Miss Dunn does not want a return to ruler-slapping and schoolmarm *hauteur,* but she often grazes such alternatives as she moves away from the reporting of her own experiences toward hastily drawn generalizations. And surely much of what she says borders on the kind of authoritarian muddle-headedness that progressive education arose to combat in the first place. To revive that would hardly be to restore a "balance of power."

"Paradise Ghetto"

THERESIENSTADT, 1941-45: DAS ANTLITZ EINER ZWANGSGEMEINSCHAFT. GESCHICHTE, SOCIOLOGIE, PSYCHOLOGIE. (THERESIENSTADT, 1941-45. THE FEATURES OF A COMPULSORY COMMUNITY. ITS HISTORY, SOCIOLOGY, AND PSYCHOLOGY.) By H. G. ADLER. Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck). 773 pp. $9.50.

RACE AND REICH: THE STORY OF AN EPOCH. By JOSEPH TANENBAUM. Twayne. 554 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by EVERETT C. HUGHES

WHEN the Nazis occupied Czechoslovakia they called that country a "protectorate." The Czechoslovak Jews, as well as Jews from other "protected" countries, not being German subjects, were sent to the "paradise ghetto" of Theresienstadt rather than to regular concentration camps; the announced purpose of this was their "moral rehabilitation," to be achieved under "responsible self-government" and by "honest" work. It was not quite clear what would happen to them afterwards, except that they were to be transported somewhere eastward. In addition to the Czech Jews who were forcibly deported to this ghetto, some Jews from Western European countries came voluntarily, inveigled by false letters and promises.

Theresienstadt (*Terezin* in Czech) was an old army post and fortress consisting of a quarter of a square mile of brick barracks, enclosed by battlements, in the northwest of Czechoslovakia, very close to the present German border. Its greatest population on any one day was 58,491 prisoners, although some 141,000 individuals were sent there altogether. Thirty-three thousand five hundred people died in Theresienstadt, and some 85,000 were transported and died elsewhere. Vermin, and the

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SS, infested the place just as they did the regular concentration camps.

But the death, the starvation, the physical cruelty, although thoroughly reported in H. G. Adler's book, are not its theme. Its theme is *Unheimlichkeit*—ghastly, fantastic reality often masked by ghastly, fantastic illusion. In the regular concentration camps, brutality was naked, impartial, impersonal, and consistent. "No one could really fool himself. But in Theresienstadt . . . illusion abounded, and hope, dampened only a little by anxiety, shone over all that was hidden under opaque clouds. Nowhere did the inhabitants of a concentration camp thrust the true face of the time so far off into an unknown distance as here." As Mr. Adler puts it in another passage, in Theresienstadt, more than in any other place, the SS succeeded in "assimilating victims to persecutors." This was done by setting up a cruelly ambiguous "self-government," with courts and police, that created a twilight zone in which it was next to impossible to tell whether the "officials" were really trying to soften the blows of SS cruelty, or whether they were manipulating them to the advantage of themselves and their associates.

At one point, a great beautifying campaign was undertaken to make the place ready for an inspection by an international Red Cross delegation. The inhabitants collaborated. On the day of the visit they received slightly better food and smiled at the visitors; the head of Theresienstadt's "government" was for the day chauffeured by an SS man, who even saluted him. Bewitched by some hope that perhaps the improvements made for the Red Cross inspection were harbingers of change, their will weakened and their sense of reality impaired, their moral faculty dulled by previous involvement, most of Theresienstadt's inmates cooperated in the enactment of the terrible farce. "There came over the majority of the prisoners a euphoric mood which few escaped. The crowd was thoughtless and played out the comedy all too frivolously or cynically. On the other hand, it is understandable that they should have gratefully accepted any improvement in their pitiful standard of living. It became difficult to tell the difference between forced participation and the good face one had to put upon necessity. How easily one could go along with the game and fail to see the line between what was allowable and what was harmful! Almost all the prisoners felt the implausibility of the show; one smiled and mocked at it, but how many let themselves be swept along in the current and gave themselves up to amusement, hungry for even the smallest excitement, though it could work nothing but evil! The SS looked on; 'Good Uncle' Rahm [the commandant of the camp] was tolerant and no doubt secretly enjoyed the befuddlement of his Jews partaking of the devil's bounty." This occurred at a time when, to the almost certain knowledge of most of the inmates of Theresienstadt, more than 56,000 of their number had already been shipped from their "beautiful city" to mass death.

Even the transports to Auschwitz were made part of the farce. They were sometimes called "work pools," and the "government" was given the job—with all its accompanying temptations—of making up the lists for the "work pools." It carried out the job solemnly—with now and then a "government" member finding his own name added to a list at the last moment. Mr. Adler likens the fantasy and mystery woven about the transports, the circulation of rumors of almost eschatological kind, with the mystical conception of the Passover, the *Pesach*. It was as if—this is my comment, not Adler's—the circle between eschatology and reality were closed; for only in eschatology could one have found anything like the reality of the gas chambers, or like the taking of the census of Theresienstadt, when all the inmates of the camp, old, young, well, sick, were driven out into the fields and let back in, one by one, in an interminable count during which hunger, fatigue, and despair killed off enough people to confuse the numbering.

I have dwelt at such length on the fantastical and farcical sides of the Theresienstadt story, in which the victims cooperated in their own undoing, and some Jews turned into pathetic, uniform-wearing shadows of their destroyers, because the author devotes most of his book to recording how the victims of a long-term diabolical policy of deception and delusion reacted to one another. A martyr led to the stake has it relatively easy insofar as the only temptation he faces is to recant. The people of Theresienstadt were faced with every possible temptation except that simple one. If only a few of them managed to remain undemoralized throughout (I have no idea how many actually did), the human race can take courage from

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it—courage enough to balance the discouragement caused by those responsible for Theresienstadt.

Our scientific theories of man and society are generally based on those things which happen often enough for reliable counting, which are accessible to the eyes and ears of ordinary people at will, and which are not too shocking. The extremes are neglected. Freud brought into the open the extreme and shocking aspects of the minds of quite ordinary people; he has not been completely forgiven. But we have not yet made use, in building our theories of man and society, of the extremes. Theresienstadt is a case, and we owe a debt to the man who has made it available to us. As one reads it, he is reminded of "brainwashing," that perverted kind of psychoanalysis which applies to an isolated individual devices very like those employed at Theresienstadt to bring about the moral undoing of a whole community. In the one or two rather full reports of the brainwashing process that I have seen, the process of befuddling is strikingly like what Adler recounts.

In this day of de-institutionalized—i.e. total—war, even the self of the enemy is attacked. The enemy is no longer a peer, with a right, indeed a duty, to be true to himself and his own side in the fight. Brainwashing and the concentration camp are the new institutions which have arisen to displace the older ones of war itself. Total war for a brief time meant full use of manpower and resources; it was expanded to include all-out physical attack, upon cities as well as upon fortresses, upon civilians as well as upon soldiers. It seems now that it will soon mean all-out attack upon the moral integrity of peoples and persons. This will be the coldest war of all, for it will require the most calculated of all strategies and tactics.

But I neglect my duty as reviewer. H. G. Adler was himself in Theresienstadt. After his release in 1945 he spent two years in Prague assembling documents and records on what had happened there. He then fled before the Communists to London, taking with him what papers he could. The years since then have been spent in preparing this book, which involved a thorough reading of sociology and psychology, subjects that had not been part of his training as a musicologist. The result is, to my mind, the most definitive book yet written, or likely to be written, about a concentration camp. A long glossary of SS and concentration-camp words and slang, carefully assembled historical records, statistics on population, health, and food, description of formal and informal organization, an extensive bibliography—all these give the book thoroughness and authority, while sections entitled "Sociology" and "Psychology" give it life and depth. All in all, it is a document that students of social and moral order and destruction cannot overlook.

I fear I do injustice to *Race and Reich*. It came to me along with *Theresienstadt*, which pre-empted my attention and thought. It is, nonetheless, a useful book, a sober and well-documented record of the carrying out of the Nazi extermination program against Jews, Gypsies, and other groups, in the Third Reich itself and in its occupied territories. Like Adler, Dr. Tenenbaum has produced a book that is all the more powerful a human record because of its documentation.

The Oldest American Synagogue

AN OLD FAITH IN THE NEW WORLD: PORTRAIT OF SHEARITH ISRAEL 1654-1954. By DAVID and TAMAR DE SOLA POOL. Columbia University Press. 595 pp. $15.00.

Reviewed by DAVID BERNSTEIN

SHEARITH ISRAEL—the "Remnant of Israel"—is the oldest Jewish congregation on the mainland of North America. Born in remote Colonial days when the first Jewish settlers worshipped together in a candle-lit room of a New Amsterdam home, it is now, three hundred years later, a symbol of the continuity of the Jewish attachment to America.

What Shearith Israel began in 17th-century New York was something new—a forerunner, in a sense, of the Jewish "melting pot" that has broken down in this country the barriers Jews had carried with them from Europe, not only between Sephardim and Ashkenazim, but between German and East European Jews, between Lithuanian and Galician Jews, dissolving the old strictures which kept them apart socially, in their worship, and sometimes even in pursuit of their livelihoods. This breakdown, which we now take for granted, was consummated only in the past half century, after

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the arrival of the majority of Jewish immigrants. But the evidence that it was inevitable in the American environment is to be found in the earlier experience of Shearith Israel.

Most of the original Jewish settlers in New Amsterdam are assumed to have been Sephardim, although the best-known, Asser Levy, must certainly have been Ashkenazi. Beginning in the early 1700's, however, the Ashkenazim progressively outnumbered the Sephardim. From 1728 to 1776 Shearith Israel had twenty-five presidents who were Sephardim (twenty of them members of a single family, the Gomezes) and forty-seven who were Ashkenazim. And the Pools observe: "The integration of Sephardim and Ashkenazim and frequent marriage between them was a hallmark of life in the New World, in sharp contrast with the Old. However, Sephardi tradition dominated the union, and the resulting offspring almost invariably considered themselves Sephardi."

But such adjustments did not occur without a few upheavals. "With each new generation, there arrived new congregants from overseas. The more free and easy deportment to which they had often been accustomed in their European synagogues had in each generation to yield before the hidalgo Sephardi tradition, usually with good grace and gladness, but now and then reluctantly." It was the reluctance rather than the gladness which brought about the founding in 1825 of New York's second oldest congregation, Bnai Jeshurun, by English and German Ashkenazi Jews who could not take the Sephardic accent, the unfamiliar prayers, and the exotic chanting of Shearith Israel's services.

"It must not be thought," say the Pools, "that there were no problems of personal feelings in this unprecedented development. Alongside the legitimate claims and useful purpose served in the creation of a second congregation, there was one trivial, and from the distance of a century and a quarter completely inconsequential, incident which contributed to the formation of the new congregation. This was a misunderstanding of Shearith Israel's requirement at the time that anyone at a religious service who was called to the reading of the Torah was required to make an offering of at least two shillings. Barrow A. Cohen, an English Jew, ignorant of this requirement, failed to make the required offering when called to the reading of the Torah on the eighth day

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of Passover. In order to show that he had meant no disrespect, later in the service he made the required offering before the open Ark. But this altogether trifling incident emphasized the special needs of those who desired a congregation conducted in keeping with their own traditions, and it hastened the birth of the new congregation as an outgrowth of the parent congregation."

On many occasions before, Shearith Israel had had to cope with violations of tradition. In 1757 the Parnassim and Elders announced in the synagogue "that several of our Brethren, that reside in the Country have and do dayly violate the principles of our holy religion, such as Trading on the Sabbath, Eating of forbidden Meats and other Heinous Crimes." What was involved now was schism, stemming from the growth and change of the community. The disputes must indeed have been stormy; it would have been instructive to have details of the less peaceful episodes of Shearith Israel's history. But, aside from the affair of the two shillings, the chroniclers tend toward a uniformly placid account, which unfortunately robs their work of much vitality and perhaps even meaning.

It is understandable that Dr. and Mrs. Pool should have avoided the heavy going of social history. The present members of the congregation will be delighted with the voluminous recital of names, dates, resolutions, removals, plumbing and heating problems, ladies' aid societies, and the like. But the general reader, seeking a deeper understanding of how American Jews came to be what they are, might ask for a bit more than he will find in this book.

SHEARITH ISRAEL has, in its centuries, served as the spiritual household for some of the most curious and interesting personalities in American Jewish history. The few glimpses we are given of the way these people behaved as Shearith Israelites serve only to whet the appetite.

There is, for instance, the merest mention of a young lawyer named Benjamin N. Cardozo, who in the 1890's made a long address, "impressive in ability and eloquence," opposing the idea that men and women be allowed to sit together in the new synagogue that was to be built.

There was Moses Levi Maduro Peixotto, *hazan* from 1816 to 1828, "a dark-featured, square-built, middle-sized man, greatly addicted to snuff-taking," whose musical gifts were so limited "that at points in the service where the congregation had to chant a hymn he would often stop and wait for some members of the congregation to give the key and the melody." When one congregant complained, he remarked, "Please remember that it says in the Torah that the Lord said to Moses or He spoke to Moses, never that He sang to him."

There was David Haim Nieto, assistant *hazan* from 1878 to 1886, of whom the Pools say only this: "There was no doubt as to his fine vocal gifts, his masterly reading of all services, and his gentlemanly bearing within the congregation. But when he took off his white tie, his social bearing was not always in accord with the standards the congregation expected of a minister of religion. In May, 1886, his resignation was unanimously accepted."

The poet Emma Lazarus, the fur trader and friend of the Indians, Hayman Levy, the flamboyant Mordecai M. Noah, might each have warranted chapters to themselves—along with Uriah P. Levy, who sought to assure the immortality he has achieved anyway by directing in his will that a monument be erected in the congregation's cemetery, "to consist of a full length Statue, in Iron or Bronze of the size of life at least standing on a single Block of Granite sunk three feet in the ground, and in the full uniform of a Captain of the United States Navy and holding in its hand a Scroll on which shall be inscribed 'Under this Monument' or 'In Memory of' Uriah P. Levy, Captain in the United States Navy, Father of the law for the abolition of the barbarous practice of corporal punishment in the Navy of the United States. The said Monument and its fixtures is to cost at least Six thousand dollars and I direct that my body be buried under it if possible." In accordance with Orthodox tradition, the trustees denied the request unanimously. Yet the congregation stands in the Commodore's debt to this day, for in the 1850's, while commanding a naval vessel in the Mediterranean, he picked up a wagonload of soil from Palestine and brought it back to Shearith Israel to be used at funerals; the supply has not yet been exhausted.

In 1795 a Shearith Israelite named Solomon Simson asked a sea captain to carry a letter to the Jews in China. Trying to explain what life in this country was like, Simson wrote: "We here in America in New York and other places live in great tranquility. Jews sit in judg-

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ment in civil and in criminal cases just as do gentiles. Here are about seventy-two heads of families, and we have a synagogue named Shearith Israel. There are other places also with synagogues and in all Jews live in great security." More than a century and a half later, we might expand the facts a little and interpret them a lot, but we would not be likely to change the point at all. That is the real meaning of Shearith Israel's story.

J, E, D, and P

THE GROWTH OF THE PENTATEUCH. By IMMANUEL LEWY. Bookman. 264 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by JAMES BROWN

THIS is a scholarly and closely argued attempt to provide an alternative to the documentary analysis of the Pentateuch associated with the name of the German critic of the last century, Julius Wellhausen, whose theory has been the orthodox view among Old Testament scholars. The Wellhausen school holds, in essence, that the first five books of the Bible as we now have them are not the unitary work of a single hand, but a combination of four distinct documentary sources, spanning a period of nearly five centuries and fitted together by several different redactors. The oldest of the four sources, J (dated from around 850 B.C.E.), is identified mainly by a preference for the name *Jahweh* as a designation of God, while those passages in which the epithet *Elohim* was preferred, Wellhausen attributed to source E (c. 750).

Of course, there were other grounds besides the use of different names for God that led Wellhausen and others to distinguish between the "Jahwist" and the "Elohist" hand. Questions of inconsistency between statements on similar matters could also be resolved by such an hypothesis: J lists eight plagues visited on Pharaoh, all more or less natural events, E has five, and attributes them to the staff of Moses.

It was at any rate thought possible to trace two coherent streams of thought and style connected with the two different designations of God. According to Wellhausen, J and E were combined around 60 B.C.E. by a redactor. A century later the Deuteronomic Code, D, was added to this amalgam by another editor, and finally the J, E, and D sources were all fitted into the matrix of the Priestly Code, P, by yet another redactor, active at about 400 B.C.E.

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Dr. Lewy taking issue with this analysis, suggests that there was only one original source, a basic J document of which the nucleus was composed in the Davidic era by the prophet Nathan, "a humane, enlightened and balanced literary genius," the advocate of a "bloodless spiritual worship," who wrote the book in order to instruct Solomon and others in wise and peaceful statesmanship. Nathan's version, Dr. Lewy argues, was then revised by the Jerusalemite priesthood, and commented on in later ages by annotators of different points of view who interpolated passages of their own. Among these commentators were the northern prophetic Elohist ("probably Elisha"), the southern priestly Elohist ("probably the priest-regent Jehoiada"), a royal commission under Hezekiah, and, finally, the high priest Hilkiah who compiled the Priestly Code and incorporated it with the earlier work.

DR. LEWY'S theory, however, much as it differs from the Wellhausen analysis in detail, still suffers from the same radical defects. Like Wellhausen, he sees the Pentateuch as a book in the modern sense, whereas it now seems

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clear that the text is rather a setting down of various oral traditions, which would account in large part for its "formlessness." Moreover, as the liveliest contemporary school of Old Testament studies, the Scandinavian, has pointed out, it is doubtful that we can isolate the traditional sources on the grounds of such factors as linguistic or ideological preferences. (See my article "The New Old Testament" in COMMENTARY, April 1956.) These scholars would say that to approach the Pentateuch in this way is to bring to ancient texts a point of view which belongs rather to post-Renaissance science: what seem obscurities and contradictions to us are habits of mind natural enough at the Old Testament stage, and they cause trouble only to a Western logic deficient in its appreciation of Hebrew psychology, and unaware of the role of oral tradition in ancient culture. In speaking of ancient books, we must think not of "documents" but, in the words of the Uppsala Professor Ivan Engnell, of "units of oral tradition, complexes of tradition and collections of tradition, together with circles of traditionists and schools within which these traditions were handed on, often through several generations." Such strata as J and E may once have existed, but they were so early interwoven in oral transmission that it is impossible now to isolate them.

This position gives rise to a more likely theory of how the Pentateuch came into being than the Wellhausen analysis or Dr. Lewy's. It holds that Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers form a Tetrateuch that was composed in post-Exilic times on the basis of traditional oral material rather than of written sources, by the last transmitter of that material who set his stamp on the whole. The fifth book, Deuteronomy, is sharply distinguished from this complex—is seen instead as a kind of introductory section to the historical books Joshua through Kings, which together made up a chronicle of the history of Israel from the point of view of the Deuteronomic code. This chronicle, originally distinct from the Tetrateuch, was nevertheless written into the end of it. Later the whole complex was split up into our present books, but only after the original unities had been forgotten.

The Scandinavian theory has its difficulties, particularly in its tendency to play down the stylistic and ideological differences in the Pentateuch, as well as in the way it makes light of such sheer contradictions as we find in the two accounts of the Creation with their different order of events. It is a far cry from Dr. Lewy's methods and results, but all things considered, it provides an approach that may very well lead to a more satisfactory solution of the problems of Old Testament scholarship than any we have yet had.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

H. STUART HUGHES is chairman of the department of history at Stanford.

BENNO WEISER's piece "Fall and Rise of a Zionist" appeared in our April issue.

EVERETT C. HUGHES is editor of *The American Journal of Sociology* and professor of sociology at the University of Chicago.

ARTHUR J. BRODBECK, whose much discussed review of J. A. Hadfield's *Dreams and Nightmares* appeared in our February issue, teaches psychology at Boston University.

DAVID BERNSTEIN, author of *The Philippine Story,* has been a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY.

JAMES BROWN is a young British Bible scholar now teaching in Canada.

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This *I Believe*

DECLARATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND CITIZEN—French National Assembly, 1789

1. Men are born and remain free and equal in rights. Social distinctions can be based only upon public utility.

2. The aim of every political association is the preservation of the natural and imprescriptible rights of man. These rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression.

3. The source of all sovereignty is essentially in the nation; no body, no individual can exercise authority that does not proceed from it in plain terms.

4. Liberty consists in the power to do anything that does not injure others; accordingly, the exercise of the natural rights of each man has for its only limits those that secure to the other members of society the enjoyment of these same rights. These limits can be determined only by law.

5. The law has the right to forbid only such actions as are injurious to society. Nothing can be forbidden that is not interdicted by the law and no one can be constrained to do that which it does not order.

6. Law is the expression of the general will. All citizens have the right to take part personally or by their representatives in its formation. It must be the same for all, whether it protects or punishes. All citizens being equal in its eyes, are equally eligible to all public dignities, places, and employments, according to their capacities, and without other distinction than that of their virtues and their talents.

7. No man can be accused, arrested, or detained except in the cases determined by the law and according to the forms that it has prescribed. Those who procure, expedite, execute, or cause to be executed arbitrary orders ought to be punished: but every citizen summoned or seized in virtue of the law ought to render instant obedience; he makes himself guilty by resistance.

8. The law ought to establish only penalties that are strictly and obviously necessary and no one can be punished except in virtue of a law established and promulgated prior to the offence and legally applied.

9. Every man being presumed innocent until he has been pronounced guilty, if it is thought indispensable to arrest him, all severity that may not be necessary to secure his person ought to be strictly suppressed by law.

10. No one ought to be disturbed on account of his opinions, even religious, provided their manifestation does not derange the public order established by law.

11. The free communication of ideas and opinions is one of the most precious of the rights of man; every citizen then can freely speak, write, and print, subject to responsibility for the abuse of this freedom in the cases determined by law.

12. The guarantee of the rights of man and citizen requires a public force; this force then is instituted for the advantage of all and not for the personal benefit of those to whom it is entrusted.

13. For the maintenance of the public force and for the expenses of administration a general tax is indispensable; it ought to be equally apportioned among all the citizens according to their means.

14. All the citizens have the right to ascertain, by themselves or by their representatives, the necessity of the public tax, to consent to it freely, to follow the employment of it, and to determine the quota, the assessment, the collection and the duration of it.

15. Society has the right to call for an account from every public agent of its administration.

16. Any society in which the guarantee of the rights is not secured or the separation of powers not determined has no constitution at all.

17. Property being a sacred and inviolable right, no one can be deprived of it unless a legally established public necessity evidently demands it, under the condition of a just and prior indemnity.

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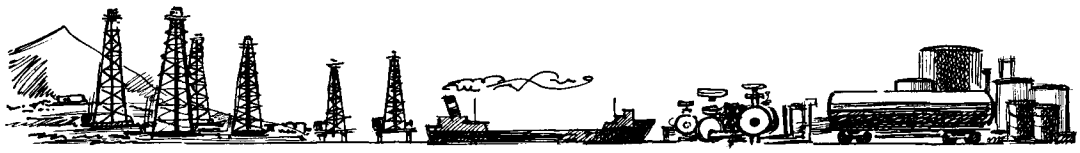

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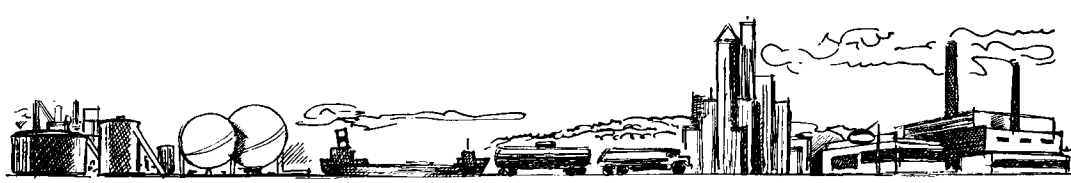

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